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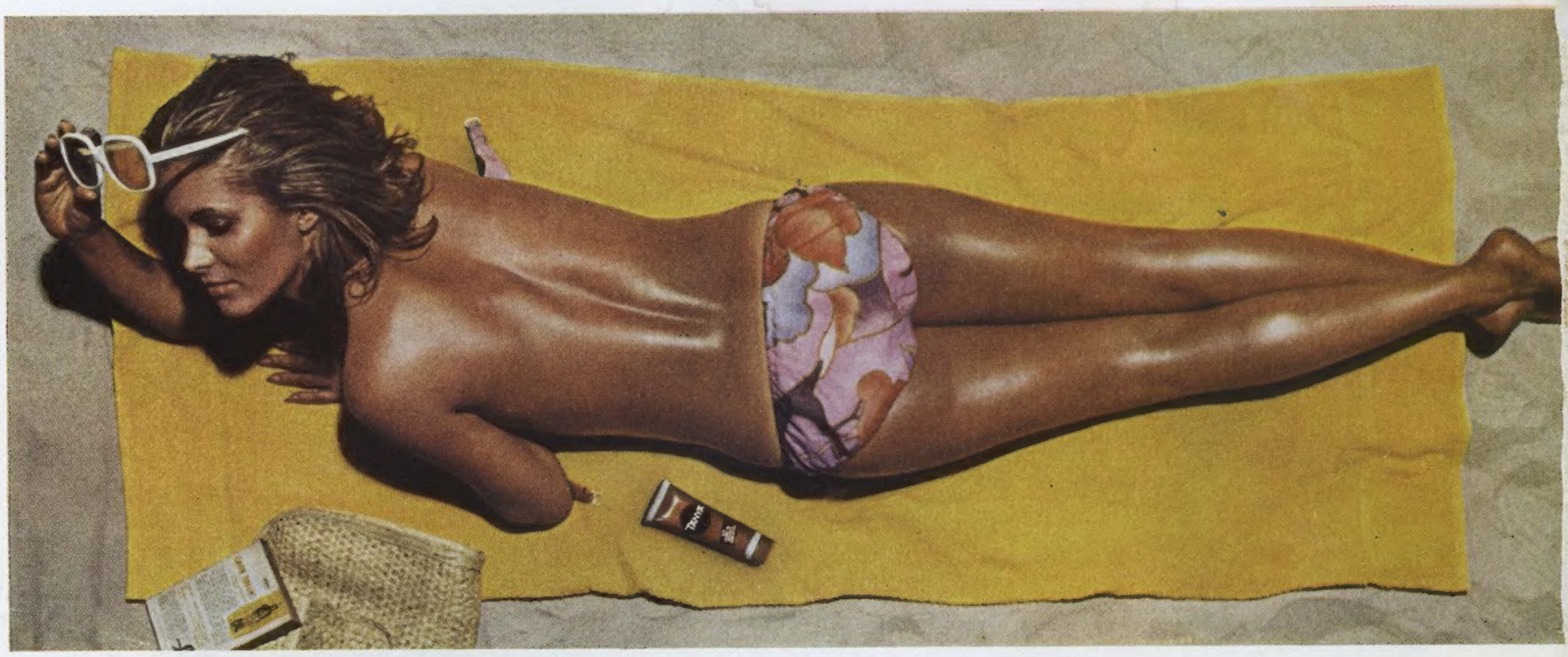
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JUNE, 1975 (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE



FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

COVER: **Fashion** for the great American summer! The Chinese-y jacket in red thin cotton —the key new jacket-to-own—to wear over T-shirts and matching tiny shorts *(the* new jacket for all pants!). Jacket ($90) and shorts ($30), from Dana Cote d'Azur. M & J Savitt silver earrings: Bloomingdale's; Hattie. Scarf by Echo Scarfs. About $5, at Bonwit Teller.... **Beauty** for the American summer—the easiest! And prettiest: two strokes of Spunshine Lilac lid color, a gleam of Spunshine Copper blush, a rich, sunwarmed Spunshine Copper lipstick. All, Geminesse by Max Factor. Hair, François of Suga; makeup, Way Bandy.

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PROBLEM: Hair that needs extra body, extra strength.
SOLUTION: Azurée Protein Structurizer.

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SOLUTION: Azurée Natural Care Hair Spray.

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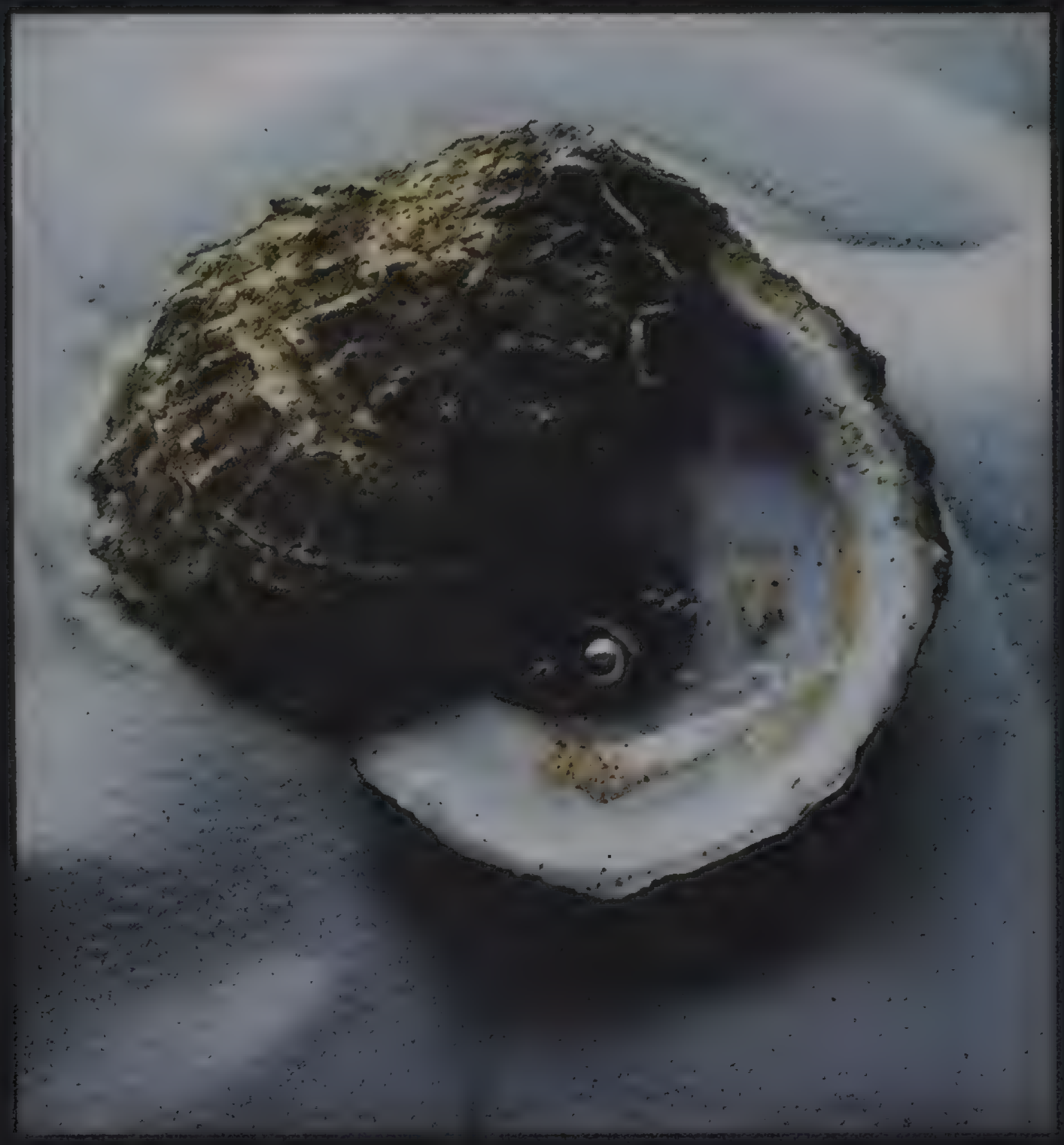
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FOR MORE ABOUT INNER-CONSCIOUSNESS MOVEMENTS, WHO NEEDS THEM AND WHY, SEE PAGE 110

By Marcia Seligson

SURE OF YOURSELF? HEALTHY?

Here, some of the most talked-about human-potential systems explained

Transcendental Meditation: Although there are many meditation techniques, TM seems most easily learned and practically applicable to Western life. It employs a mantra—a vibratory sound that one repeats over and over, the effect of which is to stop the mind's chatter and turn it deeply inward toward the Self. TM has been studied in laboratories and apparently represents a fourth state of consciousness, a departure from the normal states of waking, sleeping, or dreaming. It has been measurably demonstrated that during meditation blood pressure, metabolism rate, respiration rate are lowered as much in a few moments as in several hours of sleep, indicating a profound state of deep and total relaxation. It has also been shown, scientifically, that meditators are both more mentally alert and at the same time less stressful than "civilians." TM requires twenty minutes twice a day; and, according to a TM instructor I interviewed, 73,500 minutes of meditation are necessary to reach cosmic consciousness.

Body Experiences: Rolfing, Alexander Technique, Feldenkrais, Polarity Massage, Shiatsu (Japanese finger pressure massage): In general, all these practices (and there are more) are philosophic offshoots of Yogic principles and Wilhelm Reich's theories of character armor, which view the neurotic body as a self-defended fortress against spontaneity and freedom. What they offer in common is alteration of the body—stretched, balanced, ordered, loosened, energized—but their goals are beyond the sphere of exercise machines, thigh-firming techniques, or tennis. They all focus on postural corrections, spine straightening, tension releasing, free flow of energy, and a larger increased consciousness of one's physical functioning and capacities. Some techniques promise graphic restructuring of the physical frame (Rolfing and Feldenkrais); some can be painful (Rolfing, Polarity Massage, Shiatsu); others are gentle (Feldenkrais and Alexander exercises).

Rolfing: The most dramatic of the body transforming techniques, it's the creation of Ida Rolf, Ph.D., a seventy-nine-year-old biochemist. Also called Structural Integration, it's a system of deep manipulation and freeing of the connective tissues—executed by a "Rolfer" in ten one-hour sessions—which then frees the body to move into a more ordered, vertical alignment with gravity. Rolfed bodies generally display straight backs, non-random movements, looseness of joints, no slumps, slouches, or tilts. A frequent side effect in the sessions is a pronounced release of body-stored psychic trauma. As Dr. Rolf says, "Our emotional hang-ups are literally walled into that physical flesh. Before we can really get rid of them, we have to change the flesh and the relationship within it."

Feldenkrais: If you took one class a week in Feldenkrais exercises, it would take you twenty-eight years to complete them. Like Rolfing, the invention of physicist Moshe Feldenkrais aims at alignment and re-education of the body structures in order to effect a more organized, harmonious, and efficient functioning. There are 1,400 exercises (many with forty variations), specifically designed to give the organism a vast range of body experiences, particularly within the nervous system. The exercises are purposefully non-strenuous, non-repetitive, non-mechanical, and non-goal oriented; you are not supposed to build muscles or wear yourself out. The result of this work, according to devotees, is a tremendous increase in limberness, without sweat or strain.

Alexander Technique: In private lessons to reconsider muscle habits, a teacher will, for example, change your habitual way of sitting by moving your body properly until a natural re-education occurs.

Hatha Yoga: The most demanding, highly evolved, and oldest body discipline. Body awareness in Yoga is at its zenith, as more of the body is involved in these exercises and asanas (postures) than in any Western system. As a result, Yoga practiced regularly is not only a consciousness-altering experience but a vital self-healing one. (Yoga, by the way, means "union" in Sanskrit.)

"Asanas" are for spine flexibility and muscle strengthening, "mudras" for good glandular functioning. People who are Yoga freaks claim it has changed their lives, which is not something you often hear about Exercycles.

Tai Chi Chuan: The best description I've heard of this exquisite Chinese martial art is "meditation in motion." In a park in San Francisco's Chinatown, you can watch dozens of folks performing Tai Chi Chuan at dawn; it is a totally absorbing, transfixing ballet. Tai Chi Chuan was developed by Taoist priests over a period of seven centuries. A series of 108 "forms" and over forty basic actions, it is rooted in the idea of yin/yang—the reconciliation of opposites, the universe changing constantly. Thus, movements in Tai Chi Chuan are about flow, centeredness, and the orchestration of deep breathing and slow motion. Another path toward quieting the mind, inner peace, with obviously more exercise than sitting meditation.

EST: Erhard Seminars Training, named after founder Werner Erhard, started almost four years ago in San Francisco. Soaring in popularity and currently operating in twelve cities, the training consists of two full weekends with 240 people in a hotel ballroom listening to a "trainer" put out information about how life works, sharing one's experiences and perceptions with the group, and undergoing "processes"—self-immersion into one's own consciousness to explore painful, unresolved material. The variety of techniques for penetrating defenses are brilliant, including the no-exit, sixteen-hour-a-day marathon and the creation of a totally safe space for self-disclosure. Erhard has blended the wisdoms of Zen, Gestalt, general semantics, Taoism, the Bible, Dale Carnegie, Gurdjieff, mind dynamics, and other disciplines and created an experiential training—as he says, "*est* is the experience, rather than the understanding of those disciplines." It is *not* therapy, not a head trip, not physical exercises but enlightenment (he defines enlightenment as "going in the same direction as the traffic"). Most of the 42,000 people who have done the training say they have been transformed, have moved from being victims of their lives to being the creators. Among other benefits, *est* "graduates" get sick less often than other people and have a particular stamp of vitality. Personal responsibility is the key message.

Arica: A five-year-old training, much more mystical and elitist than *est*. The brainchild of Bolivian Oscar Ichazo, Arica is, like *est*, an amalgam of many wisdoms—Eastern and Western, esoteric and practical. The brochure says: "Based on a coherent philosophy of humanity's place in the universe, the trainings focus on developing and unifying the body, mind, and emotions." The central principle is ego-reduction—getting beneath artificially constructed ego prisons that separate us from unity with the world, to the Self, the Essence. Meditation, body-conditioning exercises derived from Yoga and the martial arts, and about four hundred processes comprise the forty-day intensive training (it can also be taken in smaller doses over a longer period of time). The most dramatic technique may be "The Desert" in which one spends two days alone in a room. Somebody said the difference between *est* and Arica is that when you get out of *est* your life works better and when you get out of Arica your life doesn't work at all. Judging by the number of Aricans, including some well-known personalities, who have dropped out of their previous lives after the training, there's apparently some truth to the idea that when you abandon ego for mysticism you lose the willingness to participate in society's games.

The disintegration of the American dream, awarenesses of other realities, the aftermath of the 'sixties' radical politics (activists Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis are following spiritual paths), the humanizing strengths of the Women's Movement, the natural evolution of psychotherapy, a renaissance of religious hunger—these are probably the impulses driving us headlong toward what I perceive is, in fact, a Consciousness Revolution. Driving us towards a sweeping transformation of human values that Erhard, Mike Murphy, and all the other current sages view as the emergence of a NEW American dream, a rebirth of our vision of what we're all about. ▽


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Estée Lauder & Sun

Everything you need to tan lightly, tan gloriously or tan not-at-all is right here. (Just follow the dots.)

Control the amount of sun you get and how fast you get it.
Just choose the Estée Lauder sun preparation that's right for your skin.
Here is your guide: the more dots, the more protection.

○ sun tanning oil gives easy tanners rich, maximum bronzing.

○○ sun creme is a creamy amber gel that gives you rapid tanning with minimum sun-screen protection.

○○○ sun souci is a spray-on foam that moisturizes as it lets you tan gradually.

○○○+ new moisturizing sun lotion in plain or tinted form has medium sun-screen and moisturizers for gradual tanning.

○○○○ ultra-violet screening creme for maximum protection while you develop a slow, smooth tan.

○○○○+ new sun block gives you complete protection. No burning, no tanning. Harmful ultra-violet rays won't penetrate this new tinted creme.

⬭ après sun is the after-sun emollient lotion that helps you keep your tan longer.



© 1975 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Bathing Suit: Cole of California

Estée Lauder

Vogue

By Jeanne Ballot Winham

INSIDER'S FLASHBACKS

Snips from the total recall of a 'twenties "working girl"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For many years the Copy Executive of Vogue and still a salubrious influence on its style, Jeanne Ballot began her long career as a very young and gently raised American woman braving a job on* Vanity Fair, *magazine of art and wit (now a part of Vogue), among folk no one could forget. If, however, you're too young to remember them, see Glossary, right.*

When I came to *Vanity Fair* (April 1920) as secretary to Frank Crowninshield, the staff had just been completely changed. Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, and Robert E. Sherwood had departed—owing (according to the version I heard) to the criticism of one of Mrs. Parker's pieces by Mr. Nast. She had written, in reviewing a play, that Billie Burke had bad ankles. It was said that Mr. Nast claimed that that was not dramatic criticism; Mrs. Parker had taken umbrage; and the Messrs. Benchley and Sherwood had sided with her. (P. G. Wodehouse—"Plum" to Mr. Crowninshield—became the dramatic critic.)

Mr. Crowninshield—he was always Mr. Crowninshield to me—was tall, elegant, grey-brown-haired, with a curly moustache and brown, brown eyes. He was forty-seven years old, and he was charming. He made everyone feel that he or she was the most interesting, most fascinating person. Someone once described him as: "Frank Crowninshield—than whom no one could be than-whomer." (I adored him.)

On the day that he hired me (my predecessor had married, and in those days that meant that she must leave the company), I found myself sitting for two trembling hours on a small chair in Mr. Crowninshield's office. At last I was called over to a chair next to him. His desk was covered with photographs of lovely girls in revealing wisps of chiffon. "These," he said, as I sat down, "are the stenographers. On Saturday nights I take them up to the roof and photograph them." (The pictures were, of course, professional photographs of interpretive dancers.)

I was hired, on two weeks' probation, at $22 a week—$2 more than the going rate. . . .

Edmund Wilson had become the Managing Editor and John Peale Bishop was his assistant. They were just out of Princeton and were extremely erudite. "Bunny" Wilson decided that he must educate me. Every morning he would ply me with a series of questions just to show off his knowledge. "Miss Ballot"—we were all very formal—"who was Henri Bergson?" he would ask, and I'd say, "Wasn't he the finger-print man?"—thinking of Bertillon—upon which he would give me a little lecture on Bergson. . . .

We had a game that we played: "The Rape of the Sabines"... Mr. Bishop (Continued on page 145)

GLOSSARY OF NAMES

Frank Crowninshield: editor of Vanity Fair, 1914-1936; art collector, bon vivant. **Condé Nast:** president of the Condé Nast Publications, Inc. and publisher of Vanity Fair, 1913-1936; and Vogue magazine, 1909-1942. **Dorothy Parker:** writer and wit; wrote light verse, short stories, plays, movies. Big Blonde; Enough Rope. **Robert Benchley:** writer/editor/humorist/film actor. From Bed to Worse. **Robert E. Sherwood:** Pulitzer Prize-winning dramatist. The Petrified Forest; Idiot's Delight. **Billie Burke:** actress, Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld. Played many roles; best-known as Glinda (the Good Witch) in The Wizard of Oz. **P.G. Wodehouse:** prolific novelist, humorist, lyricist. Series of novels about Jeeves and Bertie Wooster. **Edmund Wilson:** literary critic. Axel's Castle; To the Finland Station. **John Peale Bishop:** poet and critic. Collected Poems; Collected Essays. **Henri Bergson:** French Nobel Prize-winning philosopher. Creative Evolution; Laughter. **Bertillon:** French criminologist; devised system involving physical characteristics for making identifications (now superceded by fingerprinting). **Edna St. Vincent Millay:** poet. Renascence and Other Poems; A Few Figs From Thistles; The Harp-Weaver. **Oliver Herford:** Anglo-American poet, illustrator, wit; called "the most quoted man in America." Pen and Inklings; Artful Anticks. **Israel Zangwill:** English writer and playwright. Merely Mary Ann; We Moderns. **Andrew Lang:** Scottish poet, editor, essayist, folklorist, biographer. Maid of France; History of English Literature. **Sir Hugh Walpole:** English writer and critic, playwright. The Cathedral; Jeremy trilogy; Joseph Conrad. **Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald:** writers, symbols of the "roaring 'twenties." His novels include This Side of Paradise and The Great Gatsby. Zelda's book was Save Me the Waltz.



CHANEL

FOR MEN

COLOGNE

8 FL. OZS.

THE MARK OF A MAN.

Chanel For Men Cologne 7.00 and 10.00, Spray Cologne 10.00, After Shave 6.00 and 9.00, After Shave Balm 7.50

Back then, a woman didn't choose her career.
She was born with it.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

With rich Virginia flavor women like.



Fashions: Holly's Harp

HAIR NOW

Some novel tricks to get your hair together . . . one cut, three looks . . . how to beat the post-perm blues . . . new ways to color-up for summer . . . gadgets that make your beauty life a cinch



4

Free your face for summer



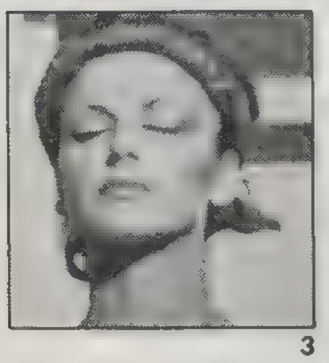
1

There's something about hot weather that makes us long to get the hair out of our faces. A dashing droop over the forehead that looked sleek all winter now sits lankly on the brow, busily manufacturing heat. But there are ways to cope. **1. COIL IT:** Pull hair back into tiny pony tail, coil into tight roll, and hold with pins. **2. TIE IT:** Roll a scarf into a long tube and tie at back of head. **3. ROLL IT:** If you have long hair, place a folded scarf at ends of hair, roll up into bun, and tie. **4. WRAP IT:** Using a nonslip scarf (cotton or challis), wrap loosely about head, leaving a frame of hair around face. **5. CURL IT:** Make masses of tiny curls all over head. Hair: Harry of Cinandre.



5

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

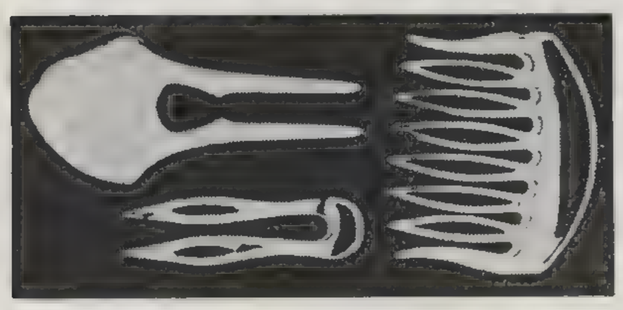


3



2

HOLDERS AND SHAPERS



When form is as successful as function, you know you've got a winner. These hair combs and pins do more than hold a lock in place—they add their own touch of style.* Above: *top left, tortoise pin, about four inches long, $2.50; bottom left, tortoise pin, about three inches long, $1; right, barrette-comb, $3. All from Boyd Chemists.* Below: *left, sterling comb from M & J Savitt, $70; right, two-piece ivory hair ornament by Elsa Peretti of Tiffany, $50.

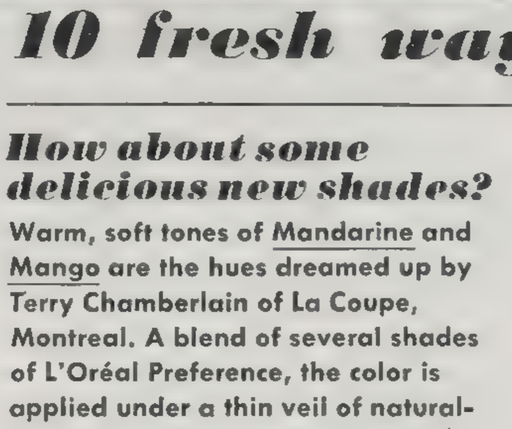


10 fresh ways to color-up your hair

How about some delicious new shades?

Warm, soft tones of Mandarine and Mango are the hues dreamed up by Terry Chamberlain of La Coupe, Montreal. A blend of several shades of L'Oréal Preference, the color is applied under a thin veil of natural-colored hair. This creates a subtle color effect and leaves no demarcation line when the hair grows. At Pierre Michel, New York, Robert Kramer is doing Wine Heads—again a mix of many colors, one on another for an iced effect . . . Bordeaux with a flavoring of Champagne around the forehead . . . Blanc de Blanc Highlights for blondes.

"Gold Dust" Treatment



Right now the excitement at Saks Fifth Avenue Beauty Salon, New York, is a new technique of "gold dusting" . . . highlighting the hair with a light dusting of bleaching powder. The hair is first fluffed out, then the "gold dust" (Basic White Bleaching powder) is sprinkled through (above) *and developed under a bank of infrared lamps. The effect is the lightest of glints.*

Wake up your hair with summer highlights

The latest color concept from Roux is **ombré shading.** Blond hair is lightened to the palest gold around the face and crown, then shaded to golden brown at the ends. For brunettes, the procedure is reversed, leaving hair dark at the crown and gradually lightened at ends. . . . Clairol has two suggestions for brown hair: Quiet Touch, the new hairpainting kit allows you to **brush on hairlights** in just fifteen minutes. Or give yourself **red highlights** with Loving Care Color Foam in an auburn shade. The result is burnished glints that last through many shampoos. . . . From Ernie Castro of Shear Heaven, I. Magnin, San Francisco, comes the idea of **Sun-Kissed Color,** a double-process of bleach and tone with the lightest effect around the face. Only the tiniest strands on the crown are bleached and the back of the head is layered with controlled tints to give a sun-bleached look. . . . **Hairlighting** is the big story today at Le Salon, New York. Their special technique sculpts the color right into the waves of the hair, never touching the roots, so that a touchup is needed only once every three or four months. . . . At Diamond's, Thomas Mall, Phoenix, Lynn Sarlet is doing a lot of **glazing** on short cuts. It's a shower-of-sunshine look in natural tones of gold, amber, bronze, and copper added to hair by streaking only superfine strands.

Color and condition

. . . at the same time, says Randy Rick, style director of Glemby International's Jordon Marsh Beauty Salon. *Below:* model is lightening front of her hair with full-strength lemon juice, conditioning back with a banana/yogurt/soy-oil mixture—a foil shield separates sections.





JOHN HAYNSWORTH

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

HAIR MAKEUP COSMETICS BY
CINANDRE
EAST 57 STREET NEW YORK 10022 758 4776

Now, in 22 lovely colors you can give your nails the protection they need to grow long and beautiful.



Sally Hansen®
HARD as NAILS®
with NYLON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

One Cut— Three Looks



Enchanting additions to a summer head are pansies and other assorted flower photographs laminated to small barrettes. By Rose Chin; $2.50, available at Bloomingdale's.



DIANA HUFF ISHIMURO

Christophe at Carita has designed a three-way straight cut that is absolutely care- and trouble-free. Because of the shape, there is no need for a set—if your hair is straight it can dry absolutely naturally, otherwise it should be blown dry. Hair is cut to middle of neck, slightly shorter in back, and layered in reverse —shorter underneath, top layer longest. Each piece is square-cut, then the total bias-cut, so ends turn under. Bangs are heavy and straight. First version, *near left*, with bangs; second version, *far left*, side-parted; third version, *center*, all hair brushed back.

Practical and portable— a collection of combs and brushes for every head



KEITH TRUMBO

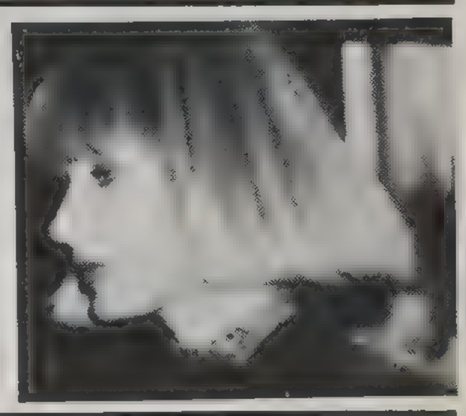
In top box: Left, you could hang this in the pool house—plastic French comb in assorted colors, ten inches long, $1. *Right*, for easy toting, a French flexible pocket brush with plastic bristles, $2. Both from Bloomingdale's. *In center box:* Available in white or red, this comb, *left*, sports a mirror in its handle; $2.50 from Bloomingdale's. *Center*, a three-inch-long rake-comb for wet hair, $2.25; *right*, tiny comb to tuck in the slimmest pocket, $1.50; both from Boyd Chemists. *In bottom box:* These brushes are eminently portable, all with natural boar bristle. *Top to bottom:* six-inch tortoise spiral brush, $9.98; tiny, seven-inch-long spiral brush for blow-drying small curls, $5.98; three-layered, six-inch brush —good for teasing, $7; seven-inch #1 Alexandre boar-and-nylon brush for long or thick hair, $6.98; all from Boyd Chemists, 655 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021.

BLUNT AND BEAUTIFUL

Alexandre describes his new cut for Caroline de Monaco as a cut "for living." By day it falls blunt and straight to just above the shoulder and it can be transformed at night via curling or the addition of several curly postiches . . . sometimes massed with flowers.

BANGS

One of the biggest beauty looks at the collections this spring was bangs. This cut by Sergio Valente of Rome, right, is very representative: bangs are long and wide, reaching to just below the eyebrows and almost to the hairline on either side. Length of sides: just below jaw.



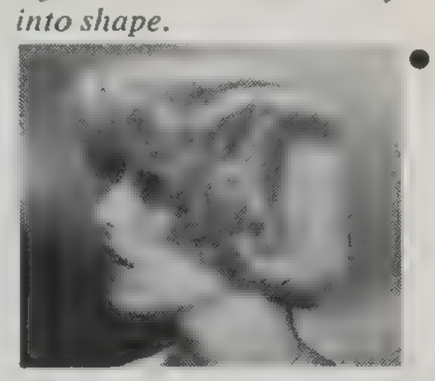
JONATHAN MOORE

THE MAGIC OF ELECTRICITY
Add a tendril with Clairol's new, lightweight, packable Crazy Twirler Curling Wand. Does a neat curl in 10 seconds. For honest viewing, try Clairol's Mirror Mirror—lighted, magnified, hangable, glare-and-fog-free.

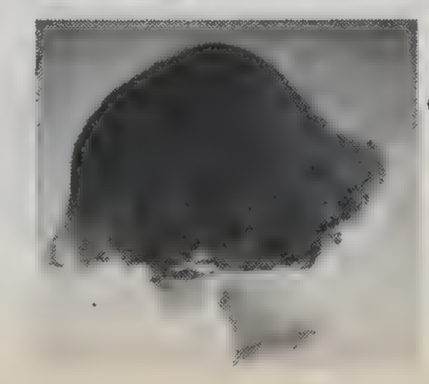
What's with perms?



- *James Viera, L'Oréal's Vice President, Technical, reports a big increase in the number of men seeking advice on home perming. He recommends using L'Oréal's Extra Body Perm, right, which creates a style that springs back into shape.*



- *Advice for growing out a perm comes from Kim Lepine, La Coupe, Montreal and New York. "New shapes have evolved from last winter's curly hair revolution," says Lepine. "The look I like today is straight hair with the curls at the ends only." The Halo Froth, above left, is straight, all-one-length at the back, with tiny curls framing the face. Bottoms Up, below left, is all one length, blunt-cut, best an inch or two below jawline.*



- *From New York's Davian Salon comes more advice on growing out a perm. Owners, David and Ian warn against trying to remove a perm with chemical straightening products. The combined effect of both products can be devastating to any type of hair. Be safe.*

Golden Cadillac.
The pre-dawn night cap.



How to make a Golden Cadillac

. . . and an evening:
1 oz. Liquore Galliano
2 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. cream, or ice cream
3 oz. crushed ice
Blend at slow speed 10 seconds.
Strain or pour into glass.
Delicious at cocktail time, too.

LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
© 1975 "21" Brands, Inc.

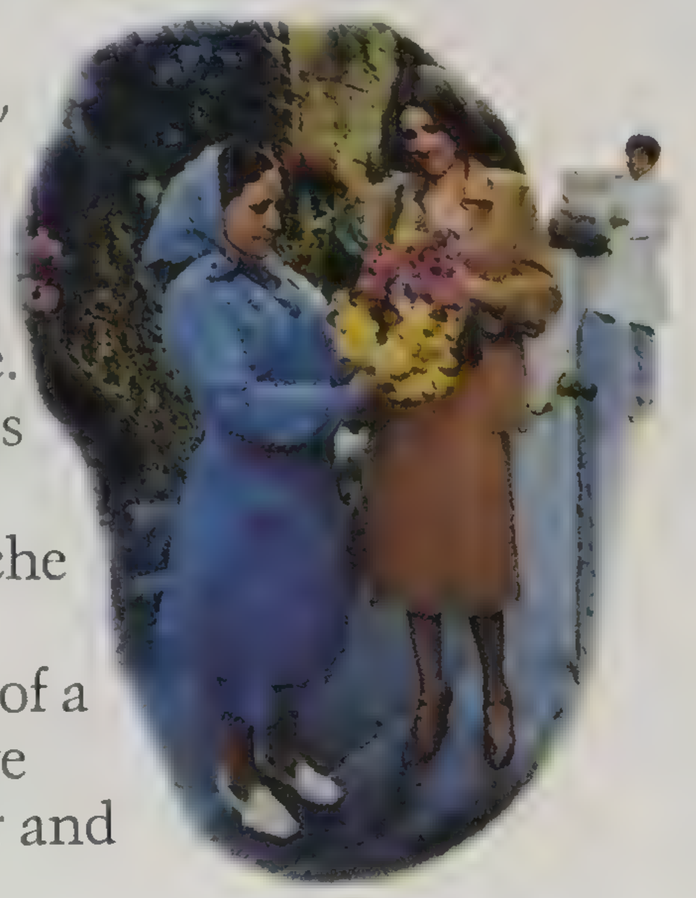
"21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Proof Liqueur

From Paris' Left Bank, Yves Saint Laurent sends you his Rive Gauche Fragrance.

It's lively, friendly, warm and very French.

The Left Bank of the Seine, called Rive Gauche, is Paris' most spirited place.

It's where artists, writers, poets, lovers, world travelers and world wanderers mingle together to create an atmosphere one could only wish existed everywhere.



Yves Saint Laurent has captured this special feeling in his Rive Gauche Fragrance.



It has the spirit of a Parisienne cafe, alive with wine, laughter and love.

It's like a smile you wear all over. Fresh, free and sensitive.

Rive Gauche Fragrance by Yves Saint Laurent.

It's here for you to wear.

And love.





rive gauche®

by YVES SAINT LAURENT

©Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp.

Why Are So Many Women Talking About Formula 405?



Until recently the Formula 405 concept was for dermatologists' patients only. So different from the usual creams and lotions that visible results can be seen in ten days or less!

Moisture is nature's plumping agent. And scientific Deep-Action Moisturizing is the secret of **Formula 405**'s thrilling capability. Exclusive Deep-Action moisturizing ingredients bring precious moisture into the stratum corneum where it matters—not just on the skin's surface. More than pretty words or promises, **Formula 405** really does help every skin look fresher, smoother...younger.

Developed especially for the care of dry, aging or wrinkled skin, **Formula 405** also helps keep young skins smoother longer. Its deep-action moisturizers are absorbed and retained, helping "fill out" the many lines caused by moisture deficiency, while added rich, natural oils nurture and soften the skin. Just a little smoothed morning and night over face and throat does it all.

Formula 405 was discovered by Frank P. Panzarella, Ph.D., research bio-chemist and president of Doak Pharmacal Co., which has been making skin treatment products exclusively for use by dermatologists for almost 50 years. The concept line of **Formula 405** Deep-Action beauty treatments include: Lotion, Cleanse Pac, Bath Oil and Soap. All hypo-allergenic. All hormone free.

At leading drug and department stores.
If not available locally, write to:

DOAK
Cosmetic Dermatological Div. of
Doak Pharmacal Co., Inc.
700 Shames Drive, Westbury, NY 11590

FEET FIRST

Quick tips from the toes down

Summertime . . . the body that passes muster is lean, lightly tanned, tended, cool. Summer skin should be smooth from feet to face and always well moisturized. Here, a last-minute rundown on helps for the perfect summer you.

The feet beat

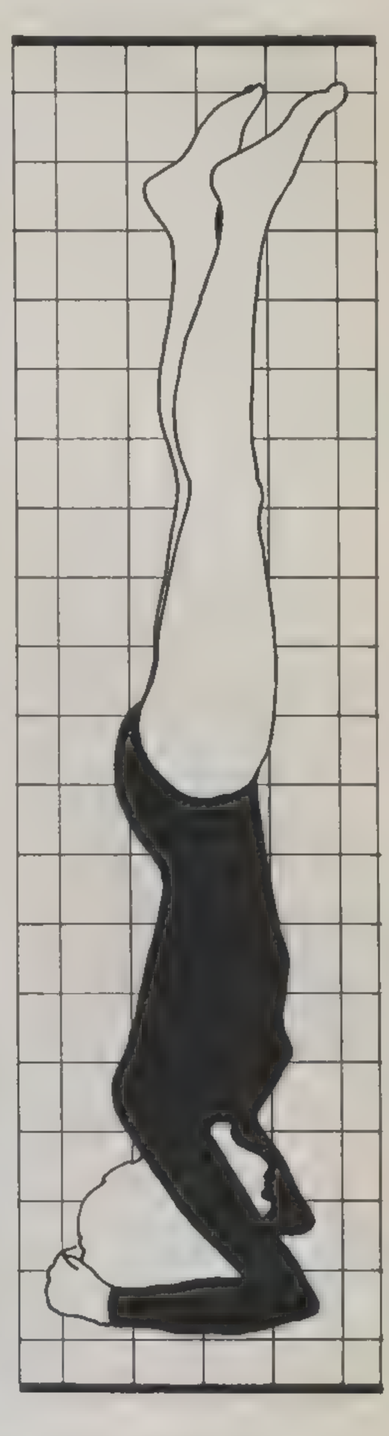
Summer feet have got to travel well . . . espadrille to barefoot. Dr. Scholl provides the best in do-it-yourself pedicure supplies including a Rough Skin Remover to take the edge off heels and soles. Legs, more visible now than ever, need to be scrupulously fuzz-free. For depilatory users, Dr. Scholl's Leg Hair Remover Spray . . . for shavers, Lady Remington's travel-perfect Cordless/Rechargeable shaver with two shave heads.

The tan that's got a system . . .

is the only tan to have. Gradual, controlled tanning is this and every summer's message. Stick with the products that ease your skin into the sun. Bain de Soleil's system is striping: yellow stripe on the aerosol foam container means extra sunscreening for beginners . . . orange stripe on the Creme, for a tan that's off to a good start . . . brown striping on the dark tanning lotion . . . red, orange, and yellow on the moisturizing Après LeSoleil.

Head first

Our summer-wise lady *(right)* knows that the quickest pickup for her looks is a headstand . . . gets circulation going to the face and hair to nourish and refresh. Another instant refresher, Madeleine Mono's English Rain, a spray of natural springwater to remove post-sport dirt and perspiration buildup, or just for a cooling dash of moisture. For moisture all over the body, Estée Lauder's Aliage After Sport Body Moisturizer, combining the fresh green scent of Aliage and, special news, a cooling tingle built into the formula.



How well do you know your hair?

. . . answers to the quiz on page 128.

You are a prime candidate for:

Extra Fullness Shampoo	• if you answered "a" to 5 questions
Single Application Shampoo	• if you answered "b" to 5 questions • if your answers were totally mixed • if you answered a combination of "a" and "b" to most questions and like to shampoo frequently
Extra Moisturizing Creme Shampoo	• if you answered "c" to 5 questions • if you answered a combination of "b" and "c" to most questions and like to shampoo frequently
Detangling Instant Conditioner	• if you answered "c" 3 times among questions 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 • optional—if you answered "b" or "c" to 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9
Herbal Pack Conditioner	• is for everyone—sometimes • if you answered mostly "a's," you need it just for protection every 3 to 4 weeks at the ends of your hair • if you answered mostly "c's," you need it for repair and protection every week over your whole head • if you answered mostly "b's," you need it for protection and minor repair. If your hair is 6 inches or shorter, use it once a month over your whole head; if your hair is longer than 6 inches, use it every few weeks at the tips and once a month over your whole head
Protein Structurizer	• if two of your answers included either 4) a; 5) a; or 7)c • if you want more body or hold
Natural Care Hair Spray	• is for everyone who wants extra styling control

There's a little Eve in every woman.



Try today's Eve.
Flowers on the outside.
Flavor on the inside.

Eve Filter and Menthol: 18mg. "tar," 1.3mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© LIGGETT & MYERS INCORPORATED, 1975

Hairpainting...™

Clairol introduces a glow that



Before

Even if you're the least bit shy about doing something to your hair, you've probably been waiting for something like hairpainting.™

There's never been anything quite like it.

For months now, you've been reading about hairpainting in leading magazines and seeing this great new look coming out of beauty salons.

And now hairpainting is here. With Quiet Touch™ from Clairol.®

First of all, here's what it does for you. It gives your hair a subtle overall glow that makes you look wonderful without anyone knowing exactly why. You'll see shimmers of light running through your hair like they just happened there. Hairlights, if you will.

Soft and natural, the way a woman feels and wants to look these days.

Now, the other good news. What Quiet Touch

© 1974 CLAIROL INC.

with Quiet Touch.™

picks up where nature left off.

doesn't do. It doesn't change the overall color of your hair. (It adds new dimensions.)

There's no double-processing anything. And no touch-up routine. (You can do it only once, it's that subtle. Or again and again to add more hairlights.)

Everything you need comes in a kit. It only takes a little time. And, it's so easy you won't believe it.

Here's all you do:

With our brush, you just paint delicate ribbons on the top layer of your hair, as many or as few as you like. (And since you paint only on the top layer, it's not messy.)

Wait about fifteen minutes, then shampoo.

And when your hair dries, your new hairlights blend in for a subtle new radiance.

So why not?

Quiet Touch hairpainting really just picks up where nature left off.



During



After

Quiet Touch.

The hairpainting kit™ for brush-on hairlights.

For natural or color treated hair.

UP FRONT

What to see, read, listen to, and watch for . . .

books

★★★★ Breach of Faith: The Fall of Richard Nixon
By Theodore H. White (Atheneum). With a bang, Theodore White takes Richard Nixon out of the journalism of Watergate into the fat of history with a detailed account of how, in his second term as President, Nixon planned surgery on the U.S. Government, a solo operation "almost, but not quite, amounting to a Constitutional change.

"The President was about to streamline by fiat the entire Executive Branch of government, install *within every department a personal agent of the White House staff* to supervise it, create about himself a super-cabinet lodged in the Executive Office Building, officially remove traditional Cabinet members from access to him, and purge the bureaucracy until it became the unquestioning subordinate instrument of the White House policy center *which he alone would direct*" (my italics).

Haldeman and Ehrlichman, Nixon's pious, patriotic allies, have not publicly discussed this fantastic plan which they would help run. Police state, commissars? After reading this book, I could no longer stomach Rabbi Korff's comedy routines on the pathos of San Clemente, asking for donations.

In the rough days last August, just before the resignation, Dean Burch, an important member of the inner circle at the White House, told Senator Goldwater that "the President's mind was balanced on a needle point." What General Haig, James St. Clair, and a few others feared that awful week was that the staff would resign leaving the country and the President dependent for advice on his "two daughters, their two young husbands, Bebe Rebozo, and Ronald Ziegler." Together, they couldn't make custard. That brains trust told Nixon "to carry the fight right down to the Senate floor." Nothing intimidated them. The Constitution was the issue, not Watergate. Theodore White makes the distinction as clear as a black line on white paper.

★★★ Dandelion Wine
By Ray Bradbury (Alfred A. Knopf). A reissue. A summer book, light, yellow, delicious, the miracle of feeling alive coursing through its pages—that is the quality of Ray Bradbury, now the intimate of Martians: story and autobiography mixed like vodka and tonic. It was Waukegan, Illinois, in 1928 when Douglas Spaulding turned twelve. Bradbury's 1928 is not even a kissing cousin to Jay Gatsby's. Flushed, merry (but neither funny nor genial), this novel revels in all that is young or new or quickening. No sordid nostalgia. No big deals.

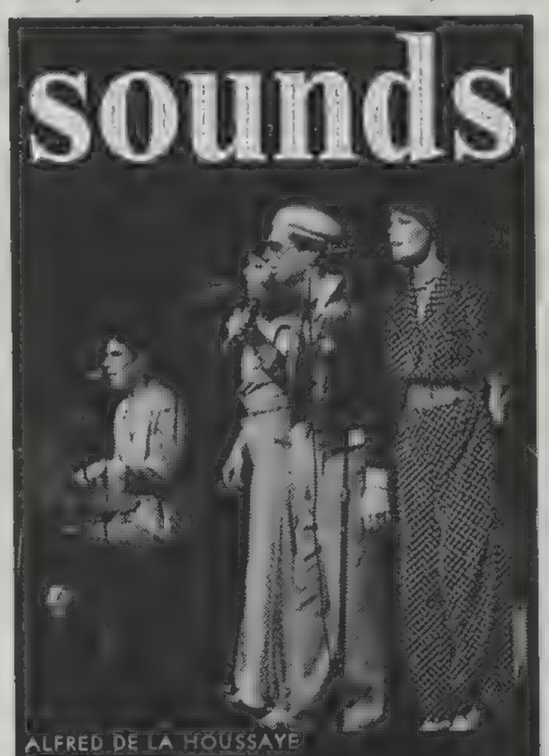
The family goes picking wild fox grapes. The boy buys Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot Shoes, replacing the winter iron of leather with magical sneakers. The boarders at his Grandmother's house eat country food: deviled meats, fricasseed chickens, Himalayas of pastries, bilberries, gumbos, chowders, relish—the women leaving the table to go upstairs to unlace their corsets. Out of the summer revelations, the boy wrote in his diary: "The reason why grownups and kids fight is because they belong to separate races."

—ALLENE TALMEY

movies

★★★ The Passenger
Antonioni, the magic-realist, has edited the African desert, framing it with exquisite artistry. No dialogue is needed, or indeed the picture should have been made with the actors using an improvised language. Maria Schneider can barely make herself understood anyway, since she is in an affectless stupor; and the great Jack Nicholson has such an expressive face and body that his recital of the telephone book might seem to contain deep and universal meaning (particularly from T to Z).

The movie is about a journalist who, discontented with his lifestyle, seizes the moment of fate when a businessman staying at the same hotel as he dies. The journalist exchanges identity and clothes and appropriates a little black book. The businessman turns out to be a gunrunner; and Nicholson, hell-bent on self-destruction, keeps all the appointments in the book. Dodging those who would identify him, he encounters Maria Schneider . . . and so love and death bloom in the desert. *The Passenger* is a very quiet film, it wanders about barefoot; and when it is done, there



★★★ *The Orchestra Luna*, a rough, obnoxious Boston-based comic band—impressively original and funny, newest flaky mutate in theater/rock crossbreeding. Seven persons include an unmatched pair of girl singers, a boy poet: "I wish you could promise me that I'd never see you again." First album, an Epic Record.

are no footsteps in the sand and no bird in the hand, a barren movie self-imposed like a vasectomy: the possibilities are there.

★★★ The Day of the Locust
Waldo Salt's film script has brought to life the peculiar half-world of Hollywood as it was in the late 1930's. He has managed to sustain the terrifying REALITY of reality that the book by Nathanael West created.

I understand that for years producers (and they are legion) were afraid to make a movie of this book because the subject matter seemed too pessimistic! I say, so what! Life stinks, especially when the bright and beautiful dreams never come true . . . as in Hollywood (don't knock on Hollywood, it brings bad luck.)

The casting in *The Day of the Locust* is masterful from Karen Black who plays Faye Greener, an extra with big plans for stardom, to her father, Harry Greener (former vaudevillian reduced to selling homemade dissolver door to door), played by Burgess Meredith to magical perfection.

Mr. Meredith should receive an award nomination for best supporting actor for this one: he is a sprite—bittersweet, raggle-taggle, irritating, lovable, shallow, and deep . . . a master actor reveling in his craft. Other vivacious and clearly conceived roles were handled by such pros as Geraldine Page, Donald Sutherland, Jane Hoffman, and Billy Barty.

Bill Atherton plays the bland observer-painter who is present but keeps his distance.

The last sequence in the film is truly amazing and beautiful in a disturbing way: boredom is merely a resting place for violence, as West wrote, speaking of his people: "All their lives they had slaved at some dull labor . . . saving their pennies and dreaming of the leisure that would be theirs when they had enough . . ." finally, "they realize that they've been tricked and burn with resentment." *The Day of the Locust* is a tragic-comic opera ending in flames of fearful ecstasy. See it . . . or be it.

Also Recommended
In Celebration, by David Storey: Autobiographical worm that eats the innards of seemingly nice family living in a coal-mining town in England. Three brothers representing, I believe, three facets of Mr. Storey's conscience: the businessman with blinders on, the writer who is too sensitive, and the irreligious baiter who has given up painting and everything else. Well done and moving slice of life. Religion is the villain here, and its sidekick, cleanliness. *And Now My Love:* Claude Lelouch . . . the luscious Lelouch . . . rakes us over the dying embers of history beginning with World War I. A moral lesson in the guise of a love story: How grandma and grandpa met, how mom and dad met, how we met . . . and what happened to the world along the way. As Lelouch notes: "It takes a century for love at first sight." Jung would have opted for longer.

—ROSALYN DREXLER

art

★★★★ Gaston Lachaise and Mother Earth
Rare is the artist who turns his muse into a goddess, but Ameri-

(Continued on page 50)

**** Do anything to hear, see, or read it *** Definitely worth your time and money ** Good work, deserves attention * Take note, if it suits your taste —* You have been warned



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SUMMER AND THE BEAUTIFUL NAIL

Our nail primer gives you the news— on nail health, length, color, care . . .

The inside story . . . your nails do a lot more than look good or bad . . . they are efficient printouts of your body's inner condition. Here's how to decipher the nail code. . . . **Color:** ideally nails should be a pearly pink, loss of color means poor circulation, blood is not getting enough fuel to fire it down to the fingertips . . . protein is high-octane fuel, so put more of it in your diet. **Texture:** horizontal ridges and small white spots telegraph illness, if nails are pitted it could indicate psoriasis. Brittle is not beautiful and means lack of moisture, even vitamin deficiency. **Weak nails:** iodine, calcium, vitamin A in your diet may help.

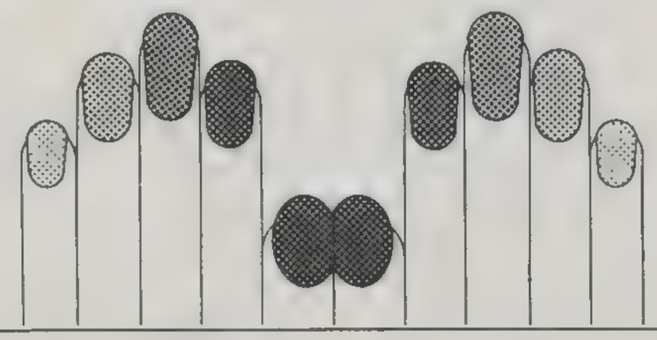
The outside story . . . anyone can grow nails . . . even if you spend Sundays fixing carburetors . . . it's all in learning how to use your hands. No more biting (grab a carrot), telephone dialing (what are pencils for?), clawing your way to the top (use pads of fingers only!). Housework and gardening should always be done with gloves, but nail polish is also a plus. Apply as many as 5 coats lightly to guard nails against knicks.

NAIL TIP **Outside help . . . there are people whose business it is to put your nails back in business. One is Bendyne Ltd. makers of Living Nail, the be-all nail hardener that brushes on to tips of nails only. Once-a-week application brings results in 5 weeks.**

Nightly nail massage using Brit/Tex nail and cuticle treatment can help to strengthen and condition nails, soften cuticles . . . even fingers love a massage.

FAN NAIL

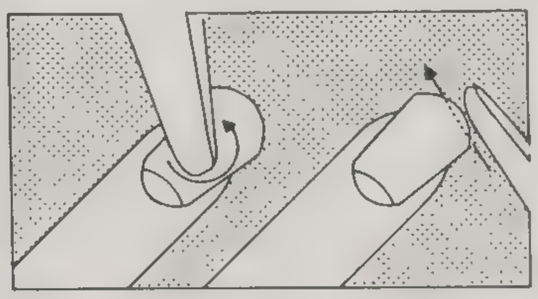
Nails by Nena (155 East 55th St., N.Y.C., and 9463 Gregory Way, Beverly Hills) is painting some illustrious nails (Mary Tyler Moore's, Lucille Ball's, Polly Bergen's) in a new ombré fashion. A deeper intensity of color is painted on the thumb lightening to pale on the pinky (sketch below*), which gives a graceful, fluttering, fanlike effect to the hand in motion . . . pretty!*



MARTHA VOUTAS

Touch Stone

At Valerie's Sculptured Nails, 136 East 82nd St., N.Y.C., the big news for tired nails is massage . . . it's done on the top of the nail with a hindstone, a fine buffer (below) *that removes the dead part of nail's upper surface.*



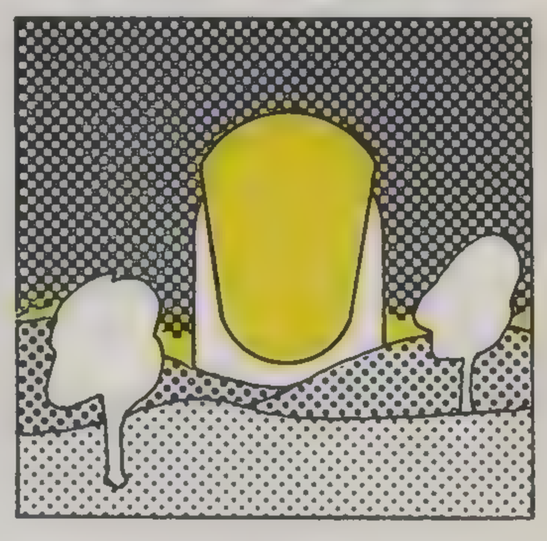
For little leaguers of both sexes, nail care is taught at Jessica Vartoughian's Nail Clinique, 9018 Burton Way, Beverly Hills. Ages 4 to 13 admitted without parent.

If your nails have a mind of their own and always think short, coax them out with Maji Nail, a brush-on nail-lengthening system that goes on with a small paintbrush, duplicates the look and feel of long, hard nails (while yours grow).

N. B.: Remember, with formulations that should never touch the skin and that take weeks or months to show results, follow the instructions to the letter and be patient waiting . . . don't cut corners.

From Mavala, total nail-care and color specialists, the Mavala Hand Cream, imported now from Switzerland, to round out their comprehensive line of products that are used by the most knowledgeable hands in town.

Color it Summer



● Color and the tanned hand . . . polished nails a must in summer, and the subtler the color, the more dynamic the effect. Our beach picks (check 'em out!) . . . Estée Lauder's Buttered Beige, Helena Rubinstein's Apricot Blush, Iced Watermelon by 'Ultima II'/Charles Revson, Polly Bergen's Dawn Bisque, Max Factor's Double Frost Cinnamon. . . .

● Nail shorts . . . Moi, at Moi Cosmetology, 38 East 63rd Street, N.Y.C., sees the natural look for nails as big summer news. She's polishing up a storm of nails in a translucent pearly color, says it lets the beauty and health of the nail shine through, makes long and short nails look clean, tended. Moi also notes that pastel peach polish (with a frost fillip) looks swimmingly with the new beach clothes in natural muslins, faded blues, khaki . . . also, light color doesn't show chips in the lacquer as easily, compliments short nails, too. . . . Which reminds us, nails should always be kept shorter in summer, makes wrapping your hand around a tennis racket or golf club all the easier.

● Handouts . . . to prevent hand cramps and get circulation going to the fingers, shake hands out vigorously, then rotate wrist around slowly keeping fingers still . . . for nails that curl at the ends . . . make a fist, curling nails under . . . they'll soon catch on.

● Curios . . . La Bella's Nail Salon, 457 North Canon, Beverly Hills, mixes nail-polish color to match your taste . . . no one else will have it. . . . Would you believe! . . . the best-selling nail color in the history of one top cosmetic company . . . platinum!

Maybe, your squeaky clean hair is really crying out for help.



We're not against washing your hair. We're just against weakening your hair.

Shampooing. Everybody's doing it. Once a week. Once a day. And the truth is just about everybody's doing it wrong. And doing their hair a lot of harm.

The wrong way to shampoo. The way the TV commercials have it you get into the shower and lather. Big, billowy headfuls of lather. Once, twice, even three times. Then when all natural oils are stripped away, when hair is weak and most vulnerable, wide open to splitting and breakage — then, and only then, is your hair supposedly "squeaky" clean. If hair could talk, it would say it's in pain.

The right way to Shampoo de Pantene.* Pour just a bit of Pantene into your palm. Work it into scalp first, then into hair. Leave the lather on 30 seconds. And rinse. That's it.

Don't expect a big, billowy lather. You generally get those when harsh, inexpensive shampoos absorb air. From Pantene you get a rich, creamy lather made up of thousands of tiny bubbles which surround the hair's cuticle and gently lift out dirt. Leaving hair shiny and clean. Not squeaky. But clean. Not weak and vulnerable. But healthier looking than before.

The explanation. The Shampoo de Pantene is scientifically balanced to do the most good for hair. From its controlled pH to its proper blend of exclusive Swiss Conditioners:* Pantyl to add spring and bounce; Phytantriol to maintain hair's moisture balance.

Then there's Panthenol. It's Pro-Vitamin B_5 which penetrates each hair shaft, adding pliability and sheen.

More on shampooing. Handle wet hair gently. With a wide tooth comb. Never a brush. Wash it as often as you like but always with Shampoo de Pantene. Mostly for what it doesn't do. It's so mild it doesn't strip away hair's natural oils.

And, yes, Shampoo de Pantene is more expensive than ordinary shampoo. But isn't that the only head of hair you have?



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excess hair?



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10 GREAT WEEKENDERS

Can't-miss gifts for your hostess, take-along musts for you

If your weekend packing consists of jeans, bikini, and a spare T-shirt tossed into a rucksack, you'll want to keep travel essentials down to bare minimum in size. This doesn't mean you should skimp on must-haves for days in the sun: sunglasses; folding cotton hat, visor, or scarves; eyedrops; mini-camera; and, of course, tanning lotion, makeup, even shampoo that all contain good sun-screening agents.

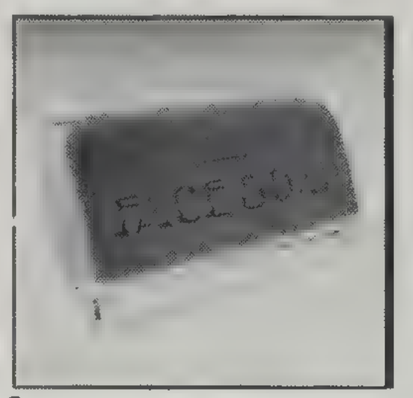
No space doesn't mean you forget your hosts either—one hairdresser we know always packs his scissors—gives host, hostess, other guests expert clips after dinner. If you're not up to this specialized gift-giving, following are some little-investment, big-return suggestions to take along—for you—for your hostess.

notes for the organized traveler

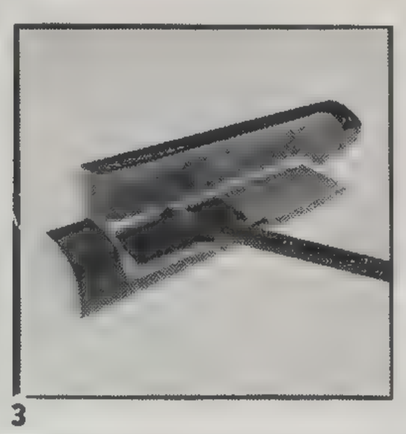
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Prepacking . . . look in a full-length mirror and do a mental inventory of what you need. Hair: hopefully it's short, fuss-less hair that can dry easily in the sun or quickly with help from a tiny, portable dryer such as **(1)** Gillette's Max Hatter . . . hardly more weight or bulk than a purse, $21.99. Care: don't assume your hostess knows what you need for your skin . . . pack your own moisturizer, waterproof makeup, and all you need for daily cleansing ritual. **(2)** Polly Bergen's Original Skin Face Soap is perfect for cranky skin problems, $4.50. Color: tuck favorite eye colors from Irene Galitzine in your tote . . . the case **(3),** with two shades, is as slim as a thermometer tube, $6.50. Economy: **(4)** a lightly tinted sunscreen with moisturizer and a gloss stick to slide on lips are put together compactly by Coty as Sun Shade Duo—musts for your face, $3.50.



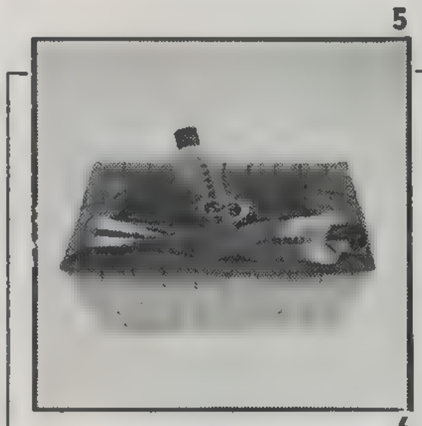
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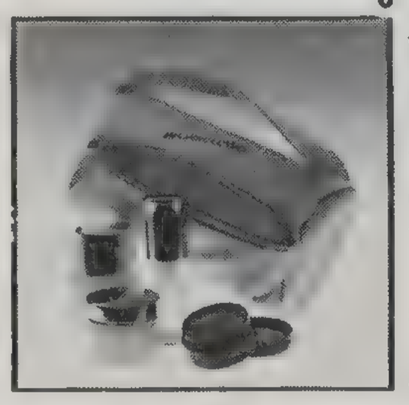
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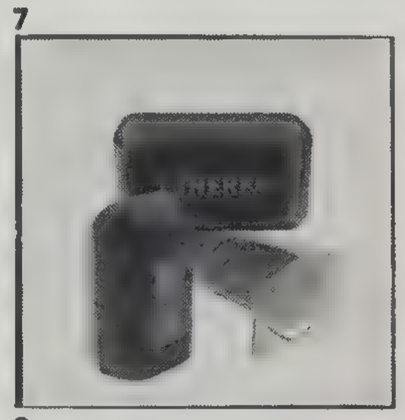


6

great gifts in small packages

Figure first if your host and hostess are the practical types who appreciate gifts they can use twice (not the Fabergé-egg types). For the host, Lucarelli's tote **(5)** in snappy window-pane canvas is fitted with pre-shave, after-shave, and cologne, recycles as a golf-ball caddy, handlebar carrier for bicycle tools, $7.50. For your hostess, Scandia has the Action Pack **(6)** with mini-size moisturizer, night cream, lip gloss, and a spray of Galore perfume. There's plenty of room here to roll a spare maillot. The pack, $4 with purchase of $5 of Scandia products available at Neiman-Marcus.

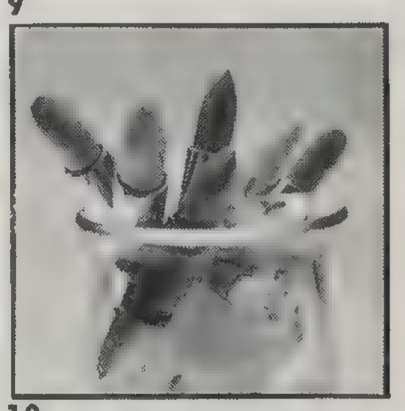
Good idea for both the traveler and the hostess . . . soaps packed in reusable plastic cases **(7)** here from Dana, in Tabu scent, $2.25; Etherea, $7.50; and the Charlie Cleansing Bar, $3.50. Nice thought for a hostess with a perfume penchant . . . soaps that match it **(8),** whether it's Dior, 3 for $10; Pucci's Vivara, 3 for $8.50; Givenchy, 3 for $6; or Yves Saint Laurent, 3 for $8. Something your hostess can use all summer that's good for her . . . Lip Quencher lipsticks **(9)** in 22 new shades made by the Chap Stick people . . . grab a handful of these colorful moisturizers, cousins to the original and indispensable Chap Stick, $1.85 each. For the try-it-like-it hostess, a pottery vial **(10)** filled with kohl (fitted with a mirror for private-eye intrigue). True Earth Cosmetics make the case . . . and the kohl in shades from smoky violet to a sparkling golden beige called Star, $5.



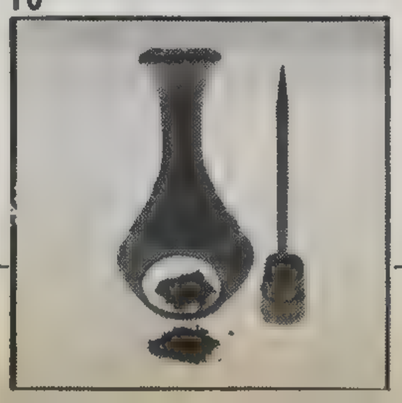
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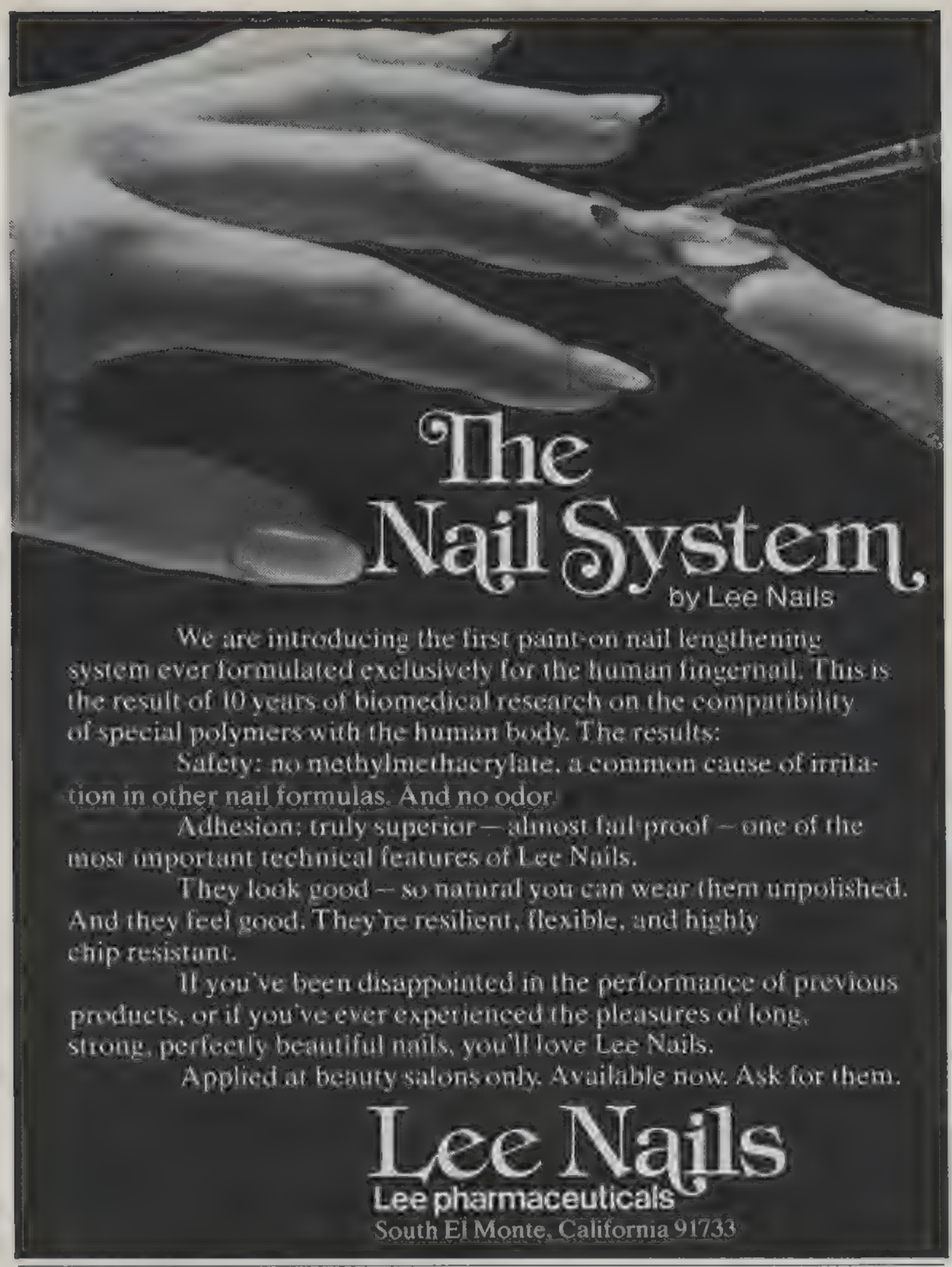
Post-weekend, after you've unpacked all the fresh country fruit, vegetables, and herbs you brought back, is the time to refresh yourself. Too much sun? Try mixing one-half pound bicarbonate of soda in your bath water: it'll take out the sting of a burn. Salt-water-logged hair? Give it a good conditioning pack such as Clairol Condition Beauty Pack Treatment. Next, if you've been jogging on the beach or tearing around a tennis court, slice a fresh lemon and rub it all over your feet . . . use a dash of salt to slough off dead cells. Rinse. Immediately after, apply moisturizer to feet and massage.

KEITH TRUMBO

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him
on
like
a
lady. Lead him on with Bellodgia.



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Vogue By Francesco Waldner

HORO-SCOPE

From June 1 through June 30

IF YOU WERE BORN WHEN THE SUN WAS IN GEMINI: A propitious year lies ahead, and your magnetic personality brings you great popularity. From now until the end of March, '76, a positive Jupiter influx helps you to handle business and financial matters and to solve problems in your day-to-day life. June and July are good months for changes, ideas, and new working methods. Beginning in mid-August (and continuing until mid-March, '76), you will be very busy—at times, harried and under stress; take extra care of your health. Good periods for your emotional life are June 7–July 9, November 10–December 7; and in 1976, February 20–March 15, April 9–30, and May 28–June 20.

Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 20

On the 7th–8th, an extremely successful period begins. Love will be most important. You will spend delightful days on the 13th–14th and 21st–23rd, and new acquaintances liven up your social round. The moment favors all your enterprises and brings good occasions to better yourself financially. Put your plans into practice, but avoid doing things in a hurry. You will make an important decision. There is a tendency to little accidents, so be careful on the 11th–12th and 24th–25th, especially if traveling. **My advice:** Much could depend on remaining on good terms with those in authority.

Taurus APRIL 21—MAY 20

There may be delusions in your emotional life—don't forget that your beloved is not your personal property. Respect each other's individuality and need of a certain freedom. Be generous. You might start a new love affair but must be careful not to repeat previous mistakes. Favorable days for love and friendship are the 15th–16th and 24th–25th. Expect good news from afar. The outlook is positive for travel, but not for appointments or meeting people. **My advice:** Don't discuss your problems on the 13th–14th or 26th–27th; misunderstandings could arise.

Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21

Success comes as a result of your endeavors and knowledge, not from luck. You enjoy good chances for business, finance, and new enterprises; travels and encounters are favored by Jupiter and Venus. Your most successful days will be the 17th–18th and 26th–27th. People will be attracted by your pleasant personality and sociability; and new friendships—one romantic—will be formed. A beneficial change occurs; money could be earned through a second job or small speculation. Rather negative days are the 1st–3rd, 15th—16th, and 29th—30th. **My advice:** Business prospers. Use your intuition.

Cancer JUNE 22—JULY 22

A quiet and pleasant month. You should settle a financial question, but don't go into debt to do it. Refuse needless risks; be careful in dealing with old people and with property matters. Be thoughtful if discussing future plans on the 4th—5th and 17th—18th and calm and equipoised on the 24th—25th. Travel may bring an unusual romance. Use your lucky days—the 1st–3rd, 19th–20th, and 28th–30th—wisely. An elderly relative will prove to be a good friend. **My advice:** Watch out for a good opportunity which will soon come your way.

Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 23

An extremely fortunate month. All planets are in your favor, bringing you happy times and immense popularity. You will enjoy delightful hours and good luck on the 4th–5th and 21st–23rd; small quarrels could arise on the 6th–8th and 19th–20th. Benefits occur through influential people and social contacts. Be diplomatic on the 26th–27th if your opinion is asked about a delicate matter; you could help a friend. **My advice:** A new acquaintance could prove beneficial to future projects.

(Continued on page 48)

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If you love the future kits, if you want to keep the costly selection of fine cosmetics in them, you pay only $5.95, a fraction of their retail value.

But if you don't approve of them, you're under no obligation to keep them. And you don't pay a penny. In fact, you can cancel out of Cosmetique whenever you want. You can even return any kit for full credit or refund. There are no commitments, no obligations, no minimum number of kits to buy, or time to buy them.

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- All kits sent on approval.
- You can cancel at any time.
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Skin Type: Dry Oily Normal
Age: _____

104

☐ Miss ☐ Ms ☐ Mrs. _____
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Limit: One Introductory Kit per Household. Offer void if previously accepted. Offer good only in the U.S.A.

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CHILDREN, INCORPORATED

Vogue Horoscope

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

Virgo AUGUST 24–SEPTEMBER 23

The planets are moderately friendly and provide certain benefits if you let others take the lead. Accept people as they are; interesting persons can stimulate your intellect. Go out, be social minded, have guests on the 6th–8th, and spend time with the person you love on the 24th–25th, when affairs of the heart are favored. Now is a good moment to realize your plans regarding a change or a new enterprise. Avoid travel on the 9th–10th and 21st–23rd, when the Moon is against you. **My advice:** Put off important decisions and travel until next month.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24–OCTOBER 23

Difficulties may arise about legal questions or contracts; you must be very clever and diplomatic on the 11th–12th and 24th–25th. On the 4th–5th, be prepared to face an unpleasant situation. Possibly, you could benefit through the intervention of an older person or a good lawyer. An excellent Mercury aspect brings practical and constructive ideas to settle your problems. Good luck in your private life on the 9th–10th and 26th–27th makes up for your troubles. **My advice:** Press on with your plans, and have faith in your own ability and integrity.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

You will be put to the test in your emotional life and must prove your sincerity. Avoid any ambiguity on the 13th–14th and 26th–27th. Future plans develop well; you receive help from older people and attention from an influential person. Schedule appointments on the 1st–3rd, 11th–12th, and 28th–30th. If you do your part, projects can bring you exceptional gains. Show energy and a strong, tenacious will. After a rather heavy expenditure, conditions should rapidly improve. **My advice:** Do something for your health, in order to be fit for the taxing month of July.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

May's good influences develop now in full, and many things seem much easier than before. Even somewhat risky enterprises will bring good results now. After a rather dull first week, your emotional life becomes most promising; you'll enjoy particularly lovely days on the 4th–5th and 13th–14th. Take a chance; you have excellent prospects for the future and may gain spectacularly from a change of occupation or by cautious speculation. Don't be afraid of small difficulties on the 1st–3rd, 15th–16th, or 28th–30th. **My advice:** Use this serene time to go on holiday.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 20

Clear up a misunderstanding to start the month out right. Keep away from risky projects or financial speculation, and be careful in all your undertakings on the 4th–5th and 17th–18th so that you don't lose money or run into other difficulties. Don't expose yourself to criticism; be reserved on the 24th–25th, and don't trust in vague promises or splendid offers. The outlook is very good for you on the 6th–8th and 15th–16th. Take the initiative. **My advice:** Have faith. There's no reason for pessimism.

Aquarius JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 18

Your entire situation develops to your satisfaction; financial matters go your way, as do other business affairs. Only human relations show some tension; listen to people near you. There could be small conflicts on the 13th–14th, when the Moon and Venus are in opposition to your natal Sun. Take a brief trip with your beloved on the 17th–18th to smooth out difficulties in your relationship. At work, avoid antagonism on the 6th–8th and 19th–20th; excellent days to solve a difficult problem are the 9th–10th. **My advice:** Think twice before entering into risky financial enterprises.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Many events—encounters, brief trips, and sudden news—make the month interesting, but unquiet. In spite of disruptions, find time to bring a task to its end and to consider a new and interesting offer. Improve your financial situation by being energetic, methodical, and persevering. Love affairs bring problems on the 9th–10th and 21st–22nd, unless you use care and understanding. Avoid discussions on the 15th–16th; the 11th–12th and 19th–21st are good for all your undertakings. **My advice:** You can avoid a theft if you aren't incautious or absentminded.

Finally. A more effective way to damage your hair.

What if someone told you they took their hair—at its weakest, most vulnerable moment—stretched and pulled it as far as it could go—and then stuck it in a hot oven for a half hour or so. You'd think they were nuts.

Yet, that's exactly what you do every time you blow dry your hair.

Obviously, blow dryers are here to stay. They give you a fast, easy, natural look. But they create problems that never existed before.

The problems. Wet hair is weak hair. It needs to be handled gently because it doesn't have the elasticity of dry hair. But blow drying calls for merciless brushing and pulling un-



We're not against hair dryers. We're just against dried out hair.

der direct heat. Sometimes enough heat to bake a cake. And certainly enough heat to take the remaining moisture and oils from the hair. Leaving it even less elastic and more brittle. Wide open to breakage and splitting. And if your hair could talk, it would be pleading for a solution.

Pantene's got it—The Heat Solution.™ It's Multi-Conditioner de Pantene® and it's got Phytantriol. Forget the name but not what this exclusive Pantene Swiss Conditioner* does. It acts as a protective shield for hair, maintaining its natural moisture balance.

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The Shampoo de Pantene.® It's got Pantyl, another Swiss Conditioner for spring and bounce. And Panthenol. It's actually Pro-Vitamin B_5 which penetrates each hair shaft, adding pliability and sheen. Don't look for a big lather. Use just a bit. One lather, one rinse.

More on Blow Dryers. Use them but use your head. Use them with Multi-Conditioner and Shampoo de Pantene. And please, take a few minutes longer, hold the blower twelve inches from hair and turn to a cooler setting. Let's not add insult to injury.



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Vogue Upfront

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

can sculptor Gaston Lachaise was a man who loved his wife so much he obsessively immortalized her more than pleasingly plump curves into monuments (literally) to the fertile forms of Mother Earth.

Perhaps the only genuinely *erotic* American artist, Lachaise created provocatively voluptuous nudes and torridly intertwined couples, embracing in the frank manner of Indian temple sculpture, that were hidden for years because of their overt sexual content. Although he was much appreciated by contemporaries like Marianne Moore and e.e. cummings and painters John Marin and Georgia O'Keefe, whose portrait busts he sculpted, Lachaise has never had the popular acclaim he deserves as the greatest American sculptor before David Smith.

Now the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis is showing over seventy major Lachaise works, including his curvaceous nudes, passionate couples, as well as his more conventionally acceptable but in many ways equally distinguished portraits and drawings.

Born in Paris in 1882, Lachaise had a firm grounding in the French academic tradition, which stressed working from actual nudes; when he followed his future wife, the matronly Isabel, back to America in 1906, he was prepared to create figurative sculpture beyond the means of native Americans who—because of the inhibitions of Puritanism—were still copying antique casts.

Famous for his decorative garden sculpture—he earned a living mainly doing birdbaths—Gaston Lachaise today takes his rightful place as one of the most remarkable and powerful creative forces in American art.

★★★Era of Exploration

Determined to consume whole chunks of history, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York continues to seize an "era" in its extensive exhibition of photographs of the Old West taken by photographers who documented the remains of the cowboys and Indians in the post-Gold Rush decades of the 1860's and 1870's.

More than just another plunge into nostalgia, the show evokes a crucial period in American history with the specificity and objectivity that only a document such as a photograph can convey.

Visitors to the Met in June can also get a first glimpse of the long-awaited Lehman Collection which opens, in an atmosphere of expectation and controversy, on May 27.

★★★Jo Baer—Minimal Art with Maximum Content

So much brouhaha has surrounded the spate of retrospectives of Minimal artists (e.g., Dan Flavin, Carl Andre, Don Judd, Robert Ryman, and most recently Brice Marden at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York) that the popular "less is more" school of the 'sixties seems more than adequately covered.

Along with Agnes Martin, one of the outstanding members of the group, painter Jo Baer is finally receiving belated recognition she obviously deserves. At New York's Whitney Museum of American Art until July 13, the austere canvases of Jo Baer will be seen in a most impressive demonstration of how meager means—a few lines, bars, or stripes of color on the edges of the canvas, sometimes continuing to wrap around the frame—can yield a rich optical experience.

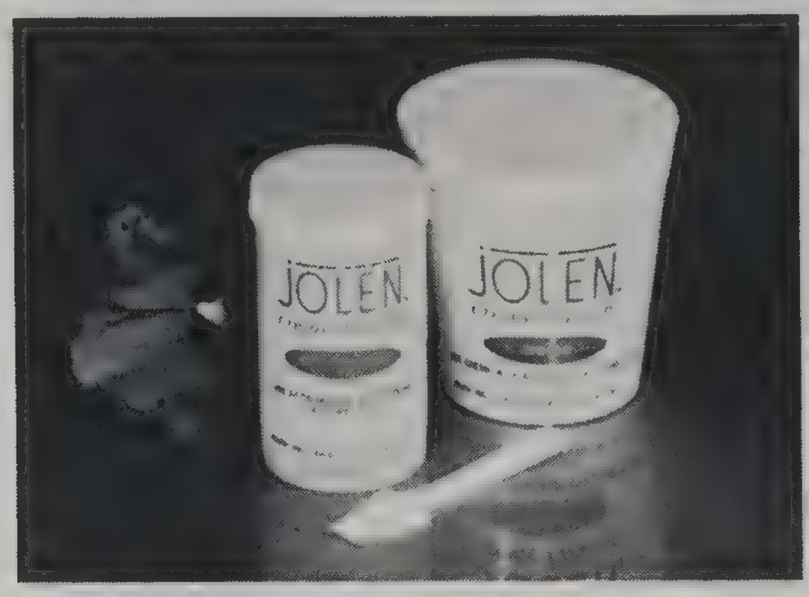
Hung at odd levels, occasionally almost resting on the floor, Baer's paintings require a readjustment of normal focusing; because they are usually not meant to be seen head on, at eye level. In the hands of an artist less a master of scale and illusion, this deliberately peculiar placement might just be another gimmick; but Jo Baer manages to convince the viewer that there is reason to her demands on installation. Look hard at these paintings that compromise nothing in their severity and intelligence.

★★Chinese Jade Throughout the Ages

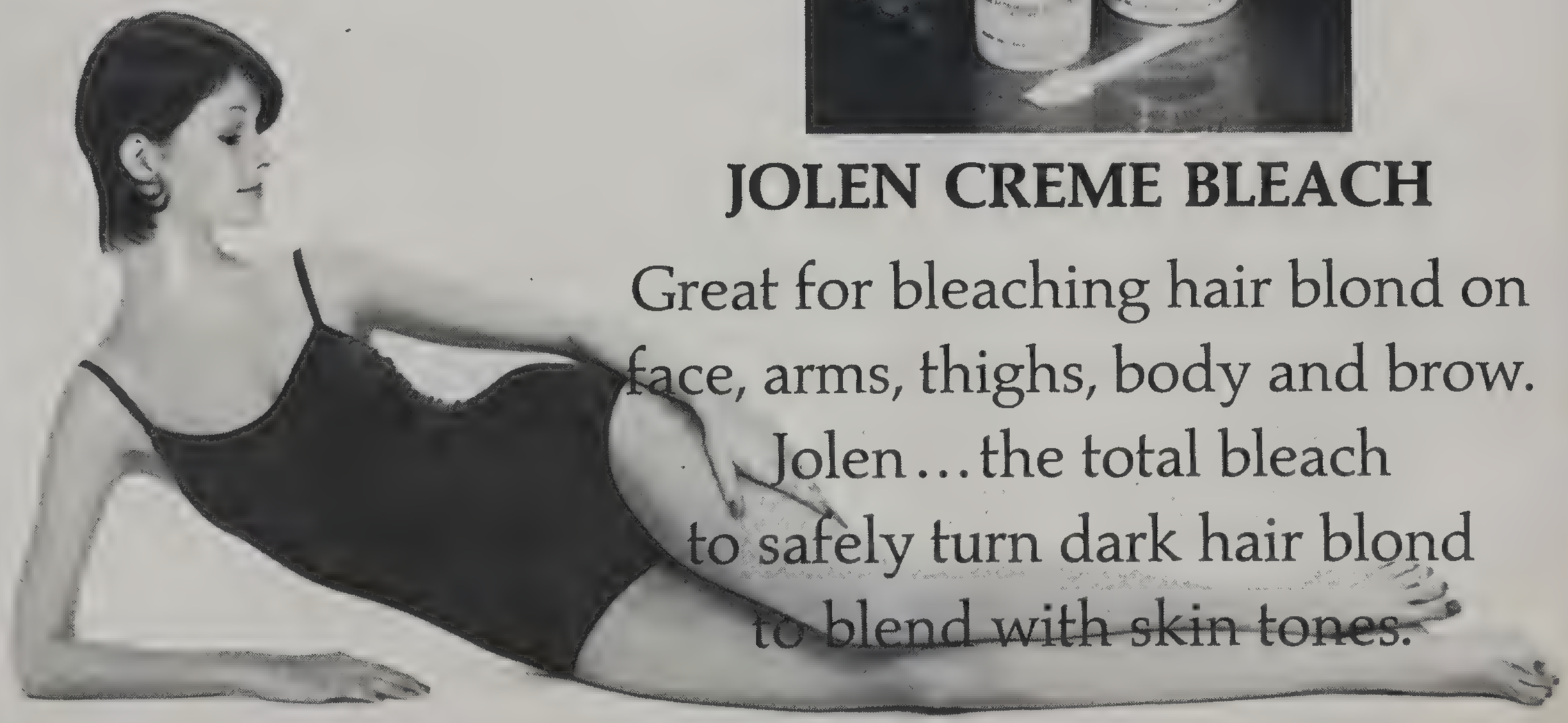
In London in June, at The Victoria And Albert Museum, a spectacular exhibition of Chinese jade from all periods. Jewelry, decorative objects, small sculptures, vases, etc., are a delight for connoisseurs of the rare green stone the ancient Chinese made even more precious through great craftsmanship.

★ Fashion Photography

As part of the general enthusiasm for photography, the art of fashion photography is beginning to be taken seriously as an expression of some of the greatest masters in the medium. At the Emily Lowe Gallery of Hofstra University in Hempstead, Long Island, a history of fashion photography from 1913 to the present reviews not only changing fashion but also changing styles of showing style. Edward Steichen, Cecil Beaton, Irving Penn, Richard Avedon are among those featured in the show on through the summer. —BARBARA ROSE



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SATURDAY REVIEW

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FIELDING'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN

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By Despina Messinesi

FRENCH ACCENT, MEXICAN AMBLE

At Club Méditerranée's new Playa Blanca on Mexico's Pacific Coast, you won't read world news or care what time it is

"It's a funny thing to say about a Club Méd—but, for me, Playa Blanca is intimate and exotic. In the one moment of listening to Grieg's Concerto while stretched out on the terraced cliff at sunset, watching the red shrimp boats in the small blue bay heading out to sea trailed by whirling gulls, the peace and intimacy of the view made Playa Blanca a special place for me."



Terraced bungalows, just a hillside from sailboat stash

This is how a much-traveled diplomat's wife, who already had sampled several of the sixty-five Clubs Méd around the world, felt about Playa Blanca, the new Club on the west coast of Mexico south of Puerto Vallarta.

After driving by miles of tropical wilderness with palms, cacti, desert, snatches of blue Pacific—a deceptive nowhere—you feel totally discombobulated when you reach Playa Blanca.

Radiant and draped in brilliant printed-cotton pareos, a staff of tanned men and women rushes out to greet you. Their torrent of Mexican- or French-accented English seems right for the exotic surroundings. And in this "Mr. Livingstone, I presume" outpost, you'll hear "I'm Jacques, Maria, Pierre, etc." The anonymity of first names only clues you in right away to the free-as-a-bird life at the Village.

Laissez-faire simplicity actually masks a well-tested setup. Gilbert Trigano, president of Club Méditerranée, speaking about the Clubs said, "We are merchants of happiness."

Playa Blanca holds all the sun-sea-fun activities of a luxury resort minus the problems of clothes, tips, and money. Having prepaid bed and board and the return ticket, you deposit money, passport, and ticket at the desk. For such extras as drinks, deep-sea fishing, riding, and stamps, you pay with pop beads worn as a necklace. Both men and women go around in swimsuits draped in pareos (you find these in the Village boutique) or beach cover-ups. At night: a shirt or bare-back top worn over pants, pareo, shorts, or skirts—the minimum.

Playa Blanca finds its axis in the dazzle of a sickle-shaped beach guarded by hills hazed with mauve- and lavender-flowered trees. Like a spill of dice, the clusters of brick houses with Mexican-tiled roofs stand on terraced slopes on either side of the beach. Without the earthenware figures of ducks, frogs, roosters used as pathmarkers along the maze of brick walls and steep steps, finding your house would be as baffling as the Minoan labyrinth of Knossos.

Planned for two persons, the brick bungalows vary in shape. Each includes a screened porch used as a sitting room, an air-conditioned bedroom, and a shower room bright with a daisy motif on blue tiles. In addition to a closet, an abundance of wall niches with shelves takes care of "things." Nice: yellow sheets, homespun Mexican bedspreads, henna bath towels, and pink cakes of soap. (At European Clubs Méd, no soap.)

Following the Club Méd tradition, no radios are allowed; nor do you see newspapers, magazines, or even clocks. *Note:* Bring your own alarm clock in case you have an early-morning tennis lesson, riding trip, or sailing date. No wake-up calls, nor telephones in the rooms, nor room service.

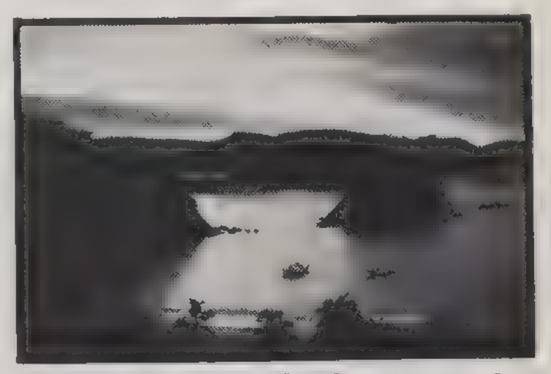
Playa Blanca doesn't overwhelm by its size nor by the people—six hundred club members in addition to two hundred staff. Even its views framed by green humps of offshore islands compare to small, intimate seascapes rather than murals of endless horizons.

The broad, but not spectacularly long, beach sprinkled with bodies never seems to crowd up. Loners find space to be loners; some people enjoy lying in clusters; while others swinging on Mexican-bright hammocks seem like flashes of tropical birds flitting through the palm grove. Footed in the sand on the beach, tiled blue columns turn out to be freshwater showers.

Bar steps: bleachers for people-watching

Where the beach ends, steps carved in rocks lead to a circular solarium for nude sunbathing. Close-by, at the water-sports center, a blackboard hung outside on the stone shack lists the day's schedule both in French and English. Here, club members sign up for deep-diving, scuba, snorkeling, and anything to do with aquatics. Lessons are held on the pier where tied-up powerboats rock; beached on the sand, fleets of pert sailboats and bright-blue floats lie ready to be launched.

A beach bar under an enormous Polynesian thatched roof both calms and dwarfs the people sitting there as ancient stone ruins often do. Shaded by deep thatch overhangs like shaggy eye-



Seascape on an intimate scale, a beach with space to spare

brows, the bar's wooden steps broad as bleachers are a great spot for observing the beach scene and the trance-like quiet of the bay. *Note:* At all Clubs Méd, people-watching rates as a spectator sport, or should.

Travelers, especially those who have never stayed at a Club Méd,

(Continued on page 54)

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Vogue Travel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

sometimes presume that these resorts suit only swingers. They are dead wrong. Average, healthy persons, even those called "squares," delight in the unharnessed life. Certain Club Méd villages even stress programs planned for children accompanied by parents. Part of the specialness of the clubs is precisely the blends of ages and nationalities of the members and staff—French, American, Moroccan, Mexican, Italian, Canadian—a mini United Nations.

The heart of the Playa Blanca village where everything happens lies sensibly segregated from the sleeping quarters. Its grandiose proportions, broad stairs, gardens, fountains, and parks remind you of Versailles. The eight hundred people streaming through seem to get swallowed up. No feeling of crowds, nor of claustrophobia.

At the Club, your lungs fill with clean air, you live outdoors. At the small, upstairs beauty salon, women under dryers sit on a balcony. In the gymnasium below—only one wall, mirrored—you feel you are exercising outdoors. Even at the boutique crammed with Mexicana tin and jewelry, bikinis, and sarongs, the best buys—Mexican cotton caftans brighter than fireworks—hang on the balcony.

Whoever has stayed at a Club Méd and hears "Symphonies and Fanfares for the King's Supper" (Louis XIV) feels instant hunger pangs. At all the clubs, this flourish of trumpets and brass piped around the village signals that lunch (noon to two in the afternoon) and dinner (seven to nine) are being served. No calls for breakfast (seven to ten in the morning). In case you've missed it, late sleepers may get coffee and rolls at the bar. Nobody has starved yet at a Club Méd.

The main building, open to the tropical air, looks like a long span of double-tiered theater loges. In the intimate terrace bar at ground level, flowers, shrubs, and trees growing in wall planters mask its enormous size. Upstairs in the flower-filled cheerful dining room, designed to seat over six hundred people, banquettes create an illusion of many small private dining nooks.

As they do at all Clubs Méd, a hostess seats you at a table for eight. If only to say, "Please, pass me the wine," you can't help talking to your table companions—different ones at each meal.

Buffets at breakfast and luncheon compare to the beauty and abundance of eighteenth-century still lifes (no wild game) with twentieth-century quality. At breakfast, exotic fruits spill out of huge baskets; strawberries fill punch bowls; pyramids of oranges stand next to juicers; piles of eggs (in boxes) prepared as you want; tables, not just boards, of cheese; bushel baskets of hot *croissants*, more with brioches—everything you can dream of and carry to your seat.

The luncheon buffet, even more extravagant, includes Mexican tamales pat-patted as you wait, half a dozen tables filled with pastries and crisp-crusted fruit tarts—then let your imagination go. At dinner, the staff serves; you relax.

Evening routine, a take-it-or-leave-it affair, goes like this: every night, after-dinner dancing to a live band in the open-air courtyard; often, the staff (many have theater pasts) puts on hilarious shows in the theater; every midnight until the last couple leaves, dicothèque dancing to hard rock and oldies but goodies. *Vive les Clubs Méditerranées.* ▽

Go-ready package: Playa Blanca, Mexico

Getting to the new Club Méd on the west coast of Mexico is as effortless as the life at the Club. Everything is arranged. You need to be a Club Méd member: $10 for the first year; $6 a year for renewing the membership. One week's stay at the Club including bed, gargantuan meals with wine, and the use of all the equipment as well as instruction comes to $195 for one person in June, September, and October; $250 during July and August; and somewhat higher during winter months. Members leaving from New York, Canada, Houston, Phoenix, and Los Angeles should join Club Méd's group departures; from New York, they take off every Monday and Thursday. Round-trip fare for one person flying Air France from New York to Puerto Vallarta including the three-hour drive to Playa Blanca (both going and returning) costs $285. Making a total of $480 for the package this month. Good buy.

For further information on the Playa Blanca Club Méditerranée, write Vogue Travel, Dept. PB, Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.



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Vogue Travel

SURPRISES IN ORCHIDLAND

On Hawaii, in the State of Hawaii: orchids, yes, and desert and snow

Would you believe saunas piped from volcano steam vents? Orchids fencing in bungalows? Signposts used like street signs to mark lava flows? You believe them on the Island of Hawaii.

The unexpected Hawaii from which the whole chain of islands in the Pacific takes its name is



Punalu'u Village: waterside restaurant, culture spa

the Island of Hawaii. On this, the largest in the group, you find desert, rain forests, snowed volcanic peaks almost fourteen thousand feet high, surrealist craters, waterfalls, black-sand beaches, pastures, palms, fields of orchids in a grand scale.

No matter how much you may have traveled, the thought of taking off from the East Coast around eight-thirty in the morning on United Airlines and flying across the whole country and over half of the Pacific Ocean and arriving in Hilo, the county seat of Hawaii, at three-thirty in the afternoon does startle the mind.

Stepping off the plane, you know instantly that you have landed in a gentle, faraway world. Quiet. No hustle. Clean air, slightly humid as in a greenhouse, tips you off that this is orchid-growing climate. Without straining, you see the twin peaks of two volcanoes, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, pushing into the sky.

Hilo buses: "sampans"

Minutes away from the airport, Hilo, a clean open harbor city, makes you slow down. Ambling along, not driven by tourist frenzy, you can't help noticing Hilo's many Japanese overtones: fleets of sampan fishing boats rocking along the waterfront; odd-looking buses shaped like sampans (and also *called* sampans) rumbling down streets with many-vowel-ed street names; chunky stone lanterns and wicket-arched bridges in the parks.

In the "Orchid Capital of the World," Hilo's orchids bloom in backyards, decorate even bacon and eggs, wrap around mailboxes, and grow shoulder-high in fields. Large growers each year ship thousands of orchids to other Hawaiian Islands, the mainland, and around the world. The packers, Japanese-American girls in pink smocks, sit at long worktables piled so high with fresh-cut orchids they cannot see across to the other side.

"Downtown" riverbank

In the center of town, a river shaded by willows, mango and kukui trees (Hawaiians string the bead-size nuts into necklaces) flows into the large Waiakea Lagoon. Isolated in jungle shrubs on the far shore, you find the new, luxe Waiakea Resort Village and The Marketplace.

Spread over twelve acres, the



Golf links at Seamountain Ninole edge lava cliffs

Waiakea Resort resembles a good-sized Polynesian village of peak-roofed pavilions threaded with waterways, pools, bridges, and waterfalls. Tree ferns, plumeria, and torch ginger bank the liquid "paths" where disdainful swans and chatty ducks swim. Orchids, stands of bamboo, anthuriums, and palms edge the walks.

The hotel part of the village, three hundred guest rooms in

(Continued on page 58)

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Vogue Travel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

air-conditioned pavilions, stands away from the goings-on. Restful—with dark louvers, rattan, and fresh flowers—most rooms overlook water usually jumping with carp, waterfalls spilling over lava rocks. Specials in the duplex



In Hilo, palm-treed shop spot at Waiakea Resort

suites: sauna or Japanese bath, a key to a stocked wine cellar included in the daily rate.

Shop for jade, jackets

To shop, eat, snack, drink, and dance, head for The Marketplace. The dozen and a half shops carry things from the Orient and the South Seas: jade, tapa cloth, Philippine shirts of pineapple-fiber cloth, plus good men's and women's clothes you'll be delighted to wear again on the mainland.

Bars and restaurants overlook the Waiakea Lagoon. Try the Sake Bar for drinks; then, dine upstairs at the Inn of the Samurai; for a dressed-up evening (not black-tie, simply something pretty and floaty), eat and dance in the formal Kupuna Room. Regularly, the Halemaumau Showroom puts on South Sea shows and on weekends turns discothèque.

Hawaii's natural spectaculars lie as close as two miles and not more than sixty miles away from the resort. Two early ones right in Hilo: fish auctions at seven-thirty in the morning on the waterfront; Rainbow Falls, where morning mist and early sun meet.

Find the volcanic action

Whether you take the high road or the low road to the Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, you can't miss. An hour's drive on the high road by lava craters and steaming ferns brings you to Volcano House. This inn, run by Brewer Resorts, the company behind Waiakea Village, makes a delightful stopover for breakfast as well as a cool overnight place—lighted fireplaces, dinner with a view of the active Kilauea Crater. New, at four thousand feet above the Pacific, an eighteen-hole golf course, an all-glass clubhouse. *Note:* sweater and coat temperatures.

Thirty minutes south and down towards the sea, driving through rough grasslands, you reach the slick eighteen-hole Seamountain Ninole Golf Course. Set in bleak lava fields and cliffs pounded by the Pacific, the immaculate, rolling green—studded with lacy, umbrella-shaped monkeypod trees, blue-eyed lakes, and the Mauna Loa volcano for a backdrop—triggers superlatives.

To fortify you for the sixty-mile return drive to Hilo, the Punalu'u Village Restaurant on the edge of a lagoon, serves hearty hot lunches and dinners. The low road switches from lava-black beaches to dense groves of macadamia nuts and rain forests. Then, it's the peace of Waiakea Village. Aloha.

How to bloom on Hawaii, Hawaii

At the Waiakea Resort Village, single rooms range from $28 to $38; double rooms for two persons from $30 to $40. Suites for one to four persons cost $75 daily for a bedroom, two baths, and living room with sofa beds; luxe duplex suites with the same arrangement but with kitchens, saunas, and free wine cellars cost $150 a day for one to four people. At Volcano House, $18 to $26 for singles and $20 to $28 for doubles include volcanic-heated saunas at no extra cost. Brewer Resorts-Hawaii, who run Waiakea Village, Volcano House, and the two golf clubs, are also behind the budding resort at Punalu'u.

Beginning June 13, United Airlines will have daily flights from Newark, New Jersey, to Hilo and will run daily 747's from Los Angeles and DC-8's from San Francisco to Hilo. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, United flies nonstop from J.F.K. to Honolulu. Round-trip coach fares whether from New York or Newark to Honolulu or Hilo run about $520 on weekdays, more on weekends. From the West Coast to Hawaii, round-trip coach fares range from $232 to $278 depending on the day and meal. The rock-bottom $232 thrift fare is good only on weekdays, includes no meals. Stay moneyed and slim.

For further information on Brewer Resorts-Hawaii, write Vogue Travel, Department BRH, Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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HEALTH

Unsafe products in your medicine chest . . . how your doctor hears your body . . . new eye easer . . . and the return of a mean little itch

LAXATIVES: OVERUSED AND UNDERSAFE

Think twice before you take a dose of anything that affects bowel movements or that either stops or causes vomiting. A tough, impartial panel of medical experts called in by the Food and Drug Administration has given advice about the laxatives and related remedies you can buy at the drugstore without a prescription—and that Americans buy at the staggering rate of $300 million a year. The panel of experts carefully reviewed the hundred "active" ingredients used in some twenty-five thousand products: laxatives, antidiarrhea drugs, emetics (vomiting producers), and antiemetics (vomiting stoppers) such as motion-sickness drugs. Half of these active ingredients were judged safe and effective. About 20 percent were found either ineffective or definitely unsafe. And another thirty ingredients need further study.

Even if you use laxatives containing safe and effective ingredients, you can be doing the wrong thing for your health. Prolonged use of laxatives may impair normal bowel function, the panel warned, and may lead to dependence on laxatives. It is particularly unsafe to take a laxative if you have acute pains in the abdomen or are vomiting.

"It is not considered 'natural' to take any laxative," stated the experts. The scientists think that laxative labels ought to carry a warning that when unexplained intestinal problems occur they may be symptoms of bowel cancer. When elimination habits change abruptly, instead of taking a laxative, it's best to see a physician. No laxative should be used for more than a week, said the panel, except under a doctor's supervision. Two old standby laxatives—castor oil and mineral oil—rated special warnings. Castor oil is for one-time use only; mineral oil-containing products are not to be used along with other drugs and—by some people—should not be taken at all.

In drugs for stopping diarrhea, there were four major ingredients found effective; three of them opium-derived. The only effective non-opiate for control of diarrhea is polycarbophil, which the FDA approves both for laxative and anti-diarrhea use.

The only medicine for producing vomiting that was reviewed is syrup of Ipecac. The panel agreed this drug was effective. Antiemetics to reduce vomiting and nausea are used for control of motion sickness. The panel members think such products should carry warnings about their possible side effects, which include reduced bowel function, aggravation of prostate problems, and glaucoma—a serious eye condition.

RETURN OF THE FIFTEEN-YEAR ITCH

If you develop a persistent skin itch that gets worse at night, see your doctor. Dr. Milton Orkin, a dermatology professor at the University of Minnesota, has pointed out to fellow physicians the return of the tiny scabies mite, a body parasite thought almost extinct in the United States only a few years ago. Scientists think there is a fifteen-year lag between epidemics; long enough for a susceptible population to develop.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association*, among other medical publications, warned doctors about the comeback of this ancient disease in a diagnostic alert, since many doctors have had no experience with the problem. The mite's burrows in the skin can be found with a magnifying glass; they cause lesions including itching, hives (probably a result of an allergic reaction), pimples, blisters, and crust.

Scabies is not primarily a sexual disease, though it may be spread by sex contact; even the neatest, cleanest people can get it. It can be acquired by dancing, shaking hands, sleeping in the same bed with an infected person. Skin symptoms may appear between the fingers, on wrists and elbows, in armpits, nipples, navel, genitals, knees, and outer borders of the feet. Effective treatments are available, but require thorough body coverage.

CHAMPION ACHE-STOPPER

Just one year ago, Vogue reported medical research that showed aspirin superior to the most common narcotic, codeine, for relieving pain following dental surgery. Dr. Stephen A. Cooper of Georgetown University Schools of Dentistry and Medicine, Washington, D.C., who conducted the aspirin study, now has completed a similar study to test a nonprescriptive aspirin substitute, acetaminophen. The substitute is often used instead of aspirin because it does not, as aspirin does, cause stomach irritation nor interfere with blood clotting. When tested against codeine, the aspirin substitute came in first; more effective than the narcotic, fewer side effects. Said Dr. Cooper, "Perhaps the future of treating dental pain may be in the direction of finding more effective anti-inflammatory agents, rather than potent narcotics."

CREAKY JOINTS REPAIRED

One of today's most successful surgical replacements is the ball-and-socket joint for the hip. When wear and tear, injury, or disease destroys the tough cartilage that covers these bones, resulting inflammation can cause extreme pain and disability.

A leading orthopedic surgeon in the reconstruction of joints, Dr. William R. Murray of the University of California, San Francisco, has taken part in some two thousand total hip replacements in patients from twelve to ninety-seven years old. Almost 99 percent of these seriously crippled people regained independence in their daily activities and relief from their pain.

A hip replacement can last from twenty-five to thirty years, said Dr. Murray, before the plastic surfaces wear down and need repair. Other joints? "Except for the spine," said Dr. Murray, "we now have the capability of replacing every joint in the body—toes, fingers, ankles, knees, hips, elbows, and shoulders."

LISTENING TO YOUR BODY TALK

Don't be surprised if one day soon your examining physician uses his stethoscope on your abdomen as well as your chest. Hippocrates, forefather of medicine, called abdominal gurglings "borborygmi" and considered them important to understanding sickness. Dr. LeRoy H. Stahlgren, a professor of surgery at Temple University in Philadelphia, wants more doctors to return to this ancient art of listening to intestinal sounds as part of their diagnostic practices.

Dr. Stahlgren has made a tape cassette and written a monograph for doctors, illustrating peristaltic sounds and interpreting them. Loudness, pitch, even lack of interior gurglings, all have meanings. The technique helps to find such serious problems as intestinal obstruction and to aid patients with chronic gas pains. Chicago's famed Dr. Morris Fishbein has said that 70 percent of gas-pain problems are caused by air-swallowing, done by nervous people who eat too fast.

EYE DISEASE, UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Latest defense against glaucoma, the eye disease that threatens blindness unless intraocular pressure can be lessened, is not a new drug but a new way to apply a drug to the eyeball. A thin oval wafer that carries a week's supply of pilocarpine, a very effective pressure-reducing drug, is placed inside the lower eyelid. This feeds a continuous dosage of the medication, saves the four-times-daily routine of eyedrops many glaucoma patients must follow. The medicated wafer, called an Ocusert, provides steadier dosage, avoids periods of under- and over-medication, according to its developer, Dr. Alejandro Zaffaroni. It's estimated that two million people in the United States have elevated intraocular pressure and need this kind of medication.

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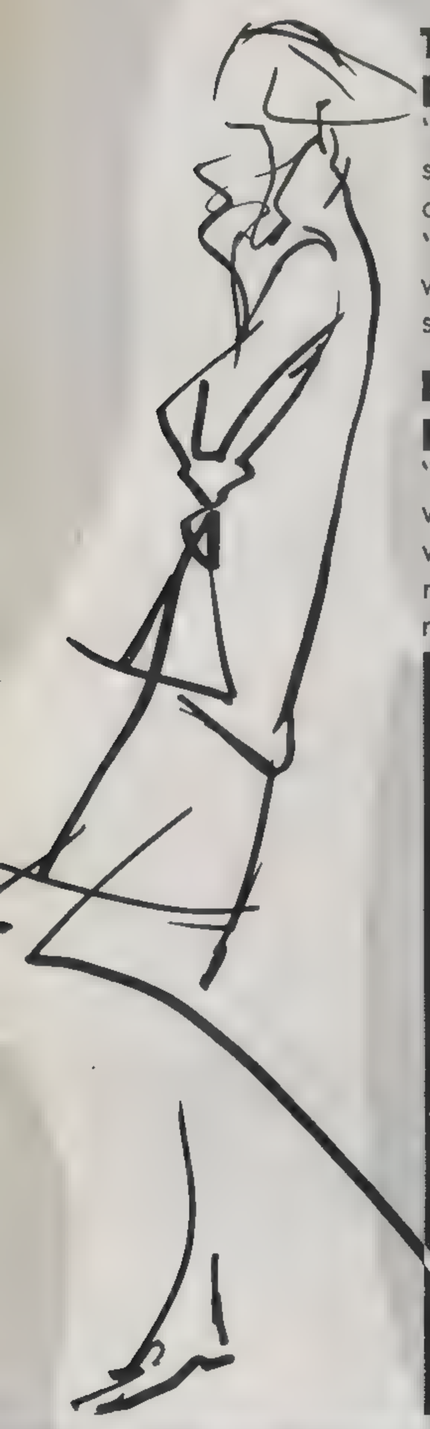
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VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

FALL: SNEAK PREVIEW

Fashion moves in mysterious ways...here it is June, and while you're still hunting around for new summer things, the designers in New York and Paris have already wrapped it up for fall. So, just to give you a little something else to think about, ici: our first, quick impressions of what to look forward to when the last bikini has been put to rest...

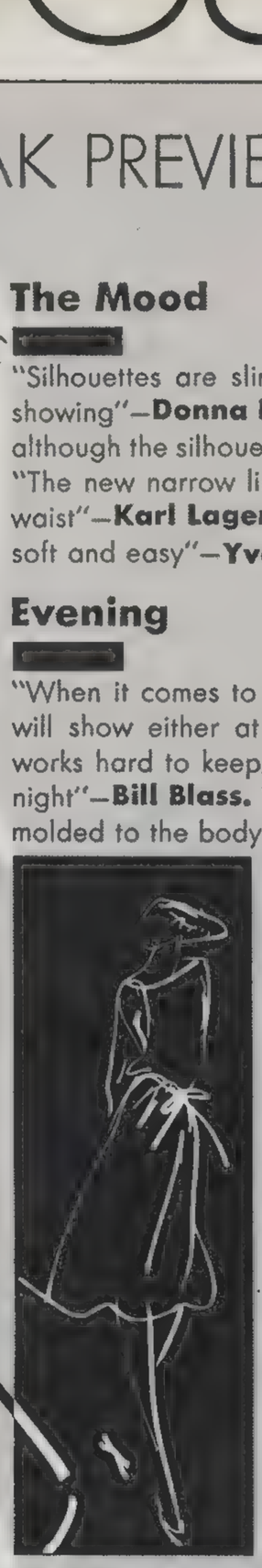


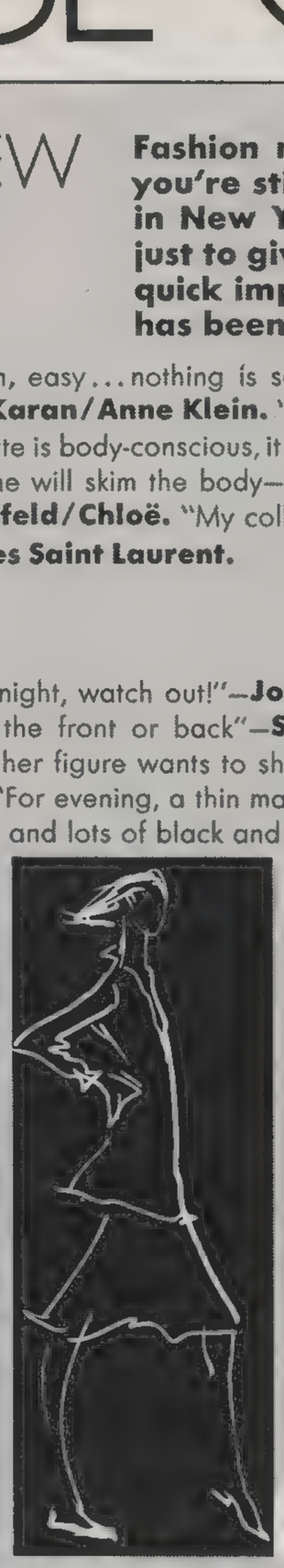
The Mood

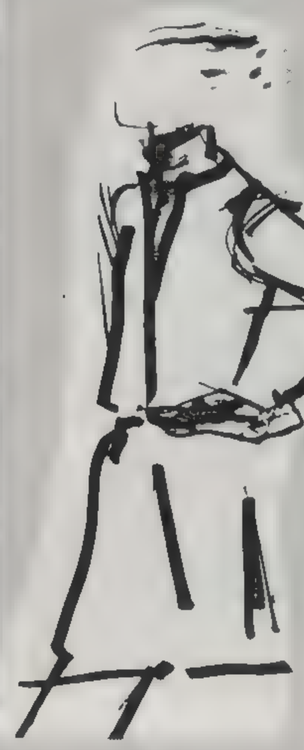
"Silhouettes are slim, easy...nothing is so fitted that you can't move without showing"—**Donna Karan/Anne Klein.** "Basically the cut is straight...so that although the silhouette is body-conscious, it is not molded"—**Marc Bohan/Dior.** "The new narrow line will skim the body—and not be broken by a seam at the waist"—**Karl Lagerfeld/Chloë.** "My collection is body conscious—but always soft and easy"—**Yves Saint Laurent.**

Evening

"When it comes to night, watch out!"—**John Anthony.** "My look is sexy. Skin will show either at the front or back"—**Stephen Burrows.** "A woman who works hard to keep her figure wants to show it off. Be sexy and glamorous for night"—**Bill Blass.** "For evening, a thin matte silk jersey, soft and supple but not molded to the body, and lots of black and gold"—**Yves Saint Laurent.**

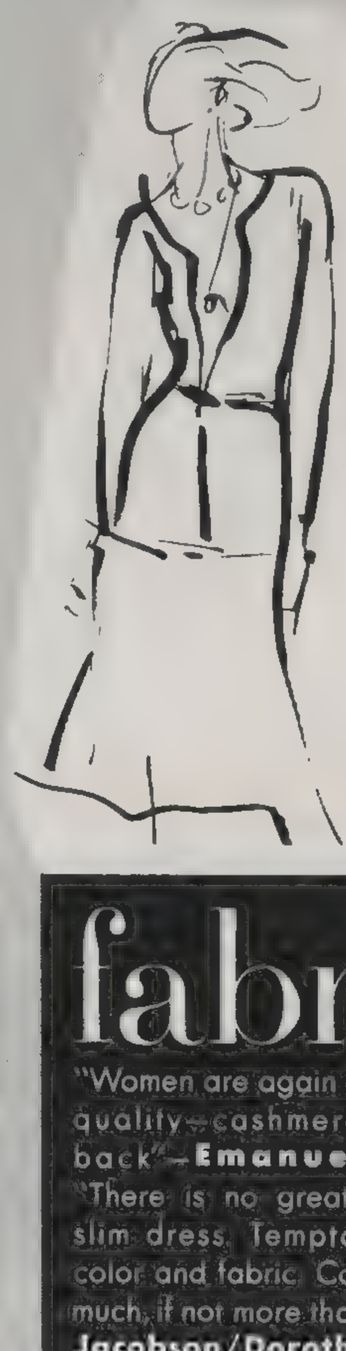


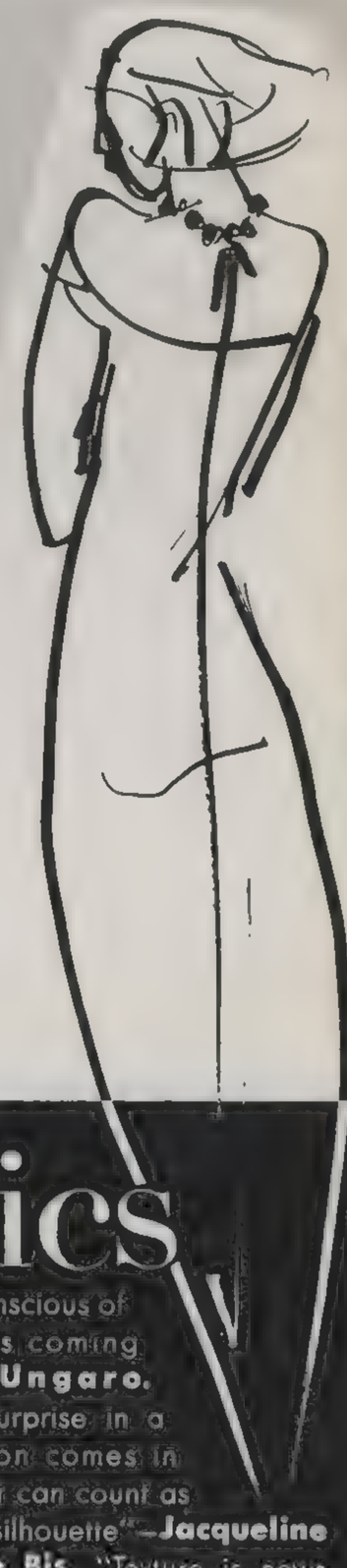




Skirts

"Slimmer, straighter but always easy enough for movement—wraps, bias cuts"—*Calvin Klein.* "I'm doing straight skirts with small released pleats at the bottom."—*Rena Rowan/Jones New York.* "I like a slim skirt in velvet with a silk jersey over-blouse and a three-quarter jacket in wool or tweed."—*Marc Bohan/Dior.*





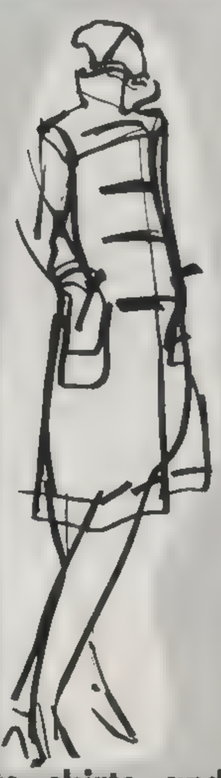
fabrics

"Women are again conscious of quality—cashmere is coming back"—**Emanuel Ungaro.** "There is no great surprise in a slim dress. Temptation comes in color and fabric. Color can count as much, if not more than silhouette"—**Jacqueline Jacobson/Dorothée Bis.** "Texture is news for day—tweeds, bouclés, mohair. For evenings, panne velvets"—**Oscar de la Renta.** "Cotton has no season. I love cotton poplin for winter over a pullover"—**Yves Saint Laurent.** "I feel for softer coats—easy and unlined. Coats that you can throw over your arm like a piece of fabric"—**John Anthony.** "My big new concept for fall is the evening slip-dress in crêpe, satin, or jersey which will have various tops and jackets to go over it"—**Stephen Burrows.**

Tunics

"A whole new approach to dressing, tunics are flattering and comfortable. They are one of my most important looks over trousers for day, soft pants for evening"—**Geoffrey Beene.** "I like tunics hip-bone length and tied at the waist over pants or straight skirts"—**Marc Bohan/Dior.** "Some shirts are hip bone—some are long tubes to within ten inches of the hem. These can also go over pants like a long tunic"—**Karl Lagerfeld/Chloë.**





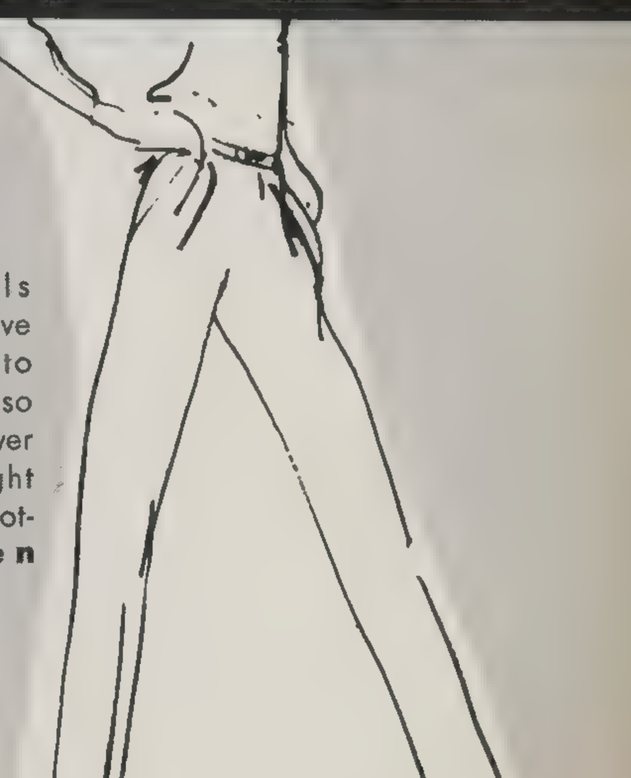


accessories

"With these very simple clothes—not only are the accessories of prime importance but so is the woman. She must be soignée—her hair, her makeup, her hands. She can't get away with it otherwise"—**Yves Saint Laurent.** "For day, the envelope bag with a slightly more rectangular shape—but always soft and supple"—**Jean-Jacques Marlaix/La Bagagerie.** "For evening, the bistro bag...small, sleek bags in shiny leather that are casual enough to be worn with pants. For day and evening, the woven bag—in leather or satin"—**Judith Leiber.** "Necklaces are shorter, more important—the new length is about 20 inches"—**Fabrice Jewelry.** "The flatter heel is the news for fall"—**Mabel Julianelli.** "The long scarf is still important, but so is the shorter scarf and the triangle. The prettiest are lightweight or textured—alpaca that is as thin as chiffon, silk that has the look of damask"—**Geoffrey Beene.** "Bracelets are bolder, up to two inches wide. Earrings are buttons or hoops"—**Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs.**

Pants

"From my travels around the country, I've found women like to show their bodies, so my pants are narrower than ever, just eight inches wide at the bottom"—**Stephen Burrows.**



Coats/Jackets

"I've done lots of three-quarter jackets to go over pants, skirts, and dresses. Raincoats are also important—both belted and loose, easy and comfortable"—*Yves Saint Laurent.* "Coats are lined in contrasting fabrics—a beautiful, deep loden green on the outside, red on the inside. It's flattering and winterizes the coat"—*John Anthony.* "I like the look of the fingertip-length jacket with pants"—*Halston.* "The most important news is the coat-insulator, a type of long vest which we will do in a variety of flat furs—to fit under a cloth coat"—*Viola Sylbert/Alixandre Furs.*

JOE EULA



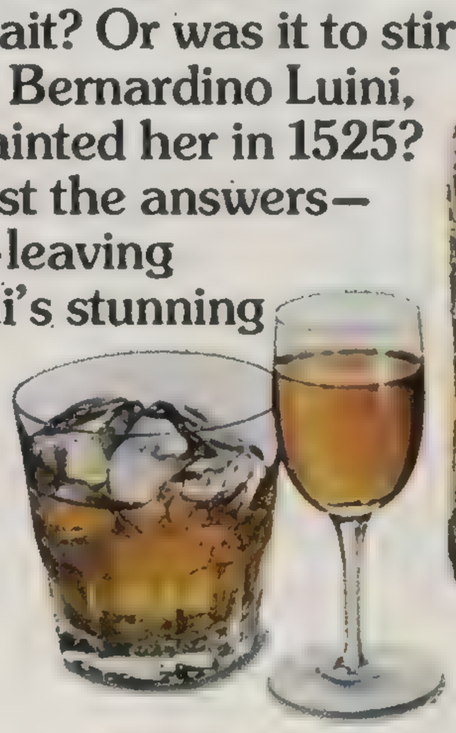
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Discovery: "Chinese beach pyjamas"
Absolute charm: Silk Chinese pyjamas for summer sundays! **1.** Left: pale cream silk satin, tiny frog closings, and silk embroidered with crimson and blue dragons. $55. Right: pale-blue satin embroidered with scarlet dragons, edged in scarlet satin, $55. From a one-of-a-kind 1930's collection. Obiko, 3294 Sacramento St., San Francisco. Similar ones at Harriet Love, 106 W. 13th St., N.Y.C.



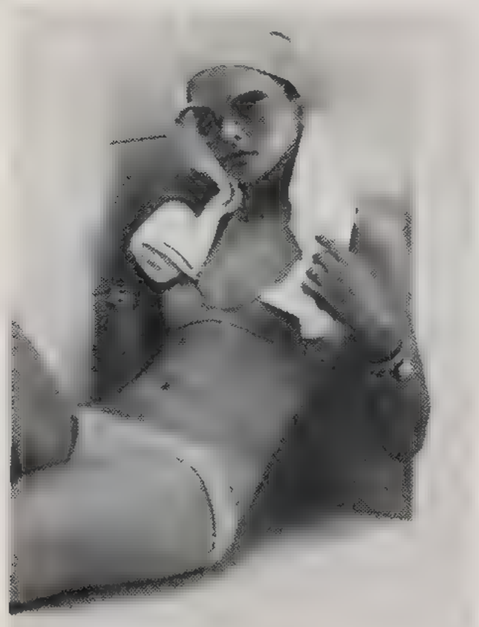
Discovery: The best sun-clothes . . . Mexican!
Beach-smashing! 2. Natural muslin Mexican peasant drawstring pants (ankle-tied to push up to mid-calf . . . the better to walk freshly-plowed fields!), $13. Matching loose pull-on shirt, $13. Mexican Art Annex, 23 W. 56th St., N.Y.C. Woven straw "beach trunk," $14.50. Sermoneta, 740 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. . . . **3.** Washed blue-and-white-striped cotton Mexican shirt . . . wide, short roll-up sleeves; to waist-tie with a rope, $12. Mexican Art Annex. White and spare jean-shorts, $9. By Landlubber. Different Drummer, 792 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.





THE BEST BIKINI!

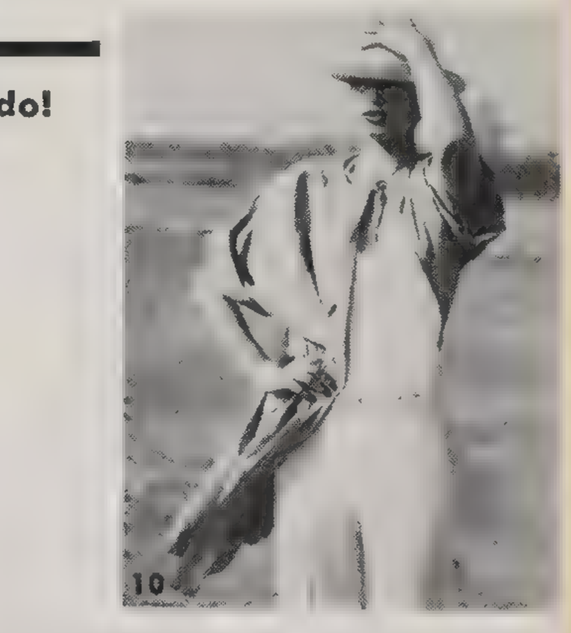
7. Yellow T-shirt-cotton knit and perfectly carved and pared, $35. (Available in 12 colors!) DeNoyer, 219 E. 60th St., N.Y.C.





The Sun-Skirt: 4. Natural muslin Mexican peasant "petticoat"—mid-calf long, and tucked-edged, $19.50. Mexican Art Annex. More charm: beige cotton lace-collared T, $17. By French Maid; The Great Put-On, Box 532, Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.



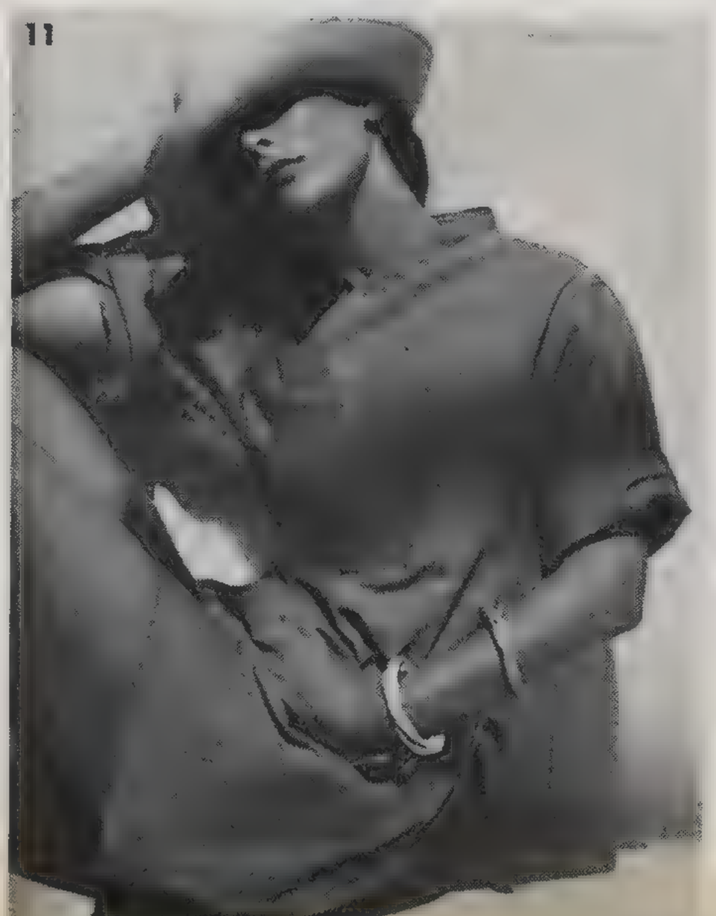


5. Natural muslin Colombian peasant shirt—perfectly breeze-loose, $18. Sermoneta. Matching muslin drawstring pyjamas, $11. Spectrum India, 386 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. . . . **6.** Perfect Sun-Shirt! Washed blue, front-pleated, tucked Mexican "guayaberra" shirt, $13.50. Mexican Art Annex. Small-brimmed black-banded Panama, $35. Sermoneta. American Indian Arts Center Navaho silver bracelets.

8. Sleek and Cooly Sun-Town Easy . . . grey-and-white pin-striped seersucker **1951 U.S. Navy nurse's uniform** . . . to waist-tie with a rope, $39. Rosalyn Couture, 155 E. 75th St., N.Y.C. Sermoneta slippers, $12.50. **9.** Beach skirt: navy-and-white striped cotton, $50. Right Bank Clothing Co., 21 E. 57th St., N.Y.C.

Beach-dress perfect!

SUN-SURPRISE . . . what pretty dyes will do!



10. Washed-bois de rose dyed hospital smock—to front-tie, wide short sleeves to roll, and "voila!" The Best Summer Beach Coat! (Or waist-tie and it's a dress!) $28. . . . 11. Washed-grape dyed doctor's hospital coat—three-quarters length, wrapped front. . . . The Best Bikini Cover! $32. Both by Tomiyo at Bloomingdale's (Lexington Level).

PHOTOGRAPHS 3, 7, 9, AND 11: AT THE WATERSIDE SWIM AND HEALTH CLUB

BARBARA BERSELL

photograph by David Hamilton



For all the women you are...



Laroche Crystal Original Flacon

Laroche

Perfume by NINA RICCI, Paris

AMERICAN SUMMER FASHION BASICS

1975 replacement list

There are certain clothes that—in kind—tend to multiply in our wardrobes because year after year, they answer our needs better than anything else. They're what summer is about every summer: not major fashion statements—they don't cost that kind of money or take that kind of wearing. They are simply cool, pretty, uncomplicating basic good looks that you wear till they wear out—and eventually replace with new versions of the same things. All of which will be found in the list below—not that anybody, unless she's just arrived from another planet, is going to need all. But if you've got to make a few replacements, the best of this year's are here.

- **If you're going to replace a cotton shirtdress for every day**—this year go for a sundress (which can also be a little bare camisole of a T-shirt and a skirt).

- **If you need a perfect replacement for your tailored poplin safari jacket and pants**—this year's pants suit is an untailored Chinese-y jacket and pleat-front trousers in thin cotton.

- **If you're replacing a zip-close cotton skirt**—this year, look for a thin cotton skirt that wraps. It's the key summer skirt.

- **If you're restocking tops, it doesn't have to be six tailored shirts**—this year, the top to buy like jelly beans is a cotton knit T-shirt.

- **If you're over-subscribed in espadrilles and you need a casual shoe**—this year's best replacement: some version of a huarache.

- **If you're replacing a leather belt**—this year, do it with a straw belt (a prettier texture with thin cottons!).

- **If you need a summer bag, you don't need another cotton envelope**—this year's bag-to-collect is a straw bag.

- **If you want a new thing to put on your head, a Panama isn't it**—this year it's the scarf-wrapped head (collect large, thin cotton squares—believe it or not, they exist! See May Vogue for wrapping tips.).

- **If bathing-suit covers are a must, don't replace with caftans only**—this year's great coverup is a thin cotton printed scarf, big enough to wrap as a sarong or to tie on one shoulder toga-style. Or a big, easy, gauzy shirt-jacket—ethnic ones are charming!

- **If you're about to retire your everyday button-down shirt and pants**—this year's super replacement is a matching T-shirt and thin cotton drawstring pants.

- **If you're shopping for a new sandal, skip the one with a medium heel**—this year, a flat, bare sandal goes with everything for day. At night, in the city, you'd want a high-heeled sandal. You don't need anything in between.

- **If the evening pyjama you're replacing has a shirty top**—this year, you'll get the most fashion for your money out of a pyjama with a little wrapped kimono top. Or a loose-falling, bateau-neck tunic.

AND THESE GO ON AS ALWAYS:
• A big, soft shawl for evening—wool or challis or thin cotton. • Something you can just slide on and wear around the house with nothing underneath—not a caftan in the strict sense, but with that loose, unconfined feeling. • Bikinis for the best sunning. • Maillots for the best swimming—and best fashion; the thinner the fabric, the newer the maillot. • A big thick blotter of a robe in terry cloth. • Another dozen bikini-underpants in coolest cotton knit. • Sunglasses—big enough to protect your eyes, light enough not to leave marks on your nose. • A perfect summer raincoat—meaning classic, shirty, lightweight. • A new pair of sneakers.





Everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes. . . .
ANDY WARHOL

Everything is true for fifteen minutes. . . .
JILL ROBINSON

BY JILL ROBINSON

Feel free

This is a great time for women

This is a terrible time for everyone. Quite apart from the rumblings of the Apocalyptic Chic, there is the economic crush most of us are confronting head on (fearing we shall go out feet first). Our new job opportunities will be the first to go; not to mention the plans we have hoped to help our children make for their futures. The New Woman is, honestly, living with one foot in the past and one foot in the future which gives one no place at all in the present. Most of us remember the dreams we had of womanhood as it was then—a luxe existence indeed—if you happened to be born in the right class, or marry into it. And we're having a hell of a time fitting into all this freedom they say is going around. We seem, for one thing, to have these children. (More on that later.)

More on the Apocalyptic Chic right now, speaking of "Great Times": this is something you may remember from the 'fifties when the End-of-the-World-by-Bomb was playing in all the nabes. It's the rage among the swiftest and the richest: "Western Civilization is over"; "England is gone"; "Italy folds a week from Tuesday." Out here in reality, the concerns are rather more specific; and it is this business of the individual doing what she or he must or can that keeps civilization going through all its transmogrifications. Most people are hanging on by their teeth too hard to notice Armageddon. I saw an ad the other day featuring a $400 dress for "Le Petit Trianon" look. For growing our own pearly radishes to hold off the Great Famine?

Listen, when the apocalypse comes, I'll miss it because I have a deadline, and the Beautiful People will have the best seats anyway. So this is not a good time, let alone a great time to be us; it's never a good feeling when it's rocky for someone else. A lot of women now are watching the men they care for live through the waste of work they have to do—hardly encouraging. And, finally, are we still too defensive to admit there was a freedom from responsibility we used to have that even a man could learn to envy as he learns to love his new freedom from the burden of owning us?

Sex is better than ever

Just because it works doesn't make it better. I can remember some terrific times back when I knew less and when it was sneakier and dirtier. I once wrote a book about a future society where sex was chic and creative and dinner parties were taboo; cookbooks circulated in plain brown wrappers. It is happening. We use our seductive energy on creative cooking, our mystery and imagination. Sex has become a little too jolly; this distracts from the tension and timing, the intensity and the *style*. I am thinking, I suppose, of the longing that would build up as you dressed in layers of clothing that glided on (you wondered: will he glide them off?). Lust. It takes weeks of wanting and not-being-able-to-have to build up a good case of lust. Can this be me saying this? I must be older than before. I do know that one reason more women are turning to younger and younger men is that their own men are more and more turned off. And I think it's partly because of the reams of dry, clinical information we've jammed into each other's anxious, contemporary-minded, self-improved little ears.

You can have a career and be a mother, too

Not without enormous effort and probably a lot of regret. You can have a *job,* which is not the same thing; or you and the children's father (before the phrase "optional life-styles" came in he was the one called "husband") can each have half-jobs, and that is not the same thing. I am always writing a scene: dialogue, a new theme comes into my mind. This does not stop when the children come home. They have to say, "Mom, you weren't listening again." Sure this happens when you aren't working, but not all the time.

Mothering is an art. The skills involved do not necessarily coincide with those that give a person an ability, a talent in another field. In time there will be selection. Mothering will be a positive option. Now it gets short shrift. For instance, I have an interview and the children need help with homework. With my egomania, the interview comes first. But I also arrive and leave with a lot of guilt. The people this is tough on are the kids. Personal success and parenting do not go well together. Your career is your own favorite child. Fathers don't know any more about parenting than we do: ambitious people have the restlessness of adolescents, not the ideal choice for raising other adolescents. The fact that my own are remarkable is a tribute to them. If you have a choice, raising an excellent person may be the best contribution to progress you can make.

Romantic love is a myth

Yes it is. But a myth is not an untruth here. It is larger than truth. With the exception of war, romantic love may be our most powerful myth. We pretend, during some eras, that we can do without it. Finally, we must accept it, just as we must accept the other. There are some fights that will be fought no matter how much reason tries to prevail. And reason, as well, will never do away with romantic love. Comparing war, in fact, to love is appropriate; for just as discussions of war, the building up of arms, etc., trigger the war, so, I feel, do endless discussions of "What's wrong with 'us'?" make trouble in relationships. A woman said to me once that no longer would she *fall* into love, but walk into it. Since it is what it is, with all its ups and downs, I cannot imagine making that determination in a rational mood. But on the other hand, I can think of no other or better condition on which to base a friendship that will grow and become more mellow, more tender, and even richer as the years go on.

to be You

Are the myths about American women true?

ILLUSTRATION BY RODRICA PRATO

Continued on next page

"Fear of Flying" is about female sexuality

I think people love this Erica Jong novel because Isadora Wing, the heroine, is not a depressive. But the best parts of this droll adventure—the commentary on Germany; the part about the husband's insanity—have little to do with sex. The sex is more like a *Playboy* man's super-fantasy of what a liberated woman would be like. I think some women like to think this is how their sexuality could be because it turns men on. And it is exciting to turn someone else on. Just think of the sense of power it gives you. Or is that really it—is power the ultimate turn on? Is *Fear of Flying,* then, a book about power?

Love is an obsession; marriage is a trap

These usually come up in the same sour discussion with "Romantic Love Is a Myth." For some reason it is assumed that: (a) it is the woman who is obsessed; and (b) the man is trapped. We seem to have forgotten that men fall in love, die, and faint of it. Some of the men writers have even written about it. Many men love to know where they are going to be that night, and marriage makes a comfortable solution, sort of a guarantee. Maybe not forever, but for a year or so you shouldn't worry.

"Dependency" is another word that sidles in here. We're all dependent on something (Work?). This ingenious relationship, this reliable obsession can stand in benevolently for no end of destructive dependencies. I think sometimes what we run away from in love is responsibility. And the other word everyone hates—except when you're telling someone else to do it—is commitment.

Marriages between celebrities break up frequently when one of the people ("partner" makes it sound like a board, bored? game) hits: a best seller, a smash play, a big movie. This year a young actor, whose wife worked hard while he was going to acting school, left her after he became a star. He, not she, seems in trouble now. A singer-composer leaves her husband, spins out precariously. These seem only slightly more glamorous examples of the classic instance where the doctor goes into practice and at once deserts the wife who put him through medical school for the new nurse or chic patient. It often seems as though the new "star" has ungratefully deserted the loyal person who supported her or him through the lean years.

In observing marriages and love affairs we tend to generalize, or to observe from only one vantage point. Very often the compression of success has an enormous effect upon personality; it is not something that can be controlled so quickly. The "star" cannot go back. As our lover changes, we have to be open enough to accept that new self. We often have a fantasy of someone as she or he was when we first met. In a continuing love, we must be willing to amend or erase that fantasy. This can be a refreshing process if we permit it. Inextricable involvement is not necessarily negative. There is nothing wrong about admitting you need someone, except, of course, if there's no one around you really can bear to be with. Then it can become bleating. On the other hand, too much of the steadfast independence can be all too convincing.

Fashion is dead

Not even sick. Just playing soldier. I think Fashion should be called The Wearable Art. The streets of New York have always looked to me like museums in motion; like theater; like endless exhibits; open galleries. This is how clothing will always matter; as a most authentic creative presentation of ourselves. Selecting things and getting ourselves up in them is the most enormously individual thing we do: the tying, the strewing, the arranging. It is mood costuming. We wear our own sets and get the audience response we want like expert producers or, at best, like artists.

The one thing I like about our system, besides that we have more stores than most nations, is that it is based on individuality. It started out as a refuge for eccentrics. Lashing out at clothing as a symptom is a mistake some feminists have made. Their alternative has been a kind of uniform, a trapping as dingy and dull-witted as the housedress or the double-knit "ensemble." The most effective feminists I know have more imagination—and more sense of play. One adores makeup. It is like finger painting, a game with silky, sweet-smelling pigments. Another composes her best work in stores, drifting through, trying on clothes; she creates characters on herself as a designer drapes on a model. (In reading this over my shoulder, my husband said, "I wonder who that could be.") A particular trend or fashion has never enslaved anyone with a sense of her or his own style. Except me perhaps: if I happened to like the look, I'd die in chains.

There's no difference between men and women, just conditioning

This is usually followed up with something like "Men and Women Can't Really Communicate." There is a tremendous difference between most men and most women and we can communicate when we stop thinking so much about "communication" as a "problem area" (see part about love and war) and we start just being with each other.

Quality of various things is being discussed in hushed tones here and there (people ask about excellence as one inquires about a seriously ill friend); and I think the quality of language we use with each other, the quality of things we share is important. There's a tendency to talk with a lover as though you are a part of a small therapy program, to use psycholanguage. We treat each other as problems. We play endless games of "Truth." Rudeness is not to be confused with liberation or sexual freedom. You do have to say you're sorry, *especially* in love. The difference between men and women is, precisely, conditioning—but over centuries. It will not be dissolved in our time. Not for most of us. I'm not convinced that it can be or should be. Ever. It's an awfully compatible difference. It would help if men could be more intuitive, if they could speak more openly. We can teach them by being ready to listen, more reposeful when we are together. Love is not easy, but it makes up for the difficulty by being magical, by making allowances where there should be none, by bridging the gap when there's nothing to say. It should be trusted more. And there: that is the truth as I see it. At least for the next fifteen minutes.



It starts here —20 pages of clothes geared to the life you live in summer— however, wherever you live it...

. . . and—big news!—the clothes you're going to see here aren't clothes you don't have a prayer of seeing again. This summer—finally, at last—you can actually walk into a store and walk out with what you want: clothes for the summer that's happening all over the country are happening now, in June, in stores all over the country.

Stores on the new summer-fashion wave-length —they know what you want, they have what you want—*now:*

JOHN BALDWIN
BALLIET'S
NAN DUSKIN
JOHN HOGAN
MISS JACKSON'S
STANLEY KORSHAK
NEUSTETERS
CLAIRE PEARONE
CHARLES SUMNER
THE CARRIAGE SHOP
ESTHER WOLF

DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT AMERICAN SUMMER

The great American summer dress—the super-pretty cotton dress. Calvin Klein's shirty smock dress in fresh white cotton percale. J.P. Stevens fabric. About $80. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Esther Wolf. Accessories, next to last page.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

DRESSING TO TYPE FOR
THE GREAT

AMERICAN SUMMER

If you live on the greener side of the city line—Greenwich, Locust Valley, Lake Forest, Webster Groves—summer is when you count your blessings: tennis in the morning every morning, swimming, golf, the city when you want it...and let someone else worry about the crabgrass! On these four pages...

As dressed as you would ever want to be for a summer evening *(inset)* and still one of the simplest—most becoming—dresses you could wear: the bare slip-top dress in crêpe de Chine stripes of palest blue, brown, bois de rose. With a soft crushed belt, bias skirt, matching striped scarf for a tiny bit of cover. Christian Dior-Paris-New York; Hurel House silk. About $440. Saks Fifth Avenue; John Baldwin; Balliet's.

Candystripes! *right:* fresh red-and-white cotton camisole and gathered skirt to breeze right through summer days. Kasper for J.L. Sport. Top, about $32; skirt, about $56. At Lord & Taylor; John Baldwin; Claire Pearone; The Carriage Shop; Esther Wolf; Neusteters.

At one time or another every woman needs something extra pretty to cover a bathing suit—*far right, above,* one of the prettiest somethings—a brilliant flower-print cotton sarong that wraps a sexy bare-back maillot for lunch . . . for drinks at the pool. Giorgio Sant'Angelo. Maillot, of Lycra (J.P. Stevens United Elastic Division). About $100. Sarong (A.E. Nathan fabric; Gilbert Frank print), about $80. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's; Balliet's.

This summer's Ford, *far right, below:* the Chinese jacket in thin cotton. No matter who—no matter where—this is *the* jacket to collect for warm weather. Here, with matching carnation-red pants and halter top. Calvin Klein. Jacket, about $66; pants, about $44. Of Crantex Fabric. At Bloomingdale's; Charles Sumner; Jackson Graves; Esther Wolf; Liberty House, Hawaii. Here and on the following 18 pages: hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra Linter. Accessories, next to last page.



IF YOU'RE A STONE'S TH-
FROM EVERYTH-ING...

...the perfect clothes for your kind of summer—casual by day, but not backwoodsy...dressed for evening without looking as though you'd just wandered in from opening night at the Met....

ROW

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

BEAUTY TIP When you live an out-of-the-city summer and put in a lot of sun-time around the pool or on the tennis court, or even in your own garden, you know you have to watch the sun. You know, too, that if you want the coloring and glow of a really good tan (i.e., more golden-rosy than baked brown!) you can get it from makeup. Much faster, much *safer*. What's news this summer is a bronzer that comes packaged with its own blusher—Coty's Bronze 'N' Blush. There's a tube of sheer bronzing gel—just the tiniest bit frosted—and, tucked away in the cap, a cream-powder blush—everything you need for pretty summer skin.





2

DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT

AMERICAN SUMMER



3



4

5

IF YOU'RE A STONE'S TI-IROW FROM EVERYTI-ING...

1. When you wish you had more than one . . . the extra-pretty white cotton tennis dress with a bare top, ruffle hem, sash to bow in back. Alley Cat by Betsey Johnson. About $28. Bloomingdale's; Bullock's.

2. The perfect little hot-weather pyjama: orange-and-white cottony knit pants and cap-sleeve T-shirt. Lilly Pulitzer; Dacron polyester and cotton. About $44. Lord & Taylor; B. Forman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Miss Jackson's.

3. For a special evening, something special: a wonderful silk tunic in blue-and-white print with butterfly sleeves and handkerchief hem, to slide over white silk pants. Mary McFadden. Tunic, about $610; pants, about $210. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone.

4. Warm weather brings out the flowers . . . navy Japanese flowers on a cool white button-front dirndl, with a navy tank top. Donna Karan for Anne Klein. Skirt, of Dacron polyester and cotton, about $78; top, of Nyesta nylon (Roselon Industries fabric), about $26. Bloomingdale's; Balliet's; Esther Wolf; I. Magnin.

5. The bathing suit you can't have too many of—the maillot!—in red, with tiny pin tucking in front, crisscross back straps. (For later, the Chinese jacket and pants you saw last page.) Of Lycra and nylon, about $40. Christian Dior for Saks Fifth Avenue.

6. At some point you're going to want to get into a bikini—especially the white strapless bikini that comes with a sheer white cotton overshirt. Meanwhile . . . the classic, cozy, white cotton terry robe to wrap up in. Bikini, about $35, and shirt, about $95. Both by Tiktiner. Bergdorf Goodman; Godchaux's. Robe, from Royal Robes. About $50. Bergdorf Goodman; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

7. In a great terry summer: the niftiest white terry jacket—long, roomy, big pockets—over matching shorts. To wear to and from the pool, to the courts, around the house. Blassport, of cotton and polyester (Cannon Knits fabric). Jacket, about $32; shorts, about $20. Martha; Claire Pearone; Stanley Korshak; The Carriage Shop; Esther Wolf; Neusteters. Accessories, next to last page.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE



More bathing suits, more charming little sun clothes, more things to wear at home because for this kind of summer—where much of the life centers around a club by day and dinner with friends at night—these are what you need more of....

Whether you travel for business or make an adventure out of someone else's business trip, you're ready to pick up and go—great distances in small amounts of time. Your passport is as handy as your credit cards, but what really gets you to the plane on time—you collect the kinds of clothes you don't have to think twice about. Basic pieces...

Basis of an any-city wardrobe for day, *this page*—and it starts with a little thin cotton jacket. This summer's key piece to own! *Right:* The look of a soft smock of a cotton jacket with matching pants, in parchment-color polished cotton. A ribbed black cotton T-shirt underneath. . . . *Below:* The easiest non-suit suit in town—a soft dirndl in parchment cotton to wear with the matching jacket. Here, with a classic long-sleeved shirt in silky stripes of brown, beige, and taupe; beige cotton pullover. Everything, by Beene Bag. Jacket, about $98; pants, about $60. Both, N. Erlanger Blumgart fabric. T-shirt, about $28. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak; Balliet's; The Carriage Shop; Esther Wolf; Neusteters. . . . The skirt, of N. Erlanger Blumgart fabric, about $56. Shirt, of silk and polyester (Rite Silk fabric), about $58. Pullover, about $15. These three, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Balliet's; Neusteters.

The successful big-evening life, *far right above*—it takes a little pampering . . . and something beautiful to wear. The something beautiful: Halston's sheer, floaty silk chiffon coat and jumpsuit in yellow-beige-and-white bamboo print, wrapped at the waist. About $500. At Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Balliet's; Esther Wolf; Giorgio.

If you're going to buy one new bathing suit this summer, *far right below:* the perfect maillot—thin, sleek, *feminine*. In pale peach, with a drawstring halter and the tiniest touch of a ruffle. By Elisabeth Stewart, of Antron nylon and Lycra spandex (Charbert Fabrics). About $26. Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Jacobson's; Bullock's. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra Linter. Accessories, next to last page. Both pages, photographed in Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.

LIFE GIVES YOU A PICK-UP-AND-GO SUMMER...



DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

...in basic colors (you save the pastels for the beach!) that work with each other—work for you—no matter where....If your summer is lived all over the world, on these four pages you'll find the clothes you want to take with you....

IF YOU LIVE A PICK-UP-AND-GO SUMMER...



...you get a lot more pleasure going across the Atlantic than going across town to shop. So...you do it once, in a super-organized way, pulling together everything you need for everywhere you go...

1. To plan on for evenings anywhere: Halston's easy pyjama in ivory silk Honan, with a slim, long-sleeved tunic top (Berliner fabric). About $220. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; Balliet's; Esther Wolf. Photographed at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y. **2.** Sundressing from the Riviera to East Hampton to Acapulco, the prettiest—coolest—cotton knit bandeau top and sarong in varying stripes of aubergine and white. Missoni. Top, about $35; skirt, about $90. Bloomingdale's. **3.** On the hanger, the most beautiful "peasant" top this summer, in soft pale-blush crêpe de Chine, gathered at the neck with a shoestring tie. To slip on over matching pants—worn here wrapped at the waist. Calvin Klein, of polyester (Kabat Textile fabric). Top, about $48; pants, about $70. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Miss Jackson's; Balliet's. **4.** The city-wise silky black dress—neat, cool, unwilting!—with side buttons, a Chinese-y black-on-black pattern. Stanley Sherman, of polyester (Lafitte fabric). About $140. At Bergdorf Goodman; John Baldwin; Claire Pearone; Woolf Brothers; Esther Wolf. **5.** The perfect, seasonless, black silk restaurant dress—totally simple, with a charming flat "collar." Geoffrey Beene. About $170. Bergdorf Goodman; Claire Pearone; Stanley Korshak; Miss Jackson's; Esther Wolf; Neusteters. **6.** If you don't like to travel in pants: the dress that goes the distance!—the soft, cream knit with cap sleeves. It won't wrinkle, won't give out—even when you do! By Kimberly Knits. Of Trevira Star polyester. About $95. At Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner; Garfinckel's; Jacobson's; The Carriage Shop; Neusteters; John Hogan. Photographed at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y. Accessories, next to last page.

BEAUTY TIP If your summer takes you everywhere, you're going to find, at one point or another, that you're running short of time. . . . One way to do everything on your calendar is to organize your beauty life—and time—as carefully as you organize your clothes. Meaning: a haircut you can blow dry in minutes . . . a good easy makeup you can do practically blindfolded. Another great timesaver: Imperial Formula's Penetrating Moisture Pack—the mini-facial you can give yourself while you shower or bathe. The steam gets the mask working, and you come out more than clean—skin glowing and terrific!

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

If you are the kind of woman who wouldn't dream of leaving the house without a fresh scented handkerchief in your bag...if you pick blackberries in a sundress and have been wearing shady straw hats forever (long before anyone shouted sunscreen)...

Your kind of T-shirt-and-skirt dressing, *left*—a bare, ruffled cotton knit camisole and wrapped cotton dirndl in a clean, beautiful iris that's the prettiest new blue in the Maine-to-California sun . . . to wear in the shade of the biggest straw hat. By Calvin Klein. Top (Marcrest Knitting Mills fabric), about $15; skirt (Crantex Fabrics), about $49. At Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Neusteters; Bullock's.

For easy evenings on Sea Island, Lake George, or Galveston Bay, *near right*, a short bare dress in soft petal coloring—matte jersey slipped on a drawstring at the neck, with a matching drawstring cape. By Stephen Burrows, of Nyesta nylon (Roselon Industries), about $145. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; John Baldwin.

Far right, the cool, pretty, long dress you wear at night instead of a caftan or a pyjama or a tunic and pants—this summer's extended T-shirt of a dress, in beige-and-white flowered cottony knit with a long scarf for covering. By Carlye, of Dacron polyester and cotton (Klopman Mills fabric), about $70. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; John Baldwin; Marshall Field. Accessories, next to last page. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra Linter.

ARE YOU MRS. I?

DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT
AMERICAN SUMMER

...if you are comfortable in long pretty dresses the way other women are comfortable in jeans, then hold on!—wherever you spend your summer, you are going to adore these four pages. They are <u>you</u>—soft, feminine, ultra-pretty.



DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

BEAUTY TIP A large straw hat may be a pretty way to shade your face, but it's not all that effective. Science has come a long way from the days when a hat or a parasol was the only thing that stood between you and a bad sunburn. Now if you want to give your skin the best sun protection, there are a number of good chemical sunscreens that filter out the harmful ultraviolet rays of the sun. . . . Sea & Ski's Block Out, for example, which lives up to its name. To get maximum benefit, apply Block Out a half hour before going out in the sun, and remember to reapply after swimming, tennis, et cetera.


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ARE YOU MRS. B?


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DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT

AMERICAN SUMMER

1. The little Chinese-y jacket that's on everyone's must-have summer list—in thin, red cotton, to wear city/country over shorts, pants, skirts. From Dana Cote d'Azur. About $90.

2. Super-cool, super-feminine—the back-wrap sundress in natural crinkle cotton with blue stripes. The parasol for shade—and charm! Dress from Grecophilia. About $30. At Grecophilia; Burdine's; Lazarus; Theodore's.

3. The bikini to collect—the one with its own delicious little cover-up. Here, a long tiny-print skirt that buttons over the barest strapless bikini. (What to do till the bikini dries: the paprika kimono, of cotton-and-polyester terry, with a turquoise scarf.) Cotton bikini, about $35, and skirt, about $80, from Dana Cote d'Azur. Robe by Royal Robes. About $58. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

4. To show off pretty shoulders: the wrap-and-tie strapless top and matching long skirt in cottony red knit—cool, casual, and it goes right into easy evenings. Carol Horn's Habitat. Of Avril polyester and Avlin rayon (Spun-Lo Eiderlon). Top, about $19; skirt, about $25. Bloomingdale's; The Carriage Shop; Esther Wolf; I. Magnin.

5. Something delicious to sleep in: cool, comfortable little white pyjamas, with a bare tank top and boxer shorts. (Other white summer essentials scattered around the room: the knit cardigan, the T-shirt, and Cinnamon Wear's white poplin shorts.) Pyjamas: John Kloss for Cira, of nylon tricot. About $14. Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Battelstein's; I. Magnin. Cinnamon Wear shorts, about $13. Saks Fifth Avenue; Balliet's; The Carriage Shop; I. Magnin.

6. *The* most beguiling dress of summer!—a cloud of white crinkle cotton, ruffled at the hem—the top slides off the shoulder, the sleeves push up. Extra romantic—the large flowered white scarf knotted over one shoulder. (About the tennis—that's photographer Deborah Turbeville's own summer fantasy.) Dress by John Anthony (European Textile Trading fabric). About $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Miss Jackson's.

7. The most feminine pants-dressing: soft, shirred-in-front blue cotton pants . . . to wrap at the waist and wear with a matching cotton knit T-shirt. Cinnamon Wear. Pants, about $27; top, about $7. Henri Bendel; Rich's; Balliet's; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. Hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra Linter. Accessories, next to last page.



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Remember when you had to look high and low for pants that didn't look like a knock-off of your husband's?...for something really pretty to put on with a bathing suit? Somebody's been reading your mind....

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE



DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT

AMERICAN SUMMER

FOR THE DURATION?

IN TOWN

Far left, above: The perfect city-summer evening—a bare slithery wrap-and-tie long dress of black-with-white matte jersey. Simple, glamorous—and it doesn't retire on Labor Day. By Jonathan Hitchcock, of rayon matte jersey (Beaunit Specialty Fabrics). About $165. At Henri Bendel; John Baldwin; Claire Pearone; Balliet's.

Far left, below: The indefatigable two-piece dress in a cool cottony beige with a little sheen to it—easy skirt, easy roll-sleeve overblouse to waist-wrap with its own woven-straw belt. By Jeannene Booher for Dalani II, of polyester and rayon (Stern & Stern fabric); about $62. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson.

Top left: Great separates!—key to looking wonderful on Friday in the city when you won't be back till Sunday night. Saint Laurent's front-tied beige cotton dirndl with big patch pockets, and his little ribbed pullover in natural cotton knit. Skirt, about $125; top, about $48. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche; Hutzler's; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; I. Magnin.

Left: Indispensable whatever your summer!—the little white T-shirt with three "undershirt" buttons at the neck, the flowered wrap skirt in grape with pink, blue, white. Both, Kasper for J. L. Sport. Cotton knit T-shirt, about $18; skirt, of Dacron polyester and cotton, about $44. At Bonwit Teller; John Baldwin; Claire Pearone; The Carriage Shop; Neusteters. Here, and throughout these pages: hair, Harry King of Cinandre; makeup, Sandra Linter. Accessories, next to last page. Both pages, photographed at the Livingstone-Learmouth Gallery, New York.

BEAUTY TIP As anyone knows who has ever spent even a single hot day in the city: even the best-intentioned makeups go a little bit crazy. Splashing with Evian—or just plain cold water—helps to keep it in place somewhat longer, but the most interesting new solution we've heard about is a self-blotting liquid foundation from Maybelline, who promise no streaking, no caking, no changing color—just good, lasting coverage . . . who could ask for anything more? The label to look for: Fresh & Lovely Oil-Control Make-up for oily/normal skin (and it wouldn't hurt to splash on Evian over it).

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

If you have a job in town, summer means that, weekends apart, you have a life in town. It also means you have the best of what the city has to offer—movies without lines, restaurants without crowds, tickets to hot-ticket shows....For all these reasons, all the clothes on these four pages—they don't just make pretty promises, they work for your kind of summer.

IN TOWN FOR THE DURATION?

1. Collect pieces that match (the unbeatable cool of one-color dressing!)—Calvin Klein's super little Chinese jacket and straight-legged trousers in thin navy cotton—this summer's pants suit. Both, of Crantex Fabrics cotton. Jacket, about $60; pants, about $49. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Maison Blanche; Bullock's; Frederick & Nelson.

2. Weekend essentials: white poplin short shorts and a great oversized shirt-jacket to put over them...and over maillots and bikinis and jeans and white duck pants. By Edie Gladstone for Breckenridge, of polyester and cotton. Shorts, about $19; matching shirt, about $29. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; John Hogan.

3. Grab it when you see it!—the perfect restaurant dress—cowl-necked, cap-sleeved ivory matte jersey thin-striped in black, with an elasticized waist for extra ease and a skirt that just moves. By Jonathan Hitchcock, of rayon-and-acetate matte jersey (Jasco Fabrics); about $225. At Henri Bendel; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Balliet's; I. Magnin.

4. To fall into after a hot day and a cool shower: a big, cozy, unconfining white terry caftan—total comfort! By Blassport, of cotton and polyester (Cannon Knits fabric); about $58. At Martha; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Miss Jackson's; The Carriage Shop; Neusteters; I. Magnin.

5. How to simplify your life in summer. (Calvin Klein does it again!)—the wrap dirndl and the matching shirt that works as a jacket, in a neat little navy cotton pincheck. Both, of Mayar Silk fabric. Shirt-jacket, about $38; skirt, about $50. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's; Dayton's; Swanson's; Miss Jackson's.

6. When to go for broke—the dragon-print silk kimono top in red, blue, and white; the pants of white silk. For sheer glamour and ease—any time of the year—it is *the* at-home look. (You could probably find six other things for the price, and they wouldn't give you half the pleasure.) By Mary McFadden. Top, about $475; pants, about $210. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Claire Pearone; Marshall Field; Sakowitz. Accessories, next to the last page. Both pages, photographed at the Livingstone-Learmouth Gallery in New York.

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DEBORAH TURBEVILLE

DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT

AMERICAN SUMMER





Just in case it's slipped your mind: cities have a dual-climate summer—the heat is all in the street; indoors are a whole other story. Collect shawls!...jackets!





If your idea of heaven is a 7 A.M. swim in 55 water and your summer essentials list includes bed socks and bulky sweaters, then welcome to the coast of Maine, the rivers of Colorado, the green-air forests of Washington....

DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT

AMERICAN SUMMER

SOME LIKE IT COLD...



At least one new denim thing, *opposite, above*—to own this year as a back-wrap sundress, *the* great summer dress shape. And to wear over a slightly oversized, longsleeved raspberry T-shirt—in the likes of Nantucket, Seal Harbor, et al., where the sun doesn't really get going before noon, you need this much cover earlier—and later. Cotton denim dress, E. D. J. Sport by Evelyn de Jonge; about $42. At Bergdorf Goodman; John Baldwin; Hudson's; Godchaux's; Neusteters. Tric-Trac cotton knit T-shirt, about $15. At Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

One woman's luxury, *opposite, below* . . . another woman's most practical investment: a classic silver-grey cashmere robe collared and cuffed in white, to wrap yourself up in when it's cool, to wear as a little coat over pants at night—to wear as you'd wear any simple, beautiful cashmere cardigan: whenever you feel like it. By Valerie Louthan, about $235. At Henri Bendel.

The shawl, *left*—the covering of the year!—in soft, warm cashmere stripes of ivory and beige, with a swing of tassels. Here, wrapped and wrapped around a two-piece beige cashmere pants suit—a wonderful way to look for a cozy dinner at someone's house. All, from Halston Ltd. Shawl, of Agnona cashmere, $175; pants suit, $350. On all these pages: hair by Harry King of Cinandre; makeup by Sandra Linter. Accessories, next to last page.

BEAUTY TIP Let's face it, the summer we're talking about here—where a day on the beach often feels like being on the Sahara in the middle of a windstorm—can be murder on skin. We're not about to give you our 999th lecture on the subject of precautions; it's post-cautions we want to urge you to think about. One we like—because it's specifically geared to your needs—is a post-exposure treatment by Orlane called Creme Astrale Solaire, formulated to *heal* as well as moisturize.

...and to the clothes on these 4 pages. They're what there is no such thing as too much of for your kind of summer: casual, ungimmicky, and as warm as you need.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE







SOME LIKE IT COLD...

Wood fires every night, unpaved roads, wildflowers everywhere—we know what you want for that kind of summer life, and it isn't four more pairs of hacking-around pants from the Army-surplus store....

1. A long blue cotton knit T-shirt of a sundress to wear in the sun when the wind is out of the north (and—for you, especially—to wear at night . . . just throw another log on the fire!). By Ted Lapidus. $55, at the Ted Lapidus Boutiques.
2. A dress you can pull on and relax into faster than we can tell you about it—white terry, all breeze and wonderful with a tan. By Andrew Downs, of cotton-and-polyester terry cloth (Cannon Knits); about $36. Lord & Taylor; L.S. Ayres.
3. A jacket that's news without being too much of a thing for a casual summer—the Chinese-y jacket, in brown quilted cotton chambray lined with brown-and-white pinchecks. To throw on over anything—white canvas trousers are a natural! Both, Calvin Klein. Jacket (Mayar Silk fabric), about $98; cotton canvas trousers (Saddler Textiles), about $54. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Esther Wolf; Neusteters.

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE


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DRESSING TO TYPE FOR THE GREAT

AMERICAN SUMMER

4. A warm-up suit (do we have to tell you why?)—one with a hooded top and kangaroo pocket, in white with navy trim. By Loomtogs Tennis Whites, a Wear-Dated suit of Acrilan acrylic fleece. About $39. Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; J.W. Robinson.
5. A soft, extra-easy (i.e., deep armholes) *perfect* blue chambray shirt that you'll still be wearing five years from now, tucked in or out, or knotted—as here—over great little olive-drab camp shorts. Both, Calvin Klein. Cotton shirt (Mayar Silk fabric), about $38; polyester-and-cotton shorts (Tandler Textile for Nino), about $38. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Kaufmann's; Balliet's; The Carriage Shop; Esther Wolf.
6. A dark-green Indian cotton caftan to slide over a bathing suit . . . to put on after you've showered . . . to use as your at-home uniform . . . sometimes to wrap at the waist. To own in at least three colors (it comes in 21!). From Mohanjeet, about $50. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin.
7. A black maillot—and not just because the maillot is the bathing suit of the year or because black is super with a tan; in cold-water country, a maillot makes more sense than a bikini (until Labor Day, anyway). This, with white top-stitching: Roxanne; Antron nylon and Lycra spandex. About $32. Abraham & Straus; Bullock's.
8. A V-neck cashmere pullover—a man's size for the comfort and the look of it—in June-sky blue for the way it brings out the warmth of suntanned skin. Pringle of Scotland, $68. Bloomingdale's.
9. A fresh-as-fresh-laundry blue Madras-cotton shirtdress, short-sleeved and buttoned up the front—the change from pants you always find yourself wanting over the summer. For a covering: a man's white cashmere cardigan. Ralph Lauren dress, about $70. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Godchaux's; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Pringle of Scotland cardigan, $80. F.R. Tripler & Co. Accessories, next to last page.





The Country Kids

"I figure if you've got a good name, it's all right to use it..."

Papa's girls, Ernest Hemingway's granddaughters, *left,* breezed into town (Manhattan) from Ketchum, Idaho, like a Chinook, one of their native west winds, and took over—beneficently.

Margaux (twenty), Viking-woman tall, magnificently Wild West and American ski-slope outdoorsy, a spurty nonstop laugher-talker, got here first, took a scant, lucky-break month to make cover-girl status, fall deeply into live-together love with hamburger heir Errol Wetson ("He's the best!"), become instant legend.

Muffet (twenty-four, she's Margaux-tall, has an unfolding flower prettiness) wafted in a few months later—to attend the premiere of the movie Otto Preminger made from her co-authored novel, *Rosebud*, went into residence with Margaux and Errol ("The whole family's in love with him!").

"Her name's Joan, but everybody calls her Muffet. I was born Margot, but I changed it when I found out I was conceived on a bottle of Château Margaux." The John Hemingway family (he's Ernest's son) loves great wines, food ("I'm writing a picnic cookbook," says Muffet), talk, merriment, and vast open spaces in which to ride, hunt, fish, ski, picnic, and just linger. "But most of all we're all in love with one another." (The two M's chatter, hoot with laughter, fling invented words —sounds like handfuls of confetti—with such simultaneous exuberance that it is frequently impossible to make out who's talking now.)

"We just find everything so exciting! It's so energizing. Grandpapa's energizing spirit's in the marrow of our bones." Muffet remembers him in Cuba: "a quiet, willing presence, a fantastic power that still emanates. I hope it will come from us." Both have read all of his books. "The era in which he lived was one of the reasons for his success. But this is the perfect time for us. Our Grandpa was made to be *then*, and we were made to be *now*. We're lucky as hell! If you've got a good name, it's all right to use it to your advantage, as long as you do it with style."

Said Ernest Hemingway's widow, Mary, "They're just a couple of country kids." With style.—L.L.



THOMAS VICTOR

The "Fear of Flying" author writes on a problem basic to women:

rational

ERICA JONG

When, in 1973, Erica Jong's first novel varoomed to the top of the best-seller lists (where its paperback edition remains), the young Manhattan-born, Barnard-taught poet was as scandalized as Fanny Burney in 1778, when the author of *Evelina* discovered readers identified *her* with her heroine. Having written some of the plainest words in print from a woman on the subject of sex (and some of the funniest scenes), Ms. Jong—who is blond, with flashy teeth and an under-age voice—has endured obscene telephone calls, Lonelyhearts mail, and an assortment of psychic jolts that could shock only the suddenly famous—the rest of us *knew* those grapes were sour. To prove, she said, that women poets need not commit suicide, Erica Jong has finished her third book of poetry: *Loveroot* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston; earlier poems won awards), written a screenplay for *F____ of F_____* (Columbia), ended her marriage to a Chinese-American psychiatrist, and is now at work on a novel about the side effects of celebrity. She calls it *How To Save Your Own Life.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though Erica Jong's heroine in "Fear of Flying" talks a flip feminist line, at book's end, she's sitting naked in her husband's bathtub—the prognosis for her independence hazy. Here, Ms. Jong takes a firmer, nonfiction view of marriage and its legalities.*

What I want to write about is the obsolescence of marriage, the illusion of security, the great shuck of "certainty." Nothing is more uncertain than certainty, more insecure than security, more impermanent than permanence.

The truth is: Marriage was *never* permanent. Any Colonial graveyard will tell you that. Marriage was permanent for women—especially when they died in childbirth at the age of twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. But for men, it was a series of bereavements, followed by the taking of a new young wife. Note the Papa gravestone, dead at eighty-five, surrounded by all the little Mama gravestones, dead at twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. And all the little baby gravestones, dead at six months, two years, seven years, ten years, etc. Life was fatal to women and children. It was fatal to men, too, of course, but not nearly as quickly.

When one of those children who made it to manhood was so unfortunate as to have a wife who withstood all those birthings, all those terrible infant deaths, he could obtain sexual variety through adultery. It was not looked on with *honor,* of course, but a man who indulged was thought to be a lusty lad, while a woman who did was thought to be a whore. Moreover the strict conditioning of women to deny their own bodies, their own sexuality, was a more effective chastity belt than one made of iron. Many women believed that it was sinful even to *think* about sex—let alone *do* it—while they believed it was man's nature to play around. There are still women who believe this, who accept without much question a chastity belt made of their own inhibitions, their parents' admonitions, their fear of being hurt.

There are three major reasons why the nature of marriage has changed today and all of them derive from technology and the changes it has wrought in our society. First, women rarely die in childbirth; second, all people live longer; and third, childbearing and rearing occupy a decade or two rather than a whole lifetime. The institution of marriage, which essentially lasted because it suited the needs of men, has not readjusted to this change. Its practical utility is utterly gone and has been replaced by a wispy and romantic belief that it represents "mature commitment" (as the jargonizing shrinks say) or "security"—as most of us say—before life teaches us there is no such thing.

Marriage does not protect one against betrayal; married people cheat on each other all the time. It does not offer protection to the family; families split up every day. It does not offer financial protection to women with small children; many of them have to work to make ends meet while married, and after a divorce the law has no way of compelling a former husband to pay child support if he chooses to skip the state—unless the wife can afford to go through lengthy, costly legal procedures. Over 40 percent of divorced women with children receive no support whatsoever from their husbands after the first year of a divorce. This is especially cruel on the woman who has bought the whole "*Kinder, Kirche, Küche*" lie and not prepared herself for anything but being a housewife. She is asked suddenly to change gears and to compete with men in an arena for which she is unready and which is unready to accept her.

Marriage offers little enough protection to the housewife, but for the career woman it offers still less. While married, she shares expenses with her husband; and, after a divorce, in many states she gets nothing at all, or in fact often has to give up property she helped pay for. If she has children, she cannot deduct their child-care expenses while she is married because she is not deemed the head of the household; and, if she files her taxes separately from her husband, she is taxed at a much higher rate than a single person. Considering that in some states she stands to receive nothing when the marriage breaks up, she would be far better off financially to live with her man and her child without being married. Legal marriage in no way compels people to be committed to each other after they no longer wish to be. It does not guarantee emotional security.

The fact of the matter is that *nothing* guarantees emotional security. Perhaps it would be

Marriage, and irrational

"Marriage caused me to give up parts of myself which I now regret having lost and which are, in a sense, irretrievable"

better to be raised with *that* conviction than with the delusion that some legal action—like marriage—can guarantee future security. Perhaps if we were prepared in that way, we would not be so utterly outraged when the years revealed to us that security is a mirage.

Getting married always reminds me of castling the king in a chess game. It does not really protect against checkmate—but it gives the player a temporary illusion of security while it restricts that sluggish piece's moves even more than usual and may ironically result in his entrapment. In childhood, it was my favorite move. But then, I am a woman who married twice—though with grave misgivings each time. On each occasion I took the commitment of marriage with great seriousness, remained utterly faithful for years, and stayed in the relationship far longer than was good for my emotional well-being. This is probably because I regarded the breakup of a marriage as a deep personal failure—and I could not admit to such a failure.

Marriage also caused me to give up parts of myself which I now regret having lost and which are, in a sense, irretrievable. To please my often unpleasable second husband, I took his name as my nom de plume and now I am destined to be an artificial Chinese-American for the rest of my writing life. I had, to say the least, a certain emotional attachment to my maiden name. It represented my childhood, my attachment and gratitude to my mother and father, a whole identity honed at home and at school. But I gave it up because my husband insisted on my using his name as the price of our peaceful coexistence; and, now that I have made his name famous, I am stuck with it—even though I am no longer with him. Other losses incurred in the marriage are too intimate to discuss. The theft of my name will have to serve as the symbol of them all.

Asking another person to give up a token of her identity is not an act of love, but one of possession. In fact most of the conventions of marriage have to do with possession, not love. Love should mean allowing the other person to grow and to change rather than attempting to trap her in one's own neurotic rituals or attempting to impose one's own identity.

The odd thing is that the true content of marriage never really becomes visible to us until the marriage breaks up. During the marriage we deform our minds to the belief that we have the best life situation possible. We do this because otherwise we would find our existence intolerable. If we are unfulfilled in marriage, we tell ourselves that everyone is. If we fail to communicate with our spouses, we try to believe that communication between men and women is impossible.

Of course this is not true; and, sooner or later, if we are capable of growth, we have experiences which convince us that our despair was a self-created prison. In my own case, I began to emerge from the despair of my second marriage when I realized that a number of friends far older than I had found far better relationships quite late in life. The suicide of a beloved friend also jolted me out of despair; life was suddenly too precious to spend it in a relationship that gave more pain than pleasure.

In *Rabbit Redux,* John Updike's protagonist, Rabbit, says "growth is betrayal." In marriage this is particularly true. One partner grows, the other does not, and the result sooner or later *seems* like a betrayal. Change itself is betrayal. Life is a series of betrayals. Many mothers feel betrayed by their children's growing up, many husbands by their wives' growing up.

When the marriage comes apart, we suddenly realize what it was made of in the first place. Like those of a toy that has fallen and smashed on the floor, its inner workings are revealed only in its destruction. Usually the dissolution of a marriage reveals a great haggling over possessions—including children (whom many people unfortunately regard as possessions). We say, sadly: "What a shame that love ends with a haggling over possessions." But this is sentimental. Something that ends with haggling was not love in the first place. It was possession, and so it naturally ends with haggling over possessions. The trouble is we did not even know the terms of the contract when we made it, we only found them out when we attempted to dissolve it. We made the contract with all sorts of romantic talk of "commitment" and lifelong devotion. Till death do us part. Or till the death of illusion.

This is not to imply that I cannot conceive of a sort of marriage that would reflect love rather than possession; but it is certainly not the custom of the country at this time, nor does the law inspire it. The law, as far as I can see, offers no protection for married people and quite a number of liabilities when a marriage is dissolved.

A real marriage of love would be one in which no exploitation took place and in which certain humanitarian provisions were made in case of dissolution of the marriage. Nobody would be required to take anyone else's name—though a couple could certainly create a joint name if they wished to symbolize their union that way. All expenses would be shared, fifty-fifty if possible, and if not, prorated on the basis of the earnings of each. The remainder would be banked or invested, each partner having his or her own hoard and possibly having one joint hoard for joint purchases and projects. All child care would be shared, if possible, and if not, prorated on the basis of differing amounts of free time, including remunerated and unremunerated labor. All child-care expenses would similarly be shared.

At the time of the union, the partners would agree in writing on how to dispose fairly of joint property at the time of dissolution of the marriage, if ever. Probably the knowledge that there *was* such an agreement would discourage rather than encourage divorce because neither partner would feel exploited. In the event of a divorce, there would not be a sudden horrified recognition that one or both parties was likely to be ripped off financially and that lawyers were going to walk away with most of the difference. Also, the Federal government could greatly cooperate by making it possible for married people to file separate tax returns without being subject to huge penalties. That way, each partner could pay his or her own taxes.

Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin recognized the need for a more rational, less possessive form of marriage long ago and attempted to implement it in their own lives. Their arrangement included: separate (but nearby) domiciles, separate finances, separate names. They were immensely happy together until Mary died in childbirth in her thirty-eighth year. ▽

People
are talking about...

History, especially American, with, prompted by the Bicentennial hoopla, a burgeoning realization of how little we know about our past. The result: a passionate push to find out about who we really were before we became who we are. Clue from early-nineteenth-century shrewd-eyes French visitor Alexis de Tocqueville, "If I were asked . . . to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people [the Americans] ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply: To the superiority of their women.". . . Woody Allen, who is wackier, crackier, and even more intensely malevolent in his *Love and Death,* a movie which proves that the world is not round but is strictly Allen, 'specially when he's out to get Napoleon I in darkest Russia, circa 1812. This is our Woody who–it is reported–once said that he had taken a course in speed reading. "I read *War and Peace* in five minutes. It's about Russia." With that same sane logic he said of the new movie: *"Love and Death* is a comedy. It's about love and death."



WOODY ALLEN
wackier, crackier

A FAN IS FAZED

"Trading down," the cresting wise-word way to say that we're all cutting costs in expenditures on just about everything from no-frill comestibles to housing to services to happy-time escapes. . . . The enterprising va-et-vient of movie stellars into and out of Washington, D.C., with Robert Redford being mobbed by screamers, one of whom moaned, "I've got to meet you! I've got to meet you!" To which R.R. chummily responded, "Hi! Who are you?" "I don't know! I don't know!" sobbed the star-dizzled one. . . . Edward VIII, a holiday-reading-size biography of the Duke of Windsor, in which author Frances Donaldson (wife of Labour peer Lord D.) gustily de-mummifies Prince Charming, his intimates and comes up with substantial history, significant eye-openers such as this glimpse of schoolgirl Wallis Warfield: "The truth is that Wallis had too much success with the boys to be very much loved and, while one of the reasons for this was that she was naturally very attractive to the other sex, she was also, according to most accounts, 'rather fast.' "

The Locale, Manhattan's latest late-night gawk-place. Recently launched by Mickey Ruskin (Max's Kansas City), it crams up with the prettiest, wittiest women, big-time '60's artists, show blokes, and it's all very hush-shush, just like an old-time speakeasy. . . . *Lucifer,* choreographed by The Modern Magnificence, Martha Graham, for classicals Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, a no-one-could-have-predicted-it collaboration of which Graham said, "I told [Rudi] we may fail. If we do, we don't want to make it a little failure, we will make it a scandal." . . . The luncheon crush at "21," unexpectedly creamy with erstwhile frequenters of Eye-happy ladies-who-lunch French spots. And this overheard ego-slicer at "21," "But darling, everybody loves you. It's just nobody trusts you."

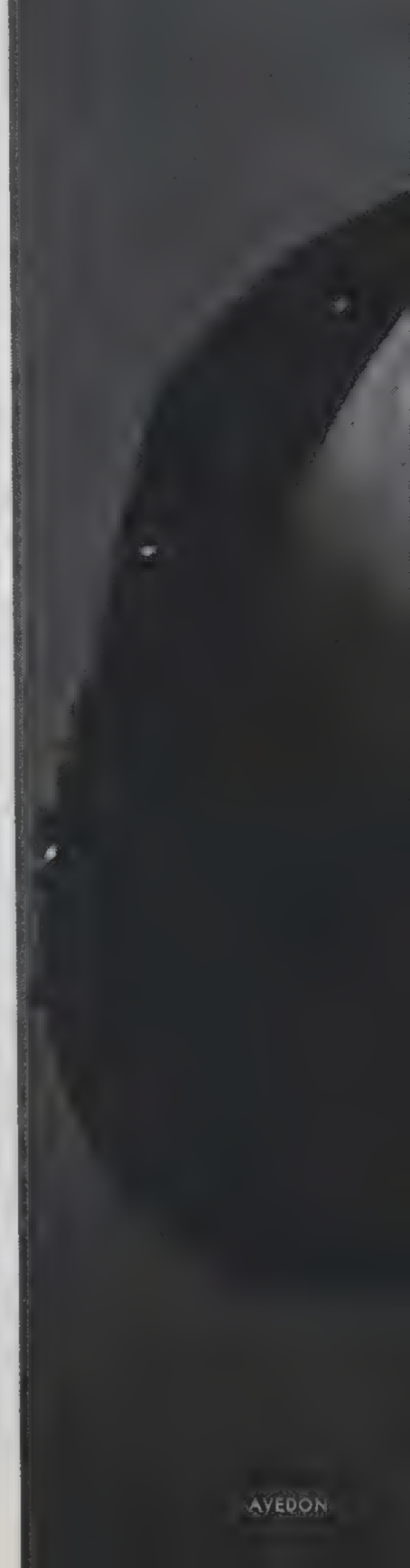
EVERYBODY OUT FOR THE WEEDING CONTEST

Food, food, food—what to eat, new ways to dish it up, its seesaw economics. And the big drive: away from glut to a distinguished sufficiency, maindishing cold striped bass, bluefish salad. Those are the seashore foods this summer—plus pesto. And absolutely required: growing eatables in your own backyard—tomatoes, basil, green peppers, eggplant, snow peas . . . The Store Cookbook, in which the Hamptons' glorious country-style food-shop proprietors, Greene and Vaughan, straight-talk about how to cook their treats, sum up-and-down their glitter-glamour clientele. About Princess Lee, "A fine tawny tourist attraction she makes." About Caroline (the Kennedy one): ". . . a rather big girl for her years, and she also speaks through firmly clenched teeth." It's a yeep.

Suni Agnelli's autobiographical *We Always Wore Sailor Suits,* a tremendous best seller in Europe because this Fiat princess (now mayor of an Italian town) shows her 1920's-'40's Italy with a kind of compressed *Gone With the Wind* sweep, an earthy-elegant, upstairs-downstairs and in milady's chamber candor: "I wrote what I remembered. . . . Sometimes I wrote episodes which, I discovered afterward, did not correspond to reality. . . . I left it as written . . . because when I was a child, that was what I believed."

HANGING ON TO THE HELL-RAISER

The Bolshoi Opera, making its American debut, and this comment from our man in Moscow, "Their Boris Godunov—a colossus! Their Eugene Onegin and Pique Dame—a marvelous Russian perfume." . . . The rise of Trumanania, a substantial raft of American virtues in the catastrophic wake of Watergate and Vietnam. And this choice bit of Harry T. sagacity, "I never give them hell. I just tell the truth, and they think it is hell." . . . Rona Barrett and her every-day-is-lady's-day TV-er, Rona Looks at . . . Raquel and Liza and Cher and Ann-Margret, such vitals as the "real" reason why Cher and Sonny pfft. And then there's R.B.'s L.P., Miss Rona Sings Hollywood's Greatest Hits—which she does ruthlessly. . . . The rise of Patti Smith, a very young, honed-faced, midnight-haired poet-comic with a Lenny Bruce-Rimbaud heart full of play-party candies, each one containing a switchblade surprise. . . . The flood of chain letters up from Venezuela, with Fleur Meyer, Denise Hale, and Sheila de Rochambeau among the alleged signatories. . . . The Double-Bump Kung Fu hotting up Detroit dance floors, infecting discos far south, far west. . . . "Easy," the everywhere word for the way we try to live now.—LEO LERMAN



Top Bonanzas: Music

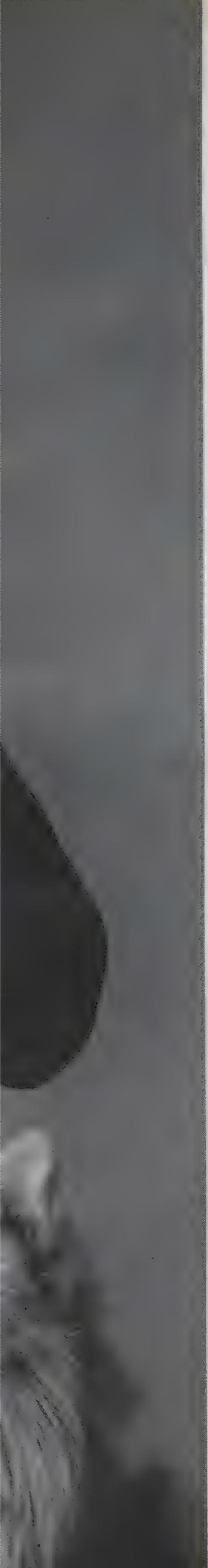
«People can live on moments of magic»

Sarah Caldwell

Sarah Caldwell is the single most potent force in America opera. Opera is the life of this Missouri-Arkansas into New England, forty-seven-year-old woman, a dry wit who talks quietly in a kind of soothing foghorn voice and who moves with the delicate agility and curious grace of the utterly music-minded and -hearted. For almost two decades, ever since she managed to accumulate the $5,000 investment with which she started it, this Divine Sarah has been conductor, artistic director, stage director, musical director of The Opera Company of Boston—a constantly on-the-zoom astonisher which, playing four or five productions a season, has become opera-world famous. Why? Its productions are so evolutionary, so unexpected, offer such variety, are in such empyrean musical and visual taste that the most finicky supernovas (the Beverly Sills/Joan Sutherland skyhighs) clamor to take part, despite the fact that Caldwell opera usually plays in old movie houses, gyms. But Sarah always magics these into splendor and revelation. "People can live on moments of magic," says Sarah Caldwell. "The clues are inevitably to be found in the music itself. A work has its own life plan, and you must follow this." Moments of upcoming Caldwell magic: Sills in Bellini's rarely heard I Capuleti e i Montecchi, *this June in a Boston rock-music "palace"; Sills in* La Traviata *conducted by Caldwell next January, an all-around first—first Sills Met* Traviata, *first opera ever conducted by a woman at the Met.*

Top Bonanzas

Here, the following pages, a top seven in music, theater, dance, movies, art



Top Bonanzas: Music

«We have a dream to play in every state...Alaska, Hawaii...»

Vishnevskaya and Rostropovich

This is the year of the Rostropoviches, Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav (left). He's the greatest 'cello virtuoso in the world—also conducts, composes, plays the piano; she's Russia's most dazzling opera and concert soprano voice—together this noble couple constitute a cosmos of music and an impregnable bastion against Soviet mass-think. In the West to make music, this comfy-bear, gregarious genius, his Russian folk-tale-princess wife enrapture American audiences. She's to sing Tchaikovsky's The Queen of Spades *in San Francisco next season: he will conduct. He is to be musical director of and conduct Washington's National Symphony starting 1977. They adore America, our character, our generosity. "When people see that you have difficulties with the language, they try to help. If you have a vocabulary of thirty words," says Vishnevskaya, her cat-green eyes glowing, "you can communicate."*



Top Bonanzas: Theater

«Everything turns up in my work, and sometimes I don't even know it»

Robert Wilson

What is an eighty-eight-year-old Texan great-grandmother with trusty-wise blue eyes and a reflective front-porch voice (Alma Hamilton, above left) doing onstage in theater vanguardist Robert Wilson's (above right) A Letter For Queen Victoria? *Acting—brilliantly, indefatigably. And previously diagnosed autistic sixteen-year-old Christopher Knowles (above center)? He now not only acts but is co-author, co-director of Wilson's production* The $ Value of Man. *Wilson's world-famous theater transfigures the people involved in it—actors and audiences. "I am," Wilson says, "trying to give people more time to think." Says Alma Hamilton (who is Robert Wilson's real-life grandmother), "He's just a real warmhearted, sympathetic boy who loves to help people."*

AVEDON



AVEDON

Top Bonanzas: Dance

« The American character is no longer streamlined, pared away; it's becoming eccentric— I want to show it all »

Twyla Tharp

Twyla Tharp (left, with troupe—Rose Marie Wright, Kenneth Rinker, Tom Rawe, Jennifer Way, far left) is the most decisive young American dance power today. What Jerome Robbins was to the 'fifties, Twyla Tharp, a diminutive, snap-eyed woman with a nonchalant jazz-me-tazz appeal to her, is to the 'seventies. With two major works, Deuce Coupe *(recently revised as* Deuce Coupe II*) and* As Time Goes By *(both for the Joffrey Ballet) and a succession of tradition-shattering concert pieces, she zipped into international glory.*

Twyla Tharp strengths: a crack photo-reporter's eye for idiosyncratic, revealing, everyday movement and a highly dance-educated way of transforming this into dance works so subtly structured and compounded of jazz and formal ballet that they seem improvised; an ear for music of intense beautiful vitality—Bach to Beiderbecke; a gorgeous sense of spoof-comedy; a romantic heart; her bone-deep Americanism. (She comes from a Quaker family, a mix of American fundamentalist sects, and she grew up in California.) "There is this enormous tradition—an American look to movement that has to be identified. I can't tell you. I have to show you. That's why I keep choreographing."

In Nashville, Robert Altman's masterpiece movie, Ronee Blakely, left, a brown-eyed, resolute flower of a girl, making her movie debut, sings (she composed some of the songs), writes (she wrote some of the scenes), acts a Country and Western superstar who is darkly beautiful, thin-skin vulnerable, most alive when her hot, huge public is cannibalizing her. Result: Ronee Blakely's a star and with luck will go super, fast.

Ronee loves Idaho wild country best, sings to the locals there when she can slip away from an active musical life in L.A., cross-country music-making dates.

Ronee loves writing poetry, song lyrics, music to sing. She loves Beethoven, Bach, Joplin, Joni Mitchell, Holiday, Piaf. "Oh, do I love Piaf! I love everybody who's tried to do anything good! When you do something good, there's a kind of ecstasy!" —L. L.

«When people come to see me, they come to hear the music»

Ronee Blakely

Nashville

—*a shadow play of what we have become and where we might look for wisdom*

BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

This is not a movie review. It is talk about a movie.

And I used to think that our machines would kill all of us by and by. I now suspect that we may be rescued or at least refreshed by one of them, which is the motion-picture camera. Most of what has been done with that device so far has been as silly as a penny arcade. But now Robert Altman has used the camera to produce a ribbon of acetate which, when illuminated from behind, projects onto a flat surface in a darkened room anywhere a shadow play of what we have truly become and where we might look for greater wisdom.

The name of the film is *Nashville.*

I have often hoped that the arts could be wonderfully useful in times of trouble. I have seen few examples of that. *Nashville,* however, fulfills my dream. It is a spiritual inventory of America, splendidly frank and honest.

"We are somehow rendered terribly unsafe by the things we have agreed to believe"

The movie shows us a system of yearnings and rewards and punishments and physical objects which we have tacked together over the years. It uses the world of country music as a model. *Grand Ole Opry* assumes more importance than the sun itself.

If, as our bicentennial celebration approaches, we ponder such a system rather than blank hokum like the Liberty Bell, we may yet become a nation.

♦

Mr. Altman implies that our understanding of our curious civilization must come from ourselves. He has an actress portray a British documentary filmmaker on a visit to Nashville, fresh from Israel and darkest Africa. She confidently misinterprets all she sees. She has European brilliance and sophistication which, when applied to the city of Nashville, render her asinine. She says of a country-music star's mansion built of logs, "It's pure Bergman." And then she adds, "But of course these are the wrong people for Bergman."

And I must say that, when the movie was over, not only did I want to cry but I was thunderstruck by how discontinuous with the rest of the world our culture is. It is pure and recent invention, inspired by random opportunities to gain money or power or fame. Even the past is faked. And those who partake of that culture, especially the weak or simpleminded, feel compelled to invent personalities as novel and arbitrary and commercial as the inventions with which they hope to harmonize.

They lose touch with, among other things, the planet and their fellowmen.

While such a culture may not produce insanity, it surely provides a nourishing atmosphere for certain sorts of lunatics, who, after the fashion of guerrillas, are undetectable when mingling with the general population. And, like guerrillas, those lunatics may have keenly simplified notions of the meanings of all the lives around them—and, on the basis of those notions, they may have fatal enterprises in mind.

Murder can easily become the most reasonable thing in the world.

▲

When I was a student of anthropology, it was made clear to me that one culture was roughly as rewarding as another, and that all cultures seemed riddled with absurdities when viewed by outsiders seeking easy laughs or reasons for condemnation. This left me in poor condition to criticize any culture, including my own. And I criticize my own now only because it has become so dangerous. It has somehow become uninterested in our survival. We are somehow rendered terribly unsafe by the things we have agreed to believe.

The movie itself opens with a recording session of a patriotic ballad whose refrain argues, with "Battle Hymn of the Republic" drumming behind it, "We must have been doing something right to last two hundred years."

And everything goes wrong at the end of the movie. There is maximum ugliness and insanity and meaninglessness. And no great human being or idea or miracle appears to heal the horrified witnesses, a crowd revealed to be childlike in bewilderment and hope. We are not beasts, says Altman. The American people are made by the camera to appear innocent and beautiful.

And leaderless.

And idealess.

And all that can be given to them for comfort by our culture is an enchantingly catchy and heartbreakingly inane ditty played over the public-address system. Everyone is invited to sing along.

Its refrain is this one: "It don't worry me."

■

This movie is going to be a terrific hit, and so is its music. We will all be hearing and singing "It Don't Worry Me" for a little while. The song is one of our sweetest new inventions.

Meanwhile, I think, it is perhaps time for us to invent some deeper things. That an American made this movie is surely evidence that we are capable of depth. And it should be noted that two of the most profound performances in it were turned in by Henry Gibson and Lily Tomlin, who were used to provoke the most empty sort of laughter on television's *Laugh-In* not long ago.

We have perhaps dishonored ourselves too long with silly songs and empty laughter.

And we have surely dishonored ourselves with the manner in which we distribute admiration and power and wealth. For we commonly give those things, as do the people in this movie, to clever persons whose contribution to human dignity or to the survival of the society is negative, negligible, or nil.

The common people have noticed this, and, in order to weather within a harsh and unforgiving economy, they are necessarily becoming more and more skillful imitators of materially successful persons whose contribution to human dignity or survival of the society is negative, negligible, or nil.

■

Surely what we should invent during our bicentennial celebration, along with Mickey Mouse history, is a scheme for making our economy kinder than it is and saner than it is, in order that our people need not be so panicky about power and wealth, and in order that we more easily distinguish between our saints and our dangerous lunatics.

Having said that, I find that this Yiddishism has popped into my mind: "So what else is new?"

Well—it seems to me that our political and economic leaders are now so devoid of ideas or an understanding of the American people as they really are, that strength and responsibility are passing over to American artists, especially filmmakers. They are magically observant, and they are far better than the rest of us at show and tell.

That much is new.

«Artistic revolution by being wholly herself»

Helen Frankenthaler

BY GENE BARO

When I think of Helen Frankenthaler, I'm apt to think, after a while, of Isadora Duncan. These American women, born half a century apart, made their respective artistic revolutions by being wholly themselves. Isadora sloughed off the many skins of convention to discover the plastic strength of the body. She found freedom and expressiveness in natural movement and gesture and returned dance to a dynamic poetry free of artifice. Helen, as a young painter, threw off the dominating constraints of the art of her time, the isms under which artists labored, and discovered in the fluidity and energy of paint itself an unpremeditated language of form to reflect and express the external world.

Both of these women proposed artistically a daring spontaneousness subject only to the laws of intelligent self-criticism. No theories, no intellectualism, but an endless testing and proving of the self in the search for some universal statement. The risk of an endlessly evolving choreography is matched by the choreography of the brushes and rollers across the limitless space of the canvas. Yet the vision is joyful.

Isadora and Helen are linked in my mind because they are artists who are also and incidentally women. They are not women artists, that mostly sorry lot, a gender apart, defining itself in terms of its apparent opposite. There's no trading upon femininity, no denial of it, no exploitation of it; it isn't an issue any more than the color of the eyes, with these two. For Isadora and Helen, there has been one world, the world of artistic achievement, of knowledge and self-knowledge so vividly and intensely realized that it becomes communication. For women such as these, there is no argument about rights, opportunities, relative position; instead, there is a need to test the self—always against excellence.

"Her canvases are unmistakably hers, a rich amalgam where image is both force and feeling"

This is certainly the road Helen went in the quest for her vocation. She sought out the strong teachers, the tough critics—the Paul Feeleys and Clement Greenbergs—and she looked to herself, too, for her artistic education. She worked at seeing—it doesn't come otherwise. As a student, she was in the museums and at the art openings, and she tested her perceptions in the studio. She had the necessary enthusiasm for what was difficult.

How easy it might have been for someone placed as she was—cultured home, good schools, abundant means, sophisticated contacts—to have been a talented follower of the avant-garde. She might have joined the legions of American Cubists, joined the more clubby Surrealists, or expanded her ego, if not her vision, with the Action painters.

Helen Frankenthaler had admirations—Kandinsky, Gorky—but no masters. When she confronted the paintings of Jackson Pollock, the experience changed her life, not by making her an imitator of what had moved her but by turning her more sharply and (Continued on page 144)

Once the whiz kid of the New York School, famed for inventing the "stained canvas," Helen Frankenthaler—shown here in her Manhattan studio with a pair of unfinished paintings—has matured into one of the most durable and consistently inventive of contemporary American artists. Her technique of soaking color directly into raw cotton duck, uniting image with surface, influenced a generation of color-field painters including Kenneth Noland and Morris Louis. Always ready for new experiences, Frankenthaler has daringly experimented with new forms of sculpture, woodcuts, and ceramics—her tiles were shown at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York. But it was recent paintings that made up the show—organized by Gene Baro—at The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., a tribute to Frankenthaler's artistic achievement and celebrating her extraordinary and sensitive temperament, an exhibition that will travel for the summer to Seattle and in the fall to Houston.—B.R.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN





BY BRENDAN GILL

Gloria Vanderbilt UPDATED

Headlined "poor little rich girl" at age ten, today's hit print-designer Gloria stamps her personal style—sophisticated naïveté—on her own home, countless others

Few people are famous at ten on their merits. What can one do at that age to command headlines except be a musical prodigy or a murderer? ("TOT GUTS POP IN PEAPACK ATTIC") Well, it happens that there is a third way, but it is even less appealing than the others: one can be a charming and lonely and gifted little rich girl, over whose custody close relatives quarrel publicly in court. That is how Gloria Vanderbilt became famous, and it is not a way that she would be likely to recommend. Indeed, much of her life has been devoted to justifying by talent and discipline a position in the world that the world would have said she already possessed. Little by little over the years she has seen to it that what had been hers by ill luck became hers by right of accomplishment. As a writer, an actress, an artist, and a designer, she has made a name for herself that has nothing to do with family wealth and the bitter rattling of old family skeletons.

One could say with accuracy of Gloria Vanderbilt today that she is superlatively self-made. Like Yeats, and with something like the same valorous intensity of effort, she has come to know that the soul is self-delighting; all round her in her high, white-walled studio at the edge of the East River are the paintings, watercolors, lithographs, collages, wallpapers, and yards of brightly dyed stuffs of her design that testify to four decades of constant hard work. Visiting her in that fruitfully cluttered studio, one sees that she is beautiful, but then she has always been beautiful. (One afternoon twenty years ago, on a windy corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, she was speaking of a show of her paintings that was then just about to open: how her dark eyes blazed!) Now there is something else to be seen in her, and that is how much at ease she is—at ease with her gifts, at ease with the success that flows ever more abundantly out of those gifts, at ease with the sometimes unwelcome importunities of her perennial celebrity. With a smile purged of the least taint of vanity or false modesty, she says, "I like earning money. I like it when companies seek me out and sign me up to design no matter what—sheets, yard goods, glassware, scarves, wallpaper, table linen, valentines. I like being every year in greater demand. I like having to face week after week my all but impossible deadlines. The fame you earn has a different taste from the fame that is forced upon you."

The child who commanded headlines at ten may be glimpsed in a scrapbook that a stranger sent to Gloria Vanderbilt some years ago. In a letter accompanying the scrapbook, the stranger wrote that, as one of many children in a poor family growing up in the 'thirties, she had saved clippings of prominent society figures—"I thought they must have a tranquillity my noisy, penniless family lacked. I hope these pictures won't bring back too many sad memories." In the yellowed clippings, one reads of how Gloria's mother fought Gloria's aunt, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, over the question of whether the mother was fit to bring up her only child. (Gloria's father, Reginald Vanderbilt, had died when she was an infant.) One clipping is reprinted here, along with a photograph of Gloria.



Society is still rocking with the sensation of the week—the revelation that 10-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, pawn in a desperate custody battle, stated in court she preferred living with her aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. It was a tremendous blow to the mother, Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, whose income is largely derived from the child's millions.

The words fell naively and without rancor from the 10-year-old girl's lips as she rocked in a big swivel chair in the chambers of Supreme Court Justice John F. Carew, who had peviously announced that his decision would be largely determined by Gloria.

During a three-hour examination which was disguised as a chat, Gloria dangled her long, spindly legs from the chair and talked of many things with the jurist, who has five children of his own. . . .

Little Gloria wanted it understood that she did not dislike her mother. It was simply, she explained, that she hadn't seen much of her. And when she was in her mother's care, they traveled so much, all over Europe. She couldn't remember much about it, but she was sure they jumped around a great deal, so much so that she never had any steady playmates.

Judge Carew ruled that Gloria should be left mostly in the care of Mrs. Whitney ("MOTHER LOSES FIGHT TO WIN 'GOLD CHILD' "). Gloria Vanderbilt says now, "The irony of it was that as soon as my aunt was allowed to take charge of me, she lost interest in me." The child grew and was handed on from one school to the next and at seventeen, determined not to return home to either her aunt or her mother, she married. The bridegroom was a Californian playboy named Pat DeCicco, who was exactly twice Gloria's age. They were divorced after three years and Gloria then married the conductor Leopold Stokowski, who was at least three times her age—sixty or so to her twenty. They had two sons, Stan and Christopher, in the course of a marriage that lasted twelve years. Gloria and her present husband, the writer Wyatt Cooper, were married in 1963. They have two sons, Carter and Anderson. Cooper has just completed a book called *Families: A Memoir and A Celebration,* which Harper & Row will be publishing in the fall. Who designed the dust jacket? One guess.

For a number of years, the Coopers lived in a big house in the East Sixties. Now they live in an apartment higher up in the same building that contains Gloria's studio and they spend as many weekends and holidays as possible in a house in Southampton that they are sure was designed by Stanford White. "I know that *every*one who lives in a house that's more than seventy years old claims to be living in a Stanford White house," Gloria says, "but this one really must be. It's such a happy, vigorous house, with the rooms opening into each other in an easy, original way and the plan of the house curving to catch the sun as it moves across the sky. The house was a wreck when we got it and we've been making improvements to it ever since. One mysterious advantage of a house over an apartment is that it somehow never gets finished."

The Coopers' apartment and house are filled with Gloria's handiwork—pictures, collages, wallpapers, and fabrics. "To some, this might seem like a way of showing off, of keeping my samples on display," Gloria says. "To me it is simply a way of being true to my feelings. The bright colors I use reflect the fact that I am at heart a joyous person. Even that ten-year-old with the spindly legs was a joyous person, though she didn't have much to be joyous *about*. Wyatt and I used to give a lot more parties than we do now, and because he is by nature so much more gregarious than I am, it's generous of him to understand that my work is an equivalent of partygoing for me. Even selling my work is a form of partygoing. My representative, Pearl Bedell, and I fly all over the country peddling our wares. I've traveled in all but two of the fifty states and I have a fine time doing it. I love meeting strangers in towns where I've never been and hearing that they feel happy surrounded by things I've designed."

There are many kinds of heroes and heroines, most of whom move among us unregarded. Hearing that eager, exquisite voice, one recollects for a moment the lonely and gifted child in court, buffeted about by angry grown-ups. Unbeknownst to the world, she was already beginning her self-taught career as an artist. The publisher Harry Abrams will be bringing out in 1976 a large volume devoted to the various art works of Gloria Vanderbilt; the first picture will be one that she painted when she was ten.

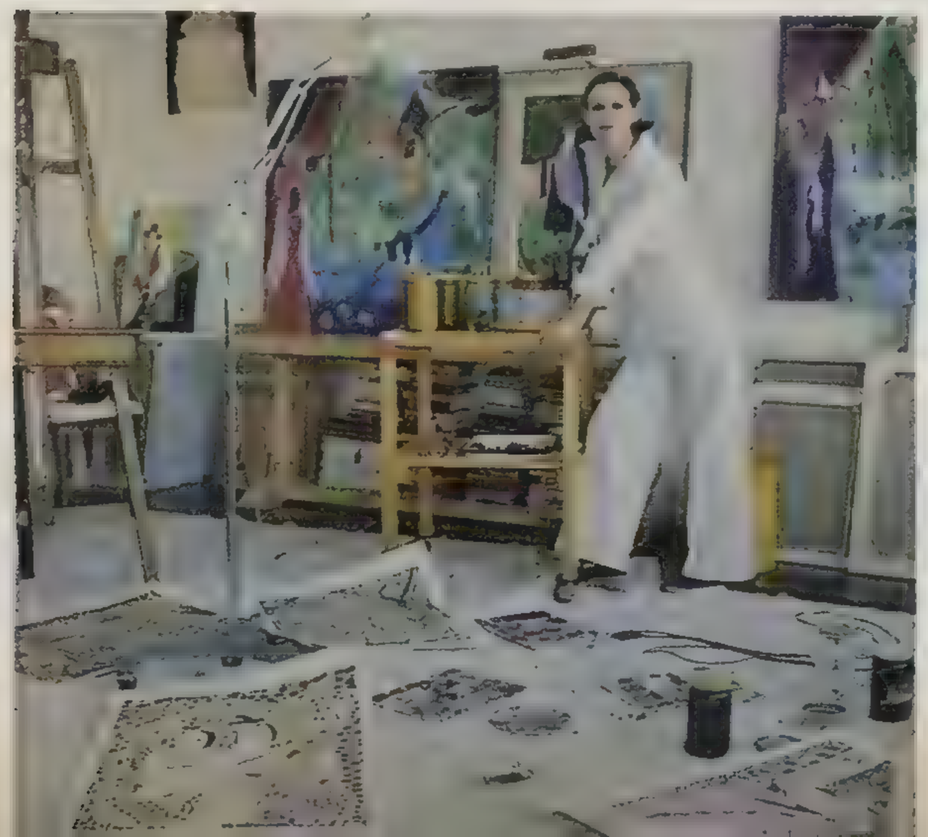
HORST

At home, Mrs. Wyatt Cooper

In 1975, Gloria Vanderbilt—still stalky, stunning, her brilliant brown eyes a familiar flash—has emerged from an expectable life of parties, husbands, houses, children as a strong design force in the home-decorating sphere. Her very personal style—distilled from her paintings, her collages, her lithographs—prints its innocent joy on wallpapers, fabrics, curtains, sheets, table linens, scarfs, china, glass, bathroom wares. Here, Gloria's surrounded by pillows in fabric she designed, in the library of the new apartment where—with husband Wyatt Cooper and two young sons—she lives in a print-lined "floating bubble," her own works coexisting happily with her possessions.

Work room, the greatest joy

Gloria Vanderbilt goes to work; she gets in an elevator every morning and rides to the seventeenth floor of her apartment building and enters her apartment-studio, *below.* ("Only my husband has the telephone number"). On a typical day she works more than seven hours on her paintings (seen on the wall), her graphics (seen on the floor), her designs for fabrics (Bloomcraft) or sheets (Martex). "Work is all joy to me, it really is—every moment of it," she said. Although here she wears white slacks and jacket, Gloria's usual working uniform is a laboratory coat over blue jeans and sweater.





An eye for place, pattern

In the living room, *above,* the spirit of a painting (left) by Gloria Vanderbilt echoes in the afghan on the chaise and the carpet on the floor. To right of Mrs. Cooper, her collection of antique English tulip porcelain.

GLORIA
VANDERBILT

"Living with
my own works
is a way
of being true
to my feelings"



Kitchen *left, top:* Gloria Vanderbilt designs cover walls (fabric and a collage), chopping block (a kitchen towel), and Mrs. Cooper's skirt (an apron).

Library *left, center:* Where the family gathers to watch television or to talk: personal art and memorabilia. Ink drawings of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper flank a Gloria Vanderbilt painting. At right, ship's figurehead emblazoned with word "Gloria."

Bedroom *left:* White Irish lace curtains and airy bed linens designed by Gloria (called "Gloria"), Gloria Vanderbilt fabric on walls and at windows. Eighteenth-century découpage behind the brass headboard and, at the window, a fourteenth-century Flemish wood saint.

Living room *right:* A doll's house dominates the window view of New York's mighty cityscape. "I love doll houses—they're perfection inside and contained, nothing chaotic about them," said Mrs. Cooper. The strong black-and-white carpet holds its well-ordered own against frequent changes of Gloria Vanderbilt fabric on furniture and walls. On the right, a 1923 Dana Pond portrait of Gloria's mother, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, contrasts with a Gloria Vanderbilt collage.

HORST



Can you be more sure of yourself?

Yes—and happier, healthier—say thousands about these systems

BY MARCIA SELIGSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A well-known West Coast free-lance writer Marcia Seligson has taken the* est *training, is now being Rolfed, and has practiced some Tai Chi Chuan. She points out that the human-potential and body-awareness programs discussed here are by no means all of those available. Since some may produce powerful emotional or physical reactions, we ask that you check with your doctor before starting any such course.*

The auditorium of El Rodeo High School on Whittier Drive in Beverly Hills is filling fast, this foggy Thursday night. Observing the bodies streaming in, one would guess the event to be a PTA affair—or perhaps a fund-raiser for some liberal politician concerned with the ecology of Bel Air. Perpetual tennis suntans in evidence here; perfect T-shirts and flawless blazers, unisexly uniform—the obsessively casual affluence that hallmarks this small corner of America.

Inside the auditorium, however, comes the shocker. The stage is flowing over with flowers, in the center of which rests a gigantic throne-like chair. From the sidelines come the droning sounds of chanting, tambourines, and sitars. The Beverly Hills solid citizens have turned out this night to see, hear, and—primarily—to be in the presence of Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche, a high Tibetan Buddhist priest. He will sit on the throne and talk about chaos and enlightenment, with terrifyingly long silences between sentences, during which he stares at us in apparently sublime serenity. And he will answer questions from the audience, such as the following from an intensely serious young man. Question: If one's consciousness has evolved to the point where one doesn't have thoughts anymore, what kind of meditation would you recommend? Answer: Go home and think more. His gig will be over by 9:45, and most of us will leave in a state that in these circles is known as "blissed out."

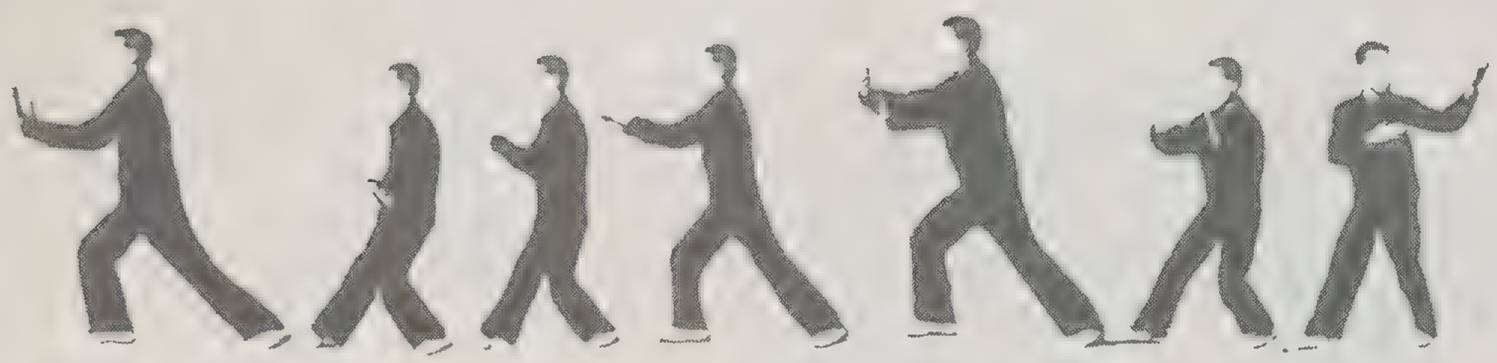
Something is happening. The four books of mystic/anthropologist Carlos Castaneda, books about different realities and altered states of consciousness, join the ranks of Irving Wallace on the best-seller list and have thus far sold a total of three million copies. More: *The New York Times Magazine*, in a recent article called "Are We a Nation of Mystics?" reports that 40 percent of Americans surveyed have had so-called mystical experiences, experiences of a "powerful spiritual force which seemed to lift them out of themselves." Even more: 450,000 people in this country are currently practicing Transcendental Meditation.

Something is happening, all right—and depending on how you look at it and to whom you talk, the "something" can be titled THE CONSCIOUSNESS REVOLUTION at one end of the pole and THIS YEAR'S FAD at the other. Let us be clear. We are not talking here about psychotherapy, either the time-honored analytic couch, the touchie-feelies, or the primal shrieks. We are talking about a number of other activities whose popularity is burgeoning much in the same way that various therapies did in the 1960's, and whose primary function—Lord, how to say this *sans* hot air—is studying the essential Truths about the nature of the universe and our place in it. Yoga, meditation, biofeedback, *est*, Arica, body disciplines, Tai Chi Chuan, Zen Buddhism. You will notice a distinct Oriental leaning in this list, and that is no accident. Eastern disciplines and philosophies are becoming increasingly relevant and accessible to us—and they are cosmic and mystical, not psychotherapeutic, in nature. They do, nonetheless, alter and transform the quality of one's life.

I should tell you something about myself and my position in all this. I live and work in California, the red-hot center of experiments in life-style and consciousness, and I've been lovingly labeled by friends "the Auntie Mame of the growth movement." My bias is that I think the journey inward, the search for Self, the human-potential movement, the spiritual path, the consciousness trip—call it what you will—is the most interesting, creative, nourishing game around these days, its frontiers largely uncharted and thus wildly exciting. To explore the vast, unknowable limits of human capacities seems like a terrific trip to me, provided of course that you do not lose your sense of humor and perspective about it and go off the cosmic deep end.

The activities and practices of the New Consciousness ("new," how absurd, some are three thousand years old; what I mean here is "new" for our culture) operate from the principle that I first heard stated at Esalen, California's famous growth center a few years ago—you don't have to be sick to get better. They talk not of neurosis and solving problems but of increasing energy and centeredness and flowing with the universe. The various leaders are not doctors or professors but gurus, swamis, roshis, shamans, priests, and they would never be referred to as "healthy" or "normal" but rather "high" and "evolved." In India they would chuckle at my friend who studied Yoga feverishly in order to "get it all together" in her life; they would say you do Yoga because it's incredibly enriching, life-expanding—but not problem-solving. Rolfing, for example, is a method of intense body manipulation and massage which aims to restore our structurally-imbalanced bodies to their proper balance and alignment with gravity. Those who have done it almost universally report dramatic changes in their physical well-being, and, as my own Rolfer said to me, "If you change the body, of course you change the consciousness." Does Rolfing clear up a rotten marriage? Well, that's another issue.

Awareness of the body is surely a central element, if not *the* central element, of consciousness. Until recently, we rational, cerebral Americans functioned from our heads, from our Yankee in-



TAI CHI CHUAN, *a brief series of motions from an exercise*

"What really happens...is a transformation—letting go of who you think you are and experiencing who you truly are..."

genuity or our immigrant *chutzpah*. Our minds solved our dilemmas, we believed. Somewhere in the 1960's, with the explosion of the human-potential movement, we started talking about "feelings" and suddenly we disowned our mental processes, heeding as valid only those impulses that came from our "guts." (Telling somebody what you thought of him was a no-no; you could, however, get away with the most heinous cruelties by starting the sentence with "I *feel* that you're . . . .")

Nowhere in this new ethic, in this value shift from brain to emotion, did we acknowledge that our bodies, the temples in which we live, had much to do with how we experienced our days, with the substance of our lives. The direction now is toward an integrative harmony of mind and body—in the profoundly obvious understanding that there is an inevitable fusion between health of the body and health of the mind, that we are not only what we eat but how we move, how we breathe, how we ARE in our space. Bioenergetics therapy, for instance, says (as does Rolfing) that our life histories, tensions, and traumas are stored in the muscles and tissues as well as in the head, and thus their means of exorcism are physical means—we do not *talk about* the sources of our ancient rage, we rage, until our bodies are clean of it. Michael Murphy, the founder of Esalen, has begun a sports center which blends forms of play with growth/awareness activities; he runs six miles every day. "The new genius of mysticism," he told me, "is going to be very earthy, rooted in the body."

This New Consciousness is frequently mystical and spiritual in nature, emanating from (or returning to) the knowledge that we are not isolated organisms but a part of the universe, that we are not little bundles of free will and randomness but are open to cosmic forces. We can look at the new credibility of ESP and other parapsychologies (conservative scientists are opening their labs to corners of research once scorned). Biofeedback and meditation experiments are taking place in which we discover extraordinary human capacities for controlling one's body functions through connection to one's own deeper energies. *And suddenly all our rational, certain, feasible, limited models of WHAT REALITY IS fall away.*

One thinks immediately of the psychedelic boom of the 1960's, when thousands of us discovered through mind-expanding drugs that there are states of existence possible of which we never dreamed, realities as yet indescribable by chemistry or physiology. But, what more and more of us are unearthing now is the availability of these experiences of altered consciousness without drugs. Yoga often does it; fasting; I have experienced phenomenal, bizarre energies during Rolfing sessions; and people who practice meditation regularly report sensations of transcending "normal" reality—reaching not only greater depths of self-awareness but a repeated feeling of oneness with the universe.

(I'm reminded of a seer's observation that "the difference between a mystic and a schizophrenic is that the schizophrenic is drowning in the same waters in which the mystic is swimming with delight.")



ZEN
Some of its principles are key to several inner-consciousness movements. This symbol: "the Unity of Supreme Wisdom."

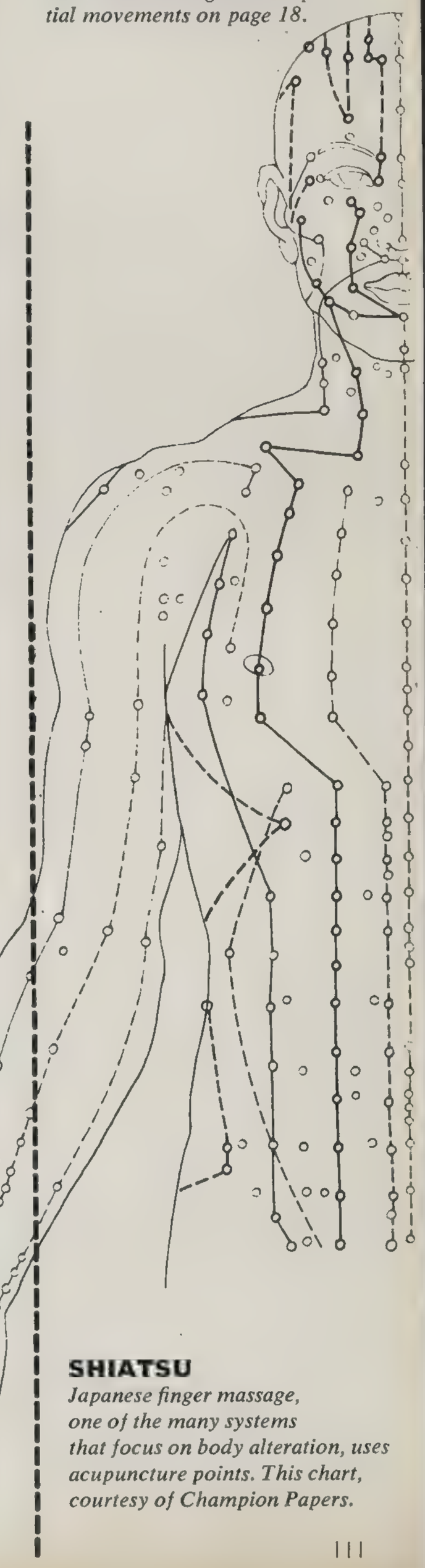
About a year ago I spent a weekend at Tassajara, a Zen retreat hidden in a remote niche of the Carmel Valley. (It is the place where Governor Jerry Brown secluded himself immediately after his election to meditate.) At breakfast I got to talking with the manager of the retreat—an attractive, urbane woman in her mid-fifties, a San Franciscan with careers and family and a worldly life behind her. Fascinated, I asked why she had chosen this hermetic existence, galaxies removed from the world's pulse. She contemplated for a moment, then said, very softly: "I guess my Western options simply ran out." I loved the melancholy poetry of the phrase, and it has floated back to me many times over the year when I've wondered why I and so many others are drawn to the consciousness path.

It is obvious. We have dreamed our way through the great American dream, the dream that materialism and technology and playing the game of MORE and DIFFERENT would bring satisfaction to our lives. The dream brought us, instead, a war that we watched on television as if it were *Gunsmoke*, the cavalier and irreversible rape of our environment and the slaying of our few last heroes. I don't know about you, but very little of what I grew up to believe would be IT actually is.

I talked about this with a friend of mine, Werner Erhard, of *est*—the most rapidly exploding of the new consciousness experiences. "The mainstream of people involved in these things," he said, "are those who've got it together fairly well and recognize that that isn't all there is. The realization starts to creep in that what you have and what you do and who you think you are isn't fulfilling to you. You play through all the things you think IT probably is and IT isn't those—the swimming pool, the raise, good grades from your kids, your name in the paper, people's respect—and then you start hearing about inner peace and fulfillment that the Yogis and Zen masters have been saying for thousands of years. In other words, you've gotten to the end of your string." He believes Watergate, in those same terms, to be positive. "All of a sudden you've figured out that 'the President is not going to save my ass' —and *that* gets you to the end of your string on *that* belief. And then you can start looking at the real truth about life."

I can't ignore, herein, the faddish component. The Beverly Hills seekers turning out for the Tibetan Buddhist are probably the same folks who a half-dozen years ago "discovered" nakedness at Esalen. There exists a definite groupie phenomenon on the growth circuit—otherwise known as "I've-done-Transcendental-Meditation-what's-next?" And as Richard Farson, former president of Esalen, said to me wryly: "Once you've decided that looking at your Self is worthwhile, it's an endless process, a bottomless pit." My friend Allen, the Santa Monica dentist who is "into" Gestalt groups and Synanon games, called last week in a state of confusion. He'd just come back from a three-day retreat with Swami Muktananda, and was hot to meditate at six every morning—except that's the time of his Tai Chi Chuan class in the park.

I asked Werner what people got out of these activities and he said: "Mostly more bullshit, something to talk about they didn't have before. People 'do' consciousness as we do everything: new cars, hip politics, cocktail parties. But then what *really* happens to many people is a transformation—letting go of who you think you are and experiencing who you truly are, moving from being at the effect of your life to being at the cause of your life, without effort, and discovering truths about the way it all works." *Descriptions of some outstanding human-potential movements on page 18.*



SHIATSU
Japanese finger massage, one of the many systems that focus on body alteration, uses acupuncture points. This chart, courtesy of Champion Papers.

HAPPY Rockefeller now

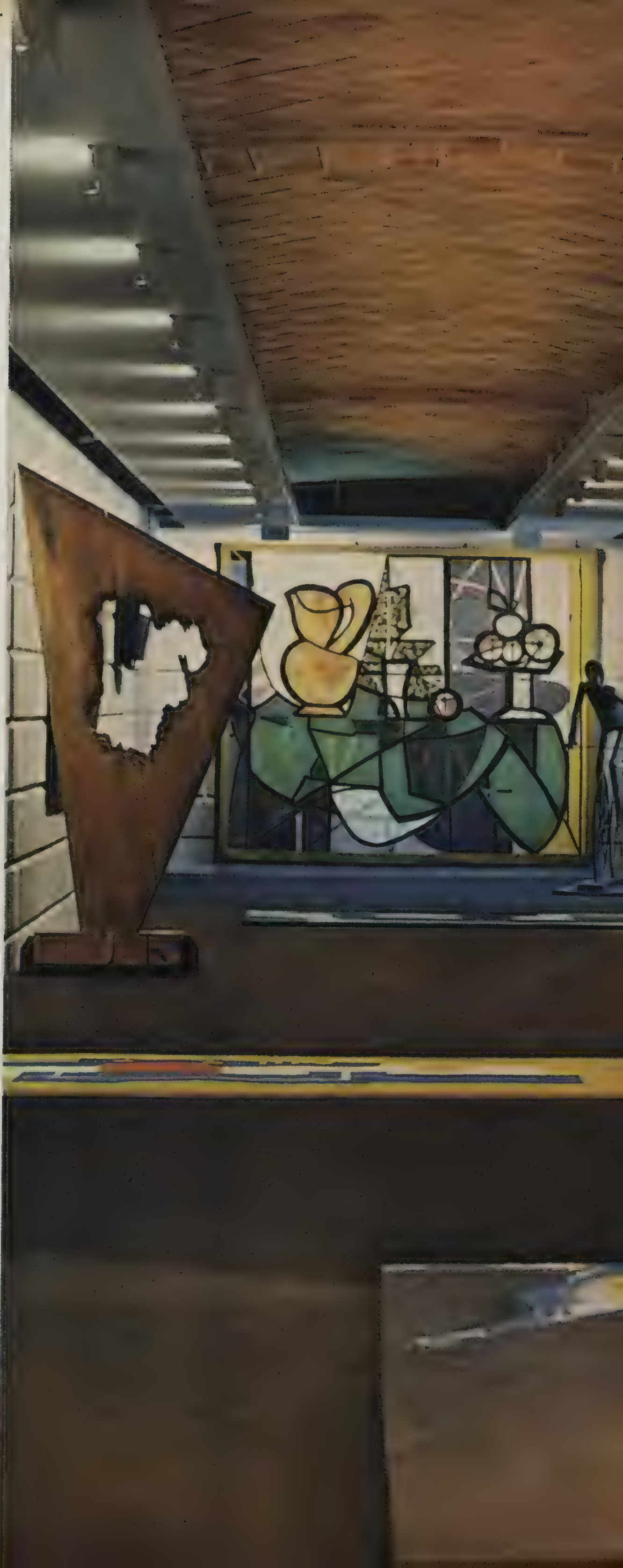
BY KATE LLOYD

When Margaretta Fitler Murphy was married to Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, for fifteen years Governor of New York State and now Vice President of the United States, and the nation agawp with curiosity, a man who knew her said, "A woman would say she was well-scrubbed; a man would say she was glowing." If there has been a change since then, this is it: a woman, too, would say she is glowing. Either Happy Rockefeller has been ridiculously presented in the press, or she has changed (some close friends believe she has changed, especially since her mastectomies). You can't step in the same river twice, Heraclitus pointed out—the truth is now, and in Happy Rockefeller it now presents itself thus: A handsome country woman, who seems taller than fact; forthright, funny, quick-minded, kind, in charge of her scene. She aims opinions as directly as headlights: "The condition of the American Woman," she said, getting right to the heart of the issue at hand, "is the subject of endless discussion, pro and con—I think the American Woman is so much better off than women in other countries, that we ought to be accentuating the positive and eliminating the negative." She looks at the person she is talking to with intense attention. It would be hard to deliver white lies to those brown eyes.

Happy Rockefeller's voice is appetizing and non chi-chi, her laugh delicious. She draws people out. A man meeting her for the first time said: "I had expected to meet Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller; instead, I met *her*." The impression is that this reputedly shy, withdrawn, unsure woman would be a smash on a lecture platform and win any office she ran, or just plain strolled, for. She has put a lot of complex years, sorry events, and major surgery behind her and come out whole. "There were times in the past when you weren't sure whether you were talking to Happy Rockefeller, Happy Murphy, or Happy Fitler," a friend said. "Now she is her own woman."

Few things are more confusing than truth. Untruths, myths require clear-cut structure, pilings to shore up rationale. For centuries American women have been turned into packaged untruths: The Flower of Southern Womanhood; the Little Women's "Marmee"; the Gibson Girl, full of incipient twentieth-century naughtiness; Mrs. Stationwagon waiting for Betty Friedan to fix her suburban machines. Untrue, except at the level of polemics and cartoon. Mrs. Rockefeller is right: the truth about the American Woman is that for two centuries she has had the greatest opportunities of any woman anywhere, ever, in developed or undeveloped countries, to be whatever she blooming well *is*. And that's never the same twice. How confusing, how downright confounding of Happy Rockefeller to be her *self*, and how probable that if she flinches or puts people off, it might be because we want her to play a packaged role . . . and she won't, or can't, or both. Elemental forces, childbirth, life-and-death decisions don't seem to scare her much; "sappy" requests do.

(Continued)



Mrs. Nelson A. Rockefeller

In the gallery her husband created in the cellar of the family house at Pocantico Hills, the real Happy Rockefeller with her acrylic, silkscreen portrait done in 1968 by Andy Warhol. Reconstructing basement corridors into a beautifully lighted, climate-controlled place for a daring collection of avant-garde art, Nelson Rockefeller created a vibrant, comfortable, modern hideaway in a 1908 house. Shown here, on the rear wall, one of a series of magnificent tapestries that extend down other corridors of the gallery, all made after Nelson Rockefeller's favorite paintings by Picasso with the artist's cooperation. "Picasso," Mrs. Rockefeller said, "chose the colors of the yarns himself." This one, woven in 1970 after Picasso's 1931 "Pitcher and Bowl of Fruit."

HORST



Washington Irving's "dear, bright, little home," Sunnyside



One of three Sleepy Hollow Restorations (the others: Philipsburg Manor and Van Cortlandt Manor), Sunnyside is an extraordinarily well-documented nineteenth-century house and a charmingly livable one. The upkeep and restoration of all three, beguiling sightseeing for visitors, is one of Mrs. Rockefeller's pleasures and concerns.

The kitchen, top, *still vivid with plants, smelling of spices, the stove lighted and glowing. Irving installed running water through gravitational flow, and an advanced hot-and-cold water system.*

Irving's study, left above, *with the desk where he worked, given to him by his publisher, G. P. Putnam. In this "small quiet room," as a guest described it a fortnight before Irving died, Irving slept on the divan in the alcove until his bedroom was finished.*

The parlor, center above, *hub of family life, with the piano Irving's nieces played. "We have frequent gatherings at each other's houses," Irving wrote, ". . . and our parties always end with a dance." Above the piano, a steel engraving of Irving's admired friend, Sir Walter Scott, with his literary circle.*

Irving's bedroom, right above, *with its Sheraton bed and his cane propped against a chair.*

Mrs. Rockefeller, right, *and,* left, *at one of the windows of Sunnyside overlooking what Irving called, in* The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, *"some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson."*



HAPPY Rockefeller now

(Continued) So, a hypothesis: the alluring, gutsy woman who, snowing no one, was photographed for Vogue in the underground art gallery ("This isn't my environment, it's Nelson's" she said) of Kykuit, the Rockefeller house in Pocantico Hills overlooking the Hudson, has been there all along. "With her children, she was always the woman you see now," said a friend. Happy Rockefeller, who feels strongly about child-raising, said, "The family, of course, is the essential structure of our society. It is the basic institution through which each oncoming generation learns—through responding to and emulating the family structure we grow up in. If the family provides a positive environment, then the child will have a positive reaction—and this is so from the day the child is born."

Happy Rockefeller's family has been American longer than most of ours. By the time she graduated in 1944 from The Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, it was well-settled in; her father a Main Line millionaire; a great-grandfather, the Civil War General George Gordon Meade; one of her ancestors, Jonathan Dickinson, who was a founder and first president of Princeton University in 1746.

Nelson Rockefeller's family is mightily entrenched as well: the first Rockefeller arrived in 1723. This couple is not grass-rooted in this country—they're oak-rooted. For the Rockefellers, responsibility is an experience, not a catchword. People mature enough to be beyond that children's party-game called sticking pins in the images of the very rich must recognize, whether or not they approve of Rockefeller policies and actions, that this is no family of ne'er-do-wells. Even their nepotism seems less "an easy way out" than a "working way in"; none of the family works harder than Nelson Rockefeller, a tough man to keep up with. Fast-moving though he is, he makes a habit of breakfasting, when possible, with his young sons, Nelson, aged eleven, and Mark, eight. Of Nelson and Happy Rockefeller, Nancy Kissinger, wife of the Secretary of State, said; "They're both very family-oriented. They're very like each other, and at the same time—if this isn't a contradiction—they're complementary. It's hard to imagine one without the other. One of the nicest things about her is that wherever she is she creates a warm environment."

This summer Happy Rockefeller plans to be in Washington with the Vice President and their sons, back-stopping the President's wife, doing her own Mrs. Vice-President thing, and putting the Admiral's House, the nation's first official Vice-Presidential residence, in living order. Once this rambly, white wooden building is re-wired, re-plumbed, and de-firetrapped, the Rockefellers will move in.

Reminding her of those verandahed, barefoot-life houses on the New Jersey coast where she spent childhood summers, Admiral's House appeals to Happy Rockefeller. At Kykuit, leaning around among her husband's imposing works of modern art, are drawings, mirrors, householdy things she is collecting for it: "Have you anything in your attic I could use?" she asked. It will be a feet-up house, furnished in part with her mother's Colonial Williamsburg furniture, a house done her way: a relatively rare opportunity, for when she married Nelson Rockefeller, she married into a structured living system, largely run from Room 5600 at Rockefeller Plaza. Not that she hasn't left her footprints in the marble. Kykuit (a Dutch word, pronounced Kī′ kit, that means "lookout"), an architectural outburst of baronial baroque built in 1908, belongs jointly to the present senior generation of Rockefeller siblings. When the last of them dies, it will become the fourth of the Sleepy Hollow Restorations, a Hudson Valley restoration and preservation project Happy Rockefeller cares about.

The main floor of Kykuit is pure Rockefeller: (Continued on page 140)

"I'm crazy about nature and history," said Mrs. Rockefeller. One cherished project: Sleepy Hollow Restorations, including, here, the romantic Sunnyside

HORST



PAT FIELD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Charlotte Curtis (right and, in her office, left) bears the little pearl earrings and adenoidal twang of a doctor's wife from Columbus, Ohio (which, oddly enough, she is), unpents her energy by polishing the silver (orange stick and toothbrush firmly in hand), is a leisure-time gardener and "bird person." She also happens to be the most powerful woman journalist in America: editor of the Op-Ed (opposite editorial) page of the mega-mighty* New York Times *and the reporter who revolutionized society-page palaver into biting, beguiling social comment. According to Harrison Salisbury, her predecessor on Op-Ed, Charlotte "burst into the* Times *with an impact that jolted the grey old lady to the roots of her reticule."* Time, *meanwhile, dubbed her "the first society reporter in journalistic history to publish the fact that proper Bostonians sweat."*

Though Brahmins perspired and old ladies blanched through Charlotte Curtis' eight-year stint as Family/Style editor of the Times, *they kept turning to the women's page to read of coed dorms and modern marriages, the mores and manners of that puzzlement called the 'sixties. For the 'seventies, Ms. Curtis edits Op-Ed: a mix of hard-nosed political comment and soft-sell eclecticism, articles on Cronkitis ("a feverish urge to sound like Walter Cronkite") and academic quotas, Ebbets Field and the SST.*

Though she's employed now as an editor, Charlotte Curtis' instincts are pure Front Page: *"I don't hate to be asked about* anything. *If I'm going to ask the kind of questions that I ask, I should be willing to answer them." Here, Ms. Curtis gives some answers to our questions—on women and jobs and long-distance marriage, new money, old money, and un-beautiful brides.*

"**I've never been anything but a reporter.** I've never been a secretary; I've never been a copy girl. As a reporter, I covered murders; I covered trials; I covered City Hall; I covered the state legislature. I've been a theater critic; I've been a religious news editor; I covered the United Nations sessions in Paris in 1951; I did the Middle East in the 'fifties; I've done the South Pacific. And then, I've covered politics—a little bit of state politics, but mostly national politics. I covered the Presidential campaign in 1960 and every one since.

"When I came to the *Times,* I *wanted* to write women's news features; I wasn't doing it as some sort of exile. Then I began specializing in society. I did society for three years before I became women's news editor. When I became Op-Ed editor, it was returning to the areas I'd worked in before. It was going from a limited number of subjects, on a limited page, to a 360° range of ideas. We do everything on the Op-Ed page. It was logical that I would do that; it was like going home.

"Op-Ed is a geographical location, the page opposite the editorial page. It's a page that tries to raise questions that are not being raised elsewhere in the paper; that tries to look at old ideas and bring them up to date; that tries not necessarily to be antagonistic to the editorial page but not to repeat the party line of any of the editorial page. **It's a daily mini-magazine.**

"Before me, the women's page told you how to pack a suitcase for a weekend, what kind of gift to give a hostess, how to put a wardrobe together and how much it cost. In many ways, it was a service page; it was not a news page. Service should come from magazines. The responsibility of a newspaper is to report the news.

"**Women want to know about more subjects, about what's going on in this world.** The first thing was to broaden the subjects. The second thing was to broaden the treatment of the existing subjects. Interracial marriage, singles' adoption—all these things we now take for granted. But in 1965, when I became women's news editor, that sort of news did not appear.

"The wedding and engagement announcements were written by the parents—"Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So announce the engagement of. . . ." That is not the news; that is the façade that people wish to project. News, with me, deals with reality—the way things really are. **All brides are not necessarily beautiful.**

"Then, of course, came the Women's Movement; the page obviously reflected feminist ideas. It also became a battleground, to a certain extent. If we ran feminist stories on that page, people would say, 'But you're segregating by putting them on that page. They belong out in the news.' If we didn't run them, and said they should" (Continued on page 141)



AVEDON

Charlotte CURTIS

Powerful American newspaper woman tells how to be Society—and more





EDITOR'S NOTE: *Except, possibly, for Lucille Ball—the loony red-headed doyenne of sit-com re-runs—the most visible woman in television today is Barbara Walters, co-host (with newcomer Jim Hartz) of NBC's Today show and star of her own morning program,* Not For Women Only. *Applauded as a symbol of bright-gal-makes-good in an industry that's not always predisposed to brightness, goodness, or gals in general; admired as a tough, informed, surprisingly sympathetic interviewer; described (by* Newsweek) *as "star of the morning," and (by Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko) as "a hyena in syrup"; disliked by many viewers (most frequently women) who find her tartness acidic, her Boston-gravelly voice, grating; Barbara Walters herself has said she's "not everybody's cup of tea."*

Whether one's taste runs to lemon-laden Orange Pekoe or a comfy cup of Earl Grey, Barbara Walters, in a time when women are battling for fulfillment in careers and independence in their life-styles, earns an estimated $400,000 yearly (more than the sum received by television powerhouse Walter Cronkite), is separated from her husband, and raising an adopted child.

Here, in excerpts from an interview, the one woman who has the opportunity to talk about anything, to just about anybody, talks about Barbara Walters, American women, the 'seventies:

"When people sometimes ask me, men occasionally, 'don't you do anything?'—because I don't play tennis, I don't golf, I don't do needlepoint—I have that old feeling that, my God, there's nothing that I can do.

"When I was young, I didn't feel that there was anything really that I could do well. Maybe that's why I worked. In the last few years, I've realized that it isn't all luck, that I *am* good at what I do. But I can count the number of things I can do on one hand. And then, **I have this funny little job that I do very well.**

"I'm doing what I absolutely love. When I was a writer, I used to feel somewhat frustrated, in that I was writing for someone else and I couldn't take it to the final step. But now, the most important interviews are interviews that I write myself. And if they're on film, I edit them myself. And then the final step is appearing on the air in them.

"I have the best job that anyone could have. People ask, 'Would you like to do a nightly news program?' No. Though John Chancellor and Walter Cronkite do write a good deal, on a news show you're still presenting the news of that day, and, in great part, you're just reading. Others ask, 'What about politics?' I couldn't take the campaigning; my feelings would get hurt. I couldn't go through all of that. I have an area of communications now. I'm not a political person, and I can be as effective as I want in doing something that I adore. I wouldn't adore politics.

"I have the opportunity to meet everyone, to interview everyone—to ask the questions, one hopes, that people want asked. Mine is a much more creative job, it seems to me. The only bad part of it, and you never get used to it, are the hours. **I never go anywhere without thinking, 'Would I rather be asleep?'**

"I never have time to spend an evening reading a book just because I want to; I never have time to shop. I don't have tons of clothes. I will often buy things from magazines or newspaper ads. Then I have a very loving cousin who does all the kinds of things that I don't have time for, like underwear and stockings.

"Whenever I do have the time—I don't know why—I buy a nightgown. No one else can buy those for you. I like pretty nightgowns. **But I think, what am I doing with all these nightgowns?**

"I'm much more selective about what I do, now; and therefore I have time for the things that I want to do—more time for myself, more time for my child. I work less hard, not harder. I used to go out a good deal more; I think we all go through that point of being so thrilled that people want you there. I also have realized, and it's a strictly physical thing, that for years I had been going with much too little sleep. It does affect your emotions and your temperament; I would be stern and angry. Now I make sure that I have more time to nap in the afternoons, to get more sleep that I used to.

"My child's made a tremendous difference for me. She's seven—just learning to read, very bad in math. She's funny. She's tall. We have a wonderful French governess who calls her *"une belle plante."* She's a big, beautiful plant. (Continued on page 144)"



Barbara WALTERS

TV woman whom American women watch looks at them—and talks

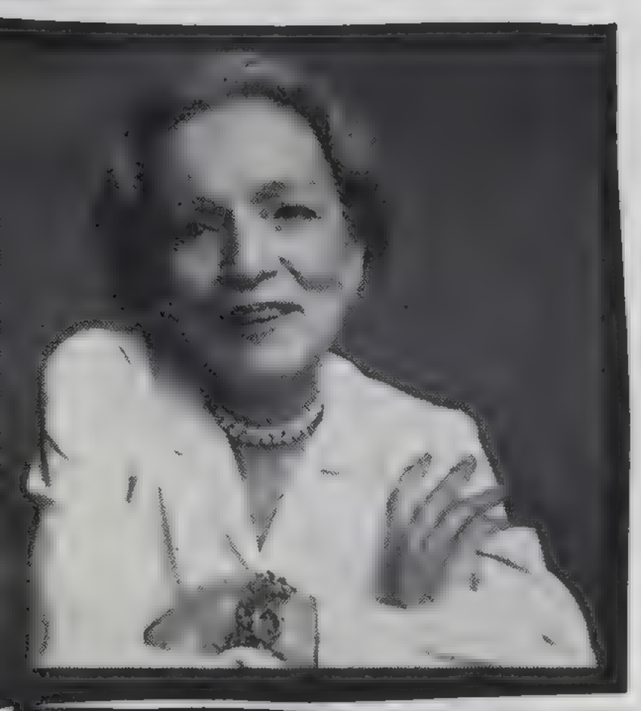
AVEDON



Millicent

FENWICK







AVEDON

In Congress, New Jersey's perfect lady makes a tough campaigner, an adroit politician

BY JEAN STAFFORD

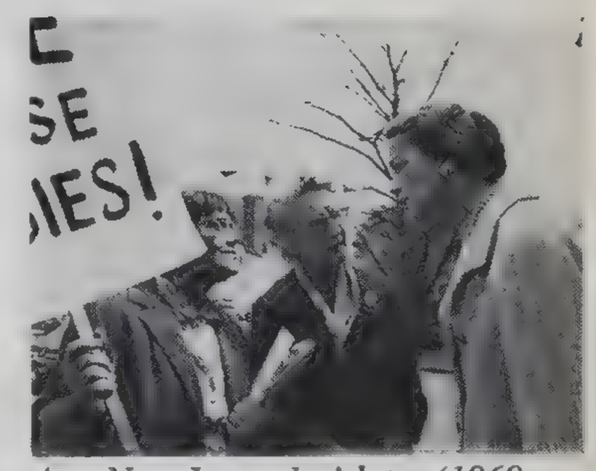
On November 5 of 1974 when Millicent Fenwick, Republican, was elected as the United States Representative from the Fifth Congressional District of New Jersey, her victory was described in the press as "a geriatric triumph" because she was sixty-four years old and she had trounced a thirty-seven-year-old boy Democrat, Frederick Bohen. "Geriatric" these days instantly conjures up those awful nursing homes and preparations that will keep your false teeth from falling out in public. She has also been called a "dowager," and this is a word that brings to my mind's eye frothing fichus of Valenciennes, sharp and serious and large diamond rings, and a spoiled rotten lapdog. Somewhere I read this: "Mrs. Fenwick . . . looking every bit like the Duchess of Windsor but sounding more like Hermione Gingold. . . ." She resembles the Duchess of Windsor about as much as a cup resembles a clock; and if she sounds like Hermione Gingold, I am Patricia Hearst. That reporter was as blind as a bat and as deaf as a post.

Mrs. Fenwick is a tall, lean, limber woman whose hair is pure dove-grey and worn in purest simplicity. Her good-looking face, innocent of camouflage to hide the lines that are the insignia of experience, is mobile; and when she smiles, her eyes are as antic as her lips. She has a scrumptious laugh. I am pretty sure that this laugh and her firm, civilized voice were the same when she was twenty as they are now. On the day I had a conversation with her, the clothes she wore were cut excellently from excellent materials and her well-wrought skeleton clearly was at peace within them.

She did not use one word of Washington pidgin; not one circumlocution impeded her speech as she talked of international trade (she's for it); the dilemma of Small Business (she's mightily against the injustice meted out to independent merchants and she intends to direct a part of her energy—which appears to be unlimited—to the resolution of their problems); the charlatans who operate health spas and require exorbitant fees in advance for services not worth a tinker's damn; and as she talked of the monstrous squalor in houses of the poor, of the criminal conditions under which criminals pay their debt to society. Nor did she use the patois (didn't, for example, say "clout") when she spoke of her great admiration for and friendship with Bella Abzug, Democrat. These two forthright women recognized each other early in the first meetings of the 94th Congress. On the face of it, the fellowship seemed unlikely: on what possible ground could they meet, the clarion dove from the Bronx and the cooing hawk from the part of the Garden State where the private gardens take up acres and are weeded by gardeners who make as much money as brain surgeons? The terrain of this meeting place was not perhaps on the itinerary of either, but there they were, face-to-face, and they liked each other at once.

In March of this year, Millicent Fenwick and Bella Abzug went to Vietnam and Cambodia with a delegation to determine the validity of President Ford's request for more money to go on with the war. Mrs. Fenwick's hawk suit had always fitted her badly. Clearly it was a hand-me-down and in the course of this six-day tour (each day lasted forty-eight hours and none of the hours was spent in sleep) the feathers molted, the bill and claws changed shape, and she emerged in her true form as a dove; she had the courageous humility to change her tune. When she came back she was vehemently against our sending another nickel's worth of arms to Indochina, and she was as passionately insistent on our sending food and clothing and medicine and all other possible comforts to the hideously and cynically mutilated masses.

On many questions, Mrs. Fenwick and Mrs. Abzug will undoubtedly violently disagree and, both having low boiling points, will probably have many fallings-out and may be rather noisy. But their creed is essentially the same and the prognosis for the health of their (Continued on page 139)



As a New Jersey legislator (1969-71), Mrs. Fenwick kept close to her people, their problems.

One Fenwick concern: prison reform; here she talks to trusties outside New Jersey State Prison.



Pipe-smoking at her New Jersey Assembly desk (two less alert colleagues shall be nameless), she worked for women's rights.



UPI

Julia Child as a

fast-food cook

Five-minute salad marvel from the American woman who French Chef-ed herself to TV fame

BY LORRAINE DAVIS



Tapinade: classic tuna-puree appetizer from Provence; brilliantly seasoned, molded, color-garnished by Julia Child.

Today, even stern French chefs and the redoubtable Julia Child have begun to save time in the kitchen by using machines. Here, Mrs. Child shows how she makes *tapinade,* a piquant tuna salad (which in the past she made traditionally in mortar with pestle), using a French device with "vicious-looking blades" that blends, chops, slices, grates—all at eye-blink speed (and, extra joy, the container is easy to fill, to empty, to clean).

If you haven't already joined the rush to buy this marvelous machine, called in this country Cuisinart Food Processor, you can make your *tapinade* (ingredients *below)* in an electric blender: just put half the amounts in, blend, remove —then repeat, stirring the two mixtures together at the end. Or, of course, if you are still a strict conservative, then grind all together in a large mortar.

Julia serves her *tapinade* as a salad, mounded on lettuce and decorated with egg slices or wedges. For a spectacular appetizer, she molds and chills it overnight, applies tricolor decoration, shown *top right.* "Learn to do such jobs with tools," she said. "Guests don't like to see you use your fingers."

TAPINADE

7-ounce can tuna packed in olive oil
4 sardines
Amounts to taste:
Capers
Black olives, pitted
Pickled ginger
Green peppercorns in vinegar
Sesame paste
Anchovies or anchovy paste
Dijon mustard
Black pepper
Dried basil or tarragon
Lemon rind
Lemon juice
Garlic, put through a press
French olive oil to blend
For garnish:
Hard-boiled eggs
Parsley
Pimientos

ELLIOTT ERWITT

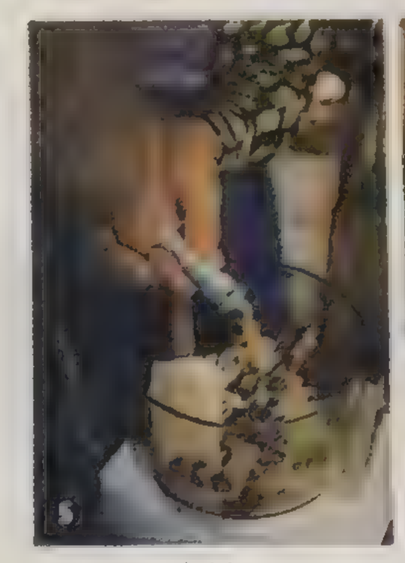


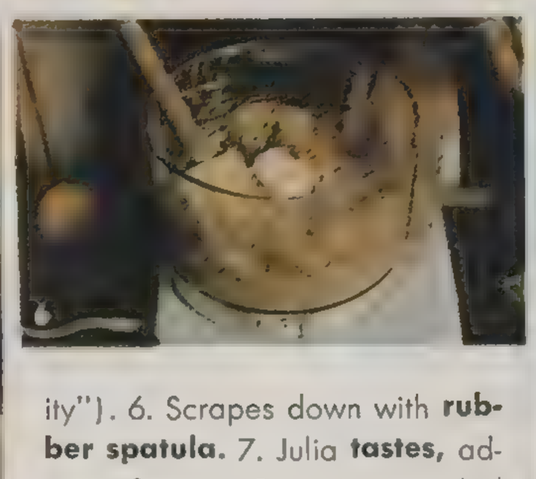






1. Julia assembles **ingredients;** you can pick and choose among the **seasonings**—use what you like or have on hand. 2. Inserts **blades.** 3. Starts with the **fish;** adds, in small amounts to taste, remaining ingredients; mixes all vigorously for a few minutes until well blended, using French olive oil for a spreadable consistency. 4. Here, **capers** go in, big ones bought in Italian markets. 5. **Anchovy paste** added ("Gives it some authority"). 6. Scrapes down with **rubber spatula.** 7. Julia **tastes,** adjusts flavors. Five-minute salad need not be chilled, could be served now. 8. To **mold,** she scoops mix into bowl lined with plastic wrap, folds wrap over top, chills overnight. 9. Hard-boils two **eggs** for garnish, piercing wide ends with pushpin so eggs won't crack when cooked. She dices eggs and chops **parsley,** mixes together. 10. Wrap opened, Julia covers bowl with plate; inverts to turn *tapinade* out; removes wrap. 11. In sheet of **waxed paper** or parchment, Julia cuts circular hole to fit around *tapinade.* 12. Places paper around mold to catch scattered egg and parsley; covers surface of *tapinade* with **egg/parsley.** 13. Cuts pimiento in strips *(opposite);* places **pimiento** strips in wheel pattern; removes paper carefully; rims *tapinade* with **parsley sprigs.**

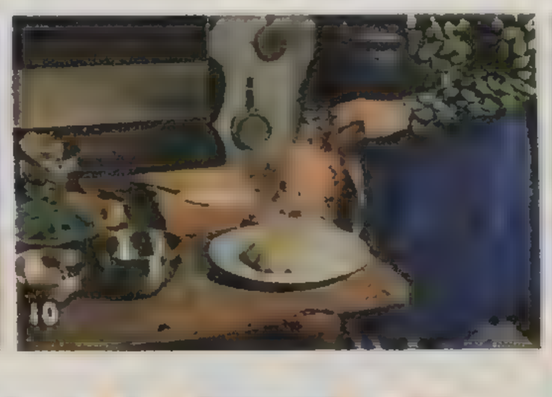










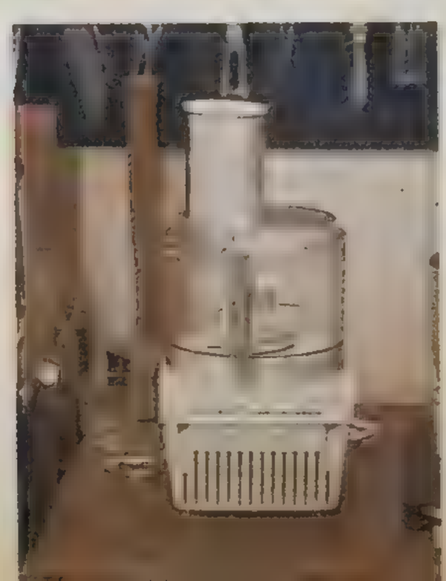








In her eat-in kitchen, Julia Child speeds out a machine-made *tapinade*—savory tuna for appetizer or salad—decorates expertly using knife and fork; they "look better than fingers"



In its corner of Julia Child's Cambridge, Massachusetts kitchen, her "Magimix"—known in the U.S. as Cuisinart Food Processor—made in France by Robot-Coupe (try translating that). Machine sells for about $175, does work of a staff of robots.



LIBERATED Beauty

The easy new way to healthy, carefree, and wear-proof summer looks

BY JOANNA BROWN

We're not talking about that old-fashioned stereotype BEAUTY. Liberated beauty is never a stereotype, since it's beauty that *does,* rather than beauty that *is.* There's nothing plastic or frozen about liberated beauty because it's the kind that comes from your whole self, not merely a pleasing configuration of features. It's a quality of life, not of looks. What you were given is only where you start—the *beauty* you create yourself.

Today we have acquired a surprisingly wide knowledge of our bodies, our psyches, our needs. This awareness, combined with recent technological advances in products, lets us live to the widest parameters of our being without ever having to stop and wonder, "How do I look?"

Selected waterproof eye makeup guide

No more will a sudden dunking leave your lashes oozing mascara. Say goodbye to eye shadows that creep and crawl over your lids. Waterproof eyes are here to stay and that means looks that won't desert you when you need them most. In addition to listing below and right some waterproof eye makeup, we've also indicated products that have a few special features, such as extra colors, sunscreen, or conditioners.

•EYE SHADOWS

Max Factor: Waterproof Eye Shadow
Dorothy Gray: Sheer Velvet Waterproof Eye Shadow Ⓒ
Love: Waterproof Eye Color
Maybelline: Great-Shadow
Germaine Monteil: Eye Color Ⓐ
'Ultima' II, Charles Revson: Super Luscious Creme Eyeshadow Ⓐ Ⓑ Ⓓ
Charlie Cosmetics by Revlon: Fresh Fresh Eyecolor Ⓐ Ⓑ
Revlon: Natural Wonder Crease-Proof Cream Shadow
Scandia: Integra Waterproof Eye Shadow Ⓑ

•MASCARAS

Aziza: Lash Lengthening Mascara With Sealer Ⓔ
Charles of the Ritz: Waterproof Mascara Ⓔ
Cutex "The Thing for Lashes": Brush-On Mascara
Max Factor: Lash Maker Waterproof Comb-On Mascara Ⓔ
Geminesse Enriched Fiber-Spun Mascara Ⓔ
Love: Waterproof Mascara E
Pure Magic: Quick 'n Thick Mascara
Maybelline: Blooming Colors Mascara ⒺⒻ
Germaine Monteil: Lash Color I Ⓔ
Revlon: Super Rich Mascara
Helena Rubinstein: Long-Lash Conditioning Mascara Ⓖ
Scandia: Integra Creme Mascara
Shiseido: Brush-On Mascara
Tussy: Waterproof Mascara

Ⓐ Gold Ⓑ Silver Ⓒ Fragrance-free Ⓓ Sunscreen Ⓔ Blue Ⓕ Plum Ⓖ Conditioning

The eyes have it

A brand-new powdered shadow that won't wash away

Charles Revson is the logical person to come up with the first waterproof powdered shadow ever made—Charlie Fresh Fresh Eyecolor.

A pioneer in research and development, his was the first cosmetic company to base products on performance as well as promise. As long ago as 1934 Revlon recalled items voluntarily when they did not live up to consumer expectations. And today the Revlon Research Center directs the largest network of microbiological control centers in the world.

As with all Revlon products, Charlie Fresh Fresh Eyecolor received the benefits of extensive and careful research and development. This included, in addition to laboratory work, months of careful evaluation under clinical and wear tests—all supervised by a dermatologist as well as a technical staff.

The results are now available to the public—a first-time powdered eyeshadow that is absolutely waterproof—which means cry-proof, rainproof, and truly foolproof. And, Fresh Fresh Eyecolor can be easily removed with cleansing lotion or washed off with soap and water. It comes in 32 shades, cremes and frosts, both silver and gold. The emollients in the Fresh Fresh Eyecolor formula give it a creamy texture, a super easy application, a soft, lustrous look.

The Liberated Face—on the page at left, the model is wearing "Silverfrost Black" Fresh Fresh Eyecolor and Bright Plum 67 Extra-Extra Shine Lipstick, both Charlie Cosmetics by Revlon. Hair and makeup by Rick Gillette.

HELMUT NEWTON

Safety FIRST

Discover the sun plan that suits your skin type, fits your life, and protects your looks

A major factor in liberated beauty is having the freedom to be and do whatever suits your particular nature. That includes the option to tan or not. Fortunately, today we have products that let us do either without any sacrifice of activity. **If the proper precautions are taken.** We can't emphasize that enough. Never spend time in the sun without applying a sunscreen (the type depends on your skin) and never spend **too much** time there. Complete immunity to the ill effects of the sun can never be assured.

•If you stay in the shade

Aloe PABA Absolute Sun Screen Cream is a complete sunblock that combines PABA's strength with the rich healing and moisturizing qualities of the aloe plant. • For protection in the water, try using Aloe Waterproof Fishermens Absolute Sunscreen—it lasts for hours. • Germaine Monteil has just introduced Super Sheen Face Color with ultraviolet screening agents. It's designed to give a gold or bronze glow with protection and moisture added.

•If you lounge by the pool

Remember that since your skin builds up its own protective layer of melanin after gradual exposure to the sun, you should begin with a stronger sunscreen and graduate to a lighter one. You might start with Coppertone Shade, which contains two sunscreens to promote gradual tanning while filtering burning rays. Move on to Coppertone Lotion once you've acquired your base tan. • One of the dangers of overexposure to sun and water is the loss of the skin's moisture. Some dermatologists recommend using a moisturizing lotion like Vaseline Intensive Care after you apply your suntan product to help retain the natural moisture of the skin.

•If you're always out of doors

The Dow Chemical Company recently developed the Aztec line of suntan products designed with sports in mind. There are three lotions of different sunscreening potential but all sharing a unique, patented protection. They contain polymers that form an invisible, umbrellalike matrix over the skin which reduces the loss of protection through evaporation, wiping away, or absorption. You can swim or perspire and Aztec stays with you. • For oily or problem skin which can often be aggravated by general suntan products, Bonne Bell has introduced Ten-O-Six Dermatan. It's a new kind of tanning gel that combines the blemish-fighting ingredients of Ten-O-Six with a sunscreen and contains no oils, waxes, or grease to complicate skin problems.

◀ THE RETURN OF A FAVORITE

HELMUT NEWTON

Left: First created in the 'thirties to give an appealingly moist look to the lips of Hollywood's finest, the original Max Factor Lip Gloss Stick has just been reintroduced. It's great to tuck in your beach bag to soothe and protect dry lips, and you can wear it over your regular lipstick or alone—either way, it packs a real wallop of extra gleam and shine. Makeup by Rick Gillette.

Rate your sun-sense

Do you know as much as you should about what happens to your skin in the sun?

1. Water screens out ultraviolet light.
   True_____ False_____
2. A sunscreen can protect skin from aging.
   True_____ False_____
3. Being hot has nothing to do with burning.
   True_____ False_____
4. A skin-darkening agent protects your skin from ultraviolet rays. True_____ False_____
5. A wet T-shirt is no protection from the sun.
   True_____ False_____
6. Once you're tan, you don't need a sunscreen.
   True_____ False_____
7. A commercial sunburn medication is a safe cure for burns. True_____ False_____
8. Oily skin burns more easily than dry skin.
   True_____ False_____

1. False. Water transmits virtually all ultraviolet rays, which is one of the reasons why you can get such a bad burn on cloudy days. When there is a total cloud cover, at least 50 percent of UV radiation gets through, and on hazy days almost 100 percent. This means that you must always count swimming time as part of your total exposure to the sun.

2. True. Dermatologists have begun to discover that the characteristics of "age" are identical with chronic sunlight changes, i.e., wrinkles, brown spots, and dilated blood vessels. There is a growing conviction that most of these changes are due to long-time exposure to the sun—and primarily to UV rays. (It's easy enough to check for yourself by examining the texture of the inside of your arm compared with that of the outside.) Armed with the knowledge of the super-destructive power of these rays, it would be wise to wear a sunscreen whenever you are going to be in the sun—even walking on a city street. The V of the neckline is particularly vulnerable since it is usually open to the sunshine and thus shows early signs of aging.

3. True. Actually, you are less likely to get a severe burn on a very hot day than on a breezy, cool one since the heat will probably drive you out of the sun toward a more comfortable, protected environment before you can overdo.

4. False. The ingredient in most darkening agent products, DHA, dihydroxyacetone, has absolutely no sunscreening effects. It's a clear chemical compound which develops a color on the skin resembling a tan; whether that color is brown or yellowish depends on your own skin chemistry. DHA is not harmful and can create an attractive, tanned look if used correctly and applied smoothly.

5. False. A wet T-shirt will protect you from about half of UV radiation. A general principle to remember is that whatever you can see, the sun can reach. Open weaves, for example, will let a great deal of light through, particularly when wet. The most effective block against the sun is an opaque covering—either clothing or an ointment like zinc oxide.

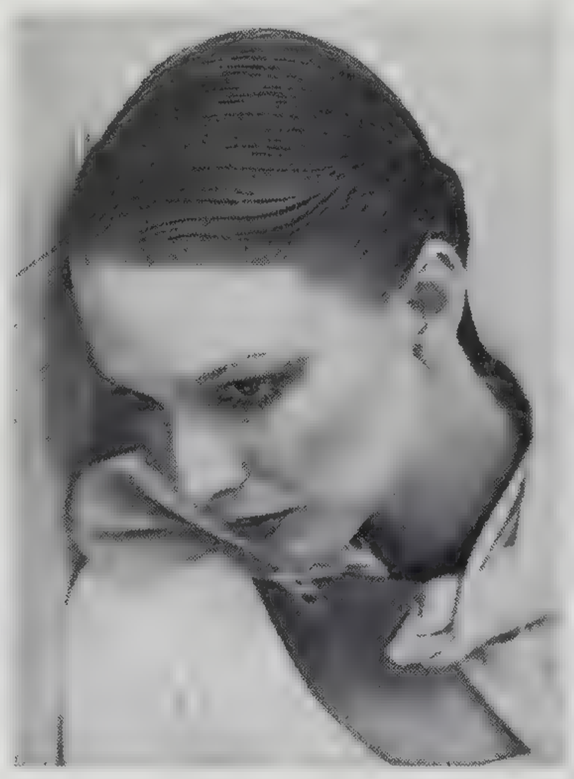
6. False. While a very dark tan does create a barrier to burning, many hours spent in the sun—particularly from 11:30 A.M. to 2:00 P.M., when UV waves are particularly strong—could cause you to burn through the tan. Generally speaking, if you plan to spend a great deal of time out of doors, applying a sunscreen is a sound idea; the extra protection will be all to the good, and the product will add moisture.

7. False. Most commercial sunburn medications contain ingredients which are intended to reduce pain, but which can sometimes cause allergic skin reactions. If pain is excessive or you blister (which means you have a second-degree burn that can easily become infected), go immediately to a doctor. For milder sunburn, take repeated cool baths, apply a paste of bicarbonate of soda and water, and take aspirin. If you find lying in bed too painful, shake lots of powder on the sheets and you'll elminate most of the irritating friction.

8. True. Because oily-skinned people often have dark, thick-skinned complexions, it is assumed the oiliness is one of the factors in what makes them tan easily. On the contrary, oiliness causes a broiling action. Thus, if your skin is very fair, thin, and oily, you will have to take extra precautions in the sun. If your skin is darkly pigmented, thick, and dry, you are a candidate for an easy, fast tan.

Let this be the summer you discover a hairstyle that's a lot more fun than work

Easy DOES IT



The look for hair now is smooth, sleek, and shiny. Rick Gillette, who created the hairstyles and makeup on these pages, has worked out a whole new way to wear your summer hair. "The cut is really crucial," he says. "It should be blunt, geometric, and all one length. I prefer it to fall between the bottom of the ear and just above the shoulder." After shampooing, dilute some setting lotion in a glass—you'll have to experiment to find the right strength for your hair—and comb your hair into place *(above)*. Try to let the hair dry absolutely straight, without turning under. That keeps the geometric look.

Take your hair from day to night with just a few sweeps of your comb





▲ Top row: The bangs become the smooth look. Comb lotion into wet hair and pull back. Hold with coated elastic and make a little roll of hair to cup an orchid. . . . Use heavy application of lotion for this. The sleekness is attractive in subdued lighting, and the great benefit of it is that you can walk right out of a shower and into your look.





◀ Bottom row: In the morning, comb the lotion through and tuck hair behind ears. This is an easy, no-nonsense style that will get you through the busiest day. At night, let the hair fall free. Find where the fullness happens and reinforce with light back combing.

WILLIAM CONNORS

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HAIR?

Late in the 1960's, Estée Lauder began to do the hair-care research that eventually resulted in the Azurée Hair Improvement Series. In talking with hundreds of women across the country, Mrs. Lauder realized that very few have a true understanding of their own hair, and consequently are often unable to select a product that fills their requirements. To answer this problem, Azurée demonstrators will not only be trained to analyze hair but will also provide consumers with an instructional brochure that deals with various hair conditions.

With the assistance of the research staff at Lauder, we have assembled a series of questions that will help you better understand your hair. To find out the kind of products you need, turn to page 34.

1. Is your forehead
a) quite oily?
d) moderately to hardly oily?
c) dry?

2. One day after shampooing does your scalp feel
a) moderately to very greasy?
b) comfortable?
c) itchy and tight?

3. How many days after shampooing does your hair lose its bright color and shine?
a) one day after shampooing
b) 2 to 4 days after shampooing
c) neither—it improves after several days

4. Two days after shampooing is your hair
a) much less fluffy?
b) still holding up?
c) just as good or better than on the first day?

5. When you run a comb through your hair
a) do you see so much scalp that you are unhappy about it?
b) do you not usually have reason to think about your scalp?
c) do you think combing would be easier if you had less hair?

6. Is your hair
a) quite short?
b) chin length?
c) shoulder length or longer?

7. Are broken or split ends
a) never a problem?
b) a minimal concern?
c) a "catastrophe"?

8. When you run your fingers through your hair, does it feel
a) noticeably silky?
b) a little more coarse at the ends?
c) coarse all over?

9. If you've straightened or "permed" your hair for style, does it
a) (question doesn't apply)
b) make no difference after you shampoo?
c) mean you have to "calm" your hair down after shampooing?



NEW HELP FOR DAMAGED HAIR

The myth of damaged hair is that only certain people have it. Truth is, all hair that is longer than six inches is by definition damaged—whether from combing, chemicals, color, or just plain use. Fortunately, Estée Lauder has come up with a complete program of care for every type of troublesome hair, the Azurée Hair Improvement Series. There are three Shampoos, each directed at a specific hair need, an Herbal Pack Conditioner, a Detangling Instant Conditioner, a Protein Structurizer, and Natural Care Hair Spray.



LIBERATED BEAUTY

STAY Lean

Are you letting the new body freedoms ruin your shape?



Everybody knows the old saw about the price of freedom being eternal vigilance. Well, that applies to our bodies as well. Let's not allow bra-less breasts to sag, un-girdled buttocks to get flabby, or sandal-shod feet to collapse. Maintaining our bodies **does** take consistent effort, but that's what liberated beauty is all about. Don't plunge into a sudden exercise program without checking with your doctor.

•Breasts



The best way to insure breast support is by building up the pectoral muscles. Try this simple exercise once a day. Place your hands on either side of a door jamb at eye level and push them together as hard as you can. Hold for eight seconds. Lower hands to chest level and repeat, then lower to waist level and repeat again. Do the entire series four times.

•Buttocks



This is a superb way to trim and firm both hips and thighs. Lie on your stomach with toes and heels together. Make fists and place them thumbs down closely against your sides. Let your chin and lower lip rest on the mat. Inhale half a lungful of air, tighten your body, and raise both legs as high as possible, pushing downward with arms. Hold this position for five seconds, then lower slowly, keeping legs together. Exhale slowly, turn cheek to mat, and let body go limp for a few moments. Do three times each day, gradually increasing holding time until you reach ten seconds.

•Feet



Feet are one of the least exercised areas of the body, but since many tensions lodge themselves there, a flexible foot can go a long way toward making you more relaxed and energetic. Try these two exercises:

- Kneel on a mat with your toes bent forward as though you were on tiptoe. Sit back on heels and adjust weight slowly so that you can eventually sit for five seconds. Initially, this will be difficult, because most toes are in a weakened condition. Be patient and you will find that not only are your toes in better shape, but your arch has been straightened and limbered.



- Kneel on mat with knees and feet together, toes pointing outward so tops of arches are against floor. Sit back with entire weight on heels. Sit erectly. This exercise not only stretches the upper tendons of the feet but limbers the knee joint and loosens ankles. There is no specific time limit, but start with a minimum of five seconds. It is such a relaxing and beneficial posture that many people eventually adopt it as a normal sitting position.

Learn the technique of soothing, stimulating, beneficial (and so relaxing) massage, *above*.



STAY LOOSE

Matilda Saab of The Health Club for Women, a New York center for sauna baths, posture control, and Swedish massage, recommends these massages, left, to ease tension and increase circulation.

•Lower Torso

1. Starting at the hip, work the palms and fingers in a rotating motion toward the sacrum (end of vertebrae column). This is the center of all nerves going down into legs and the heat created by the motion of the hands will radiate through the body and relieve taut muscles.

2. Using a rotating pressure of the fingertips, the flesh of the hips and buttocks is gently kneaded—never pinched. This stimulation works to break the concentrated fat in these tissues.

•Neck/shoulders

1. Use both hands to move the shoulder up and down in a rotating motion to loosen it.

2. After loosening shoulder muscles, move up to neck. First, place one hand on top of head to keep it in position, then place other hand over neck, following the spine up to the base of the skull. Rotate thumb and index finger firmly around vertebrae but without strenuously moving flesh.

NEW SUMMER BODY REFRESHER

Left: For circulation, skin tone, and a general feeling of well-being, it's hard to compete with a sauna. But, if you don't have one handy at the moment, give yourself a lift with Love's Minty Herbs, a new collection of bath and after-bath products combining real fresh mint for tingle and added herbs for a clean, just-picked fragrance. Love's Minty Herbs Bath and Shower Foam, Moisturizing Gel and Body Splash are designed to give your skin the refreshing sensation of an icy splash in the sauna.

HELMUT NEWTON





▶ **This summer's cotton dress—the sundress,** *opposite page,* which can be as easy as collecting three cotton knit tank tops—one peach, one black, one mint—and adding three matching drawstring dirndls of thin Indian cotton (. . . and occasionally you'll want to move them around—mint and peach are cool sherbet on a hot summer's day). By Cinnamon Wear. Tops, about $9 each; skirts, about $27 each. At Henri Bendel; The Carriage Shop; Bullock's.

▲ **New T-shirt dress—thin Indian cotton,** *above* —simple, charming, and in a dozen-plus colors (peach, turquoise, violet . . .) to dress any way you want: city, country, over a bikini. By Cinnamon Wear. About $40. At Henri Bendel; Bullock's.

◀ **The best summer pants,** *left:* pleat-front trousers of thin Madras cotton in strong clean pastels—blue, apricot, deep pink, green. Best way to have them: with matching short-sleeved shirts—to tie over, tuck in, or wear as a jacket for T-shirts. By Ralph Lauren. Shirts, about $30; pants, about $60. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; The Carriage Shop; Neusteters.

▼ **The perfect multiple T-shirt,** *below*—cotton knit, bare neckline, tiny sleeves, and available not just in basics but in a clutch of wonderful off-shade colors. Sampling: white, peach, raspberry, khaki, almond green, toast, red, navy. By Tric-Trac. About $11 each. At Bloomingdale's. Hair, Didier; accessories, next to last page of this issue.

THEO



JUNE FINDS

WHAT TO BUY IN MULTIPLE

The point: when you find the perfect summer pants—or great T-shirts, or almost any summer basic—don't buy one, buy one in every color. Because the secret to easy summer dressing isn't in having fifty different looks, it's having a dozen of the things you really live in—that don't cost a fortune!

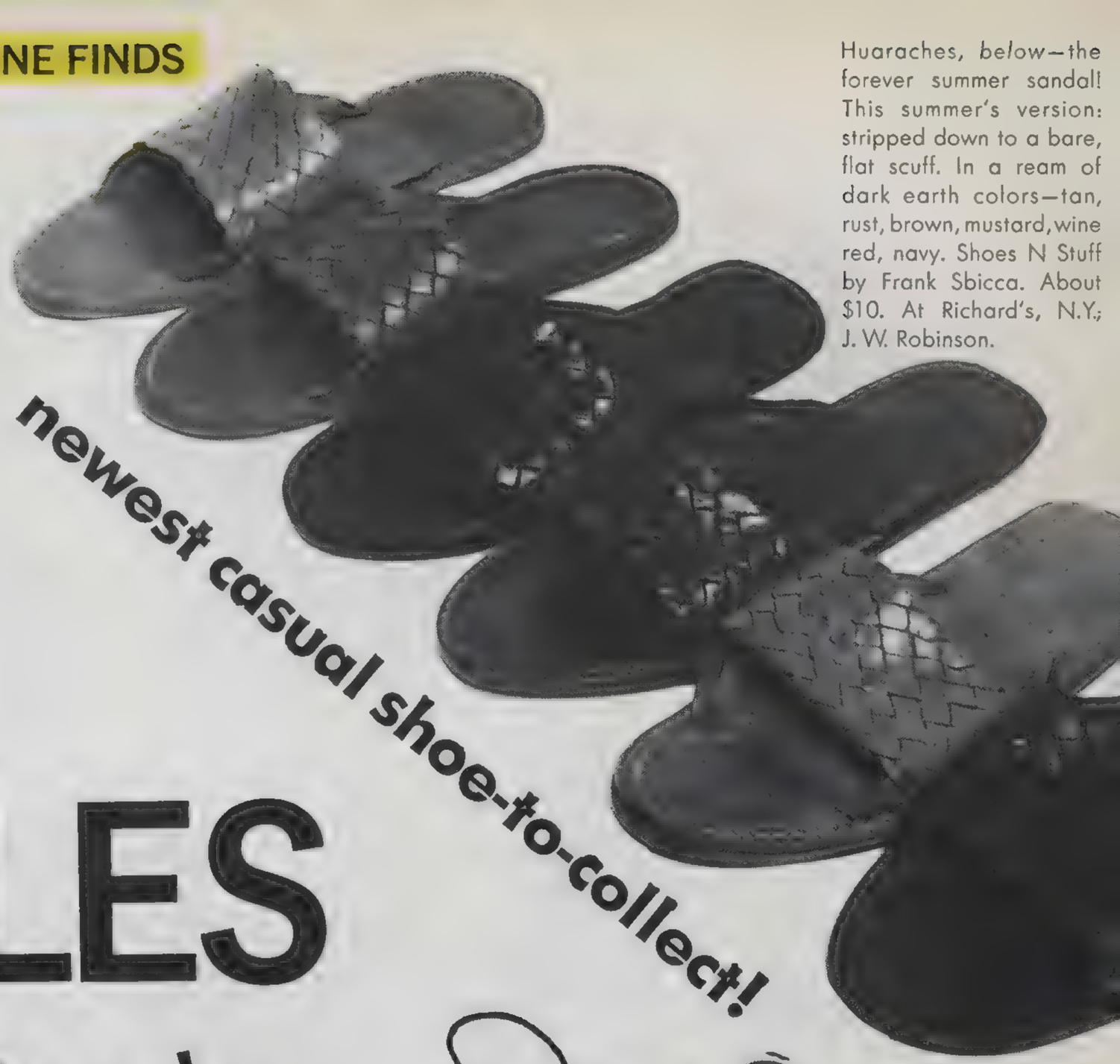


newest Ultrasuede thing to own



The extra-light, extra-roomy bamboo-handled ivory Ultrasuede pouch, *left*—the perfect in-and-out-of-the-city catchall. You can throw everything in it (including your everyday bag) and just go! By Bobby Breslau; Ultrasuede fabric by Springs. $145. Halston Ltd.

JUNE FINDS



newest casual shoe-to-collect!

Huaraches, *below*—the forever summer sandal! This summer's version: stripped down to a bare, flat scuff. In a ream of dark earth colors—tan, rust, brown, mustard, wine red, navy. Shoes N Stuff by Frank Sbicca. About $10. At Richard's, N.Y.; J. W. Robinson.

MULTIPLES

Two for you, sixteen for somebody else—however it works out, you're going to want more than one of almost everything on these two pages (and at these prices, you can afford them!)

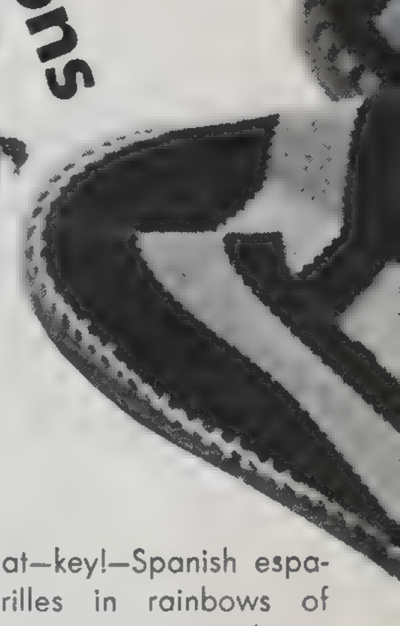


irresistible!—French bikinis in Liberty cottons

The tie-up canvas hobo bag, *below*, in khaki, bone, and blue—the newest summer stuff-in-everything hand-or-shoulder bag. (Stuff it in the washer any old time.) Bagatelle. $16. At Henri Bendel.



Found at last!—*above*: the hardest-to-find bikini. The sweet-sexy unstructured *cotton* bikini . . . and in Liberty prints to boot! These — mauve, navy, and blue—by Laetitia. About $35 each at De Noyer.



Flat—key!—Spanish espadrilles in rainbows of awning stripes, *right*, to wear as European children do—backs flattened, heels showing. Combinations of pink, yellow, aqua, blue, green, red, rust, and cinnamon. By Unisa. About $12. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore.

the bag to have in at least three colors



this year's bathing-suit cover

Pieces of natural, mauve, or spice cotton gauze, *right*, to wrap as a sarong for lunch-time bikini covering . . . or tie as a halter, a toga, wear as a shawl, use as a beach mat. (And if you want all three, fine—at $6 per, you can swing it!). By Mayme S. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop.

perfect summer evening bag

...*above:* pink satin and delicious! And a godsend evening bag for everyone who likes to carry more than a lipsick and a dime. By Bagatelle. $20. At Henri Bendel.

the best bathing cap

89¢!

Bright thin-rubber racing caps, *above*—best-looking caps in the water (no frills—form follows function!). By Sunwear. Gimbels, N.Y.; Woodward & Lothrop.

new stripe of espadrille...new way to wear it

Bright little terry caps, *right*, when you just want something to catch the splashes from paddling, wading, jumping the waves. . . . Red, white, or blue; by Don Marshall. About $9. Bloomingdale's.

bathing cap for unserious swimming

ALBERTO RIZZO

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The Great All-American Super Summer Classics

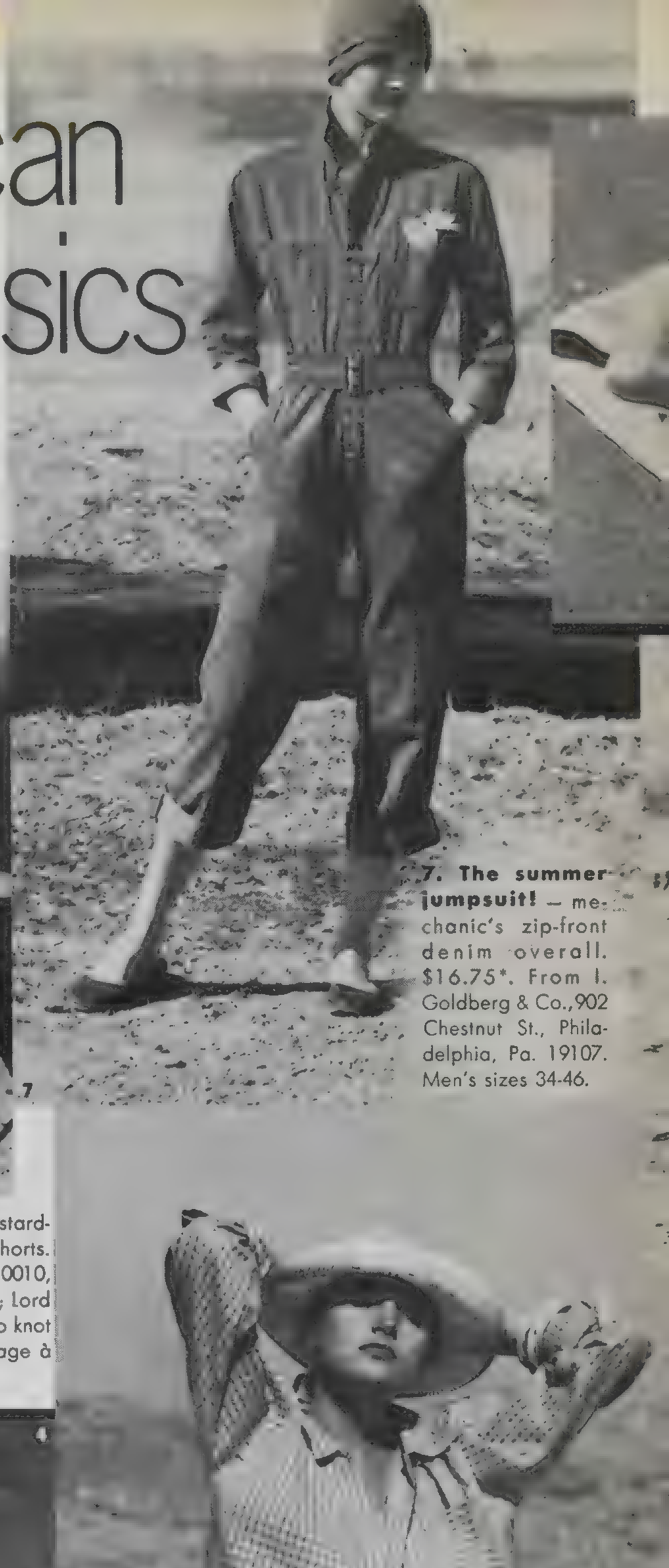
the most perfect—most casual—summer clothes. From great American catalogs, army/navy stores, mail-order places....And almost everything is *under* $25!!!...



Shirts



1. The classic cotton riding shirt—navy-mustard-white-ice blue checks. To tuck in khaki poplin shorts. Shirt: H. Kauffman & Sons, 139 E. 24 St., N.Y.C. 10010, $11.95*. (Catalog, $1). Shorts: Davenshire, $11; Lord & Taylor....**2. The WAC shirt** in khaki cotton to knot on the midriff over jeans, shorts, fatigues. Ménage à Trois, 222 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10010; $16.50*.



7. The summer jumpsuit! — mechanic's zip-front denim overall. $16.75*. From I. Goldberg & Co., 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. Men's sizes 34-46.







Ethnic classics! Mexican oversized cotton shirts, to wear with jeans, shorts, bathing suits. 3. The plaid pullover shirt in red-green-navy. $11*....**4.** The perfect summer jacket—the pleated-front shirt in washed-lilac muslin, $12*....**5.** To show summer skin—the wide one-button shirt in sky blue-black-and-white, $11*. All, Mexican Art Annex, 23 West 56 St., N.Y.C. 10019.

6. Cold-day beach wrap—the best beach blanket—an olive-drab Army quilt. $12.50*, from I. Goldberg & Co., 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. Catalog available.

BARBARA BERSELL



Shorts

12. Hot-weather uniform—Army drab undershirt, Air Force khaki poplin shorts. For charm!—the small-brimmed thin straw hat. Top, 99¢, at Kaufman's, 319 W. 42 St., N.Y.C. 10036. Shorts, $4.95*, from Weiss & Mahoney, 142 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011.... **13. Bombay bloomers!**—buckle-front shorts in dark-khaki cotton twill; faded-apricot cotton lab shirt. Shorts, $45, at Jackie Rogers, 27 E. 67 St., N.Y.C. 10021. Shirt, Tomiyo. $16. Bloomingdale's (Lexington level).

12

13

Sweaters

14. Super-smashing! Navy-and-white tweed turtleneck, in oiled wool—natural waterproofing! Sizes s-m-l; $35*.... **15. The sailing sweater**—thick, cream popcorn-knit wool. $39*. Both, from Fulton Supply Co., 23 Fulton St., N.Y.C. 10002 (catalog available).

14

15

16

Jeans

8

8. Fatigue jeans—olive poplin, rope-belted—and a sexy-small lace-edged écru T-shirt! Jeans: Weiss & Mahoney, 142 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011. New, $8.95*; used, $2.95-$4.95* Shirt, by French Maid. $17* at The Great Put-On, Box 532, Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 02539. . . . **9. The best jeans ever**—soft, pre-faded denim, slim, straight-legged—perfect! By Wrangler, $15 at Wrangler Wranch, 1074 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10021.

16. American casual—the British army commando sweater—ribbed olive wool, cotton elbow and shoulder patches. $12.75*. I. Goldberg & Co., 902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107 (catalog available).

10

10. For keys, coins—a little leather pouch to loop on a rope belt. $4.25*; other sizes—and catalog—from L. L. Bean, Freeport, Me. 04032. **11. The great jeans shoe**—butterscotch deerskin moccasins—the softest! $18, at Stitching Horse, 841 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10021....

11

Jackets

17

17. Casual sexy!—British racing-green nylon windbreaker over a bikini. $11*, from L. L. Bean, Freeport, Me. 04032 (catalog available).

18. Classic beach rain look—the taxi-yellow slicker, sleeves rolled. $11,* from Fulton Supply Co., 23 Fulton St., N.Y.C. 10002 (catalog available). All accessories, next to last page.

18

*Price includes postage and handling

Diana Vreeland:

RAPTURE IN JAPAN



Diana Vreeland, flanked by Sumo wrestlers who have been designated "Living National Treasures," at a party given by her hosts—the Kyoto National Museum of Modern Art and the Kyoto Chamber of Commerce

An extraordinary American woman tells of instant dream-realization: the joy she experienced in discovering Japan

In the eighth century the capital of Japan was moved to Kyoto and that's really where Japanese history begins; and that's where all my dreams of Japan started, because that's the *Tales of Genji* and the *Pillow Book* and all that. Curiously enough it's been a passion of mine all my life—my cult. Some people have Proust; I have *Tales of Genji* and I've read them and reread them. The most extraordinary thing was that for me going to Japan was a dream come true—after visualizing it all my life through its literature and poetry. Kyoto *is* Japan.

I went to Japan to complete the arranging and the opening of my show of fashions of the 1910's, '20's, and '30's, which traveled from the Costume Institute of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art to the Museum of Modern Art in Kyoto. I spent two weeks in Kyoto, which is really a very great luxury.

As we flew from Tokyo to Osaka, we saw Mt. Fuji. I couldn't believe it—this cone of white-white snow. We were flying—you might say neck and neck with the mountain—all white, nothing but white coming out of these big bosomy clouds. It had a golden light on it. The Japanese consider seeing Fuji from the air great luck and it's very rare. We looked at the peak for about ten minutes—beautiful.

Kyoto is a very *perfect* city. It has factories, modern living, and modern hotels where you live well and luxuriously. In Kyoto, you also have all the benefits of the beauty of the past wonderfully maintained. I think one of the marvels of Japan is that everything modern fits in so beautifully with the ancient: there is no beginning or end—it is a sequence.

Japan is a northern country—a cold country. That's perhaps why the flowers are so beautiful and why the Japanese care so much about color and flowers. Even their department stores are filled with troughs of cinerarias, primulas, beautiful primroses. And, for our show, they lined the whole Museum of Modern Art in Kyoto with flowering plants. Can you imagine?

The Japanese use the same care in the marvelously and touchingly kind way they treat their guests. When they put out their hands, when they arrange things for you, it's total. They're totally sure that what they're doing is exactly what they should do, because they have had many hundreds of years of knowing exactly how to do it. They do nothing that isn't perfection.

My hosts gave a beautiful party for me—and in the middle of the evening it snowed! It was the most romantic thing—you can't imagine how romantic it was! All the men were in kimonos—all the women were in kimonos—and the snow coming down like flowers on flowers.

When I came in, the violinist from Tokyo's Maxim's (of Paris) received me in his red jacket playing his violin. That's number one. Then we went to hear the musicians. And eighth-century music was played by two very famous musicians—in modern time—so it was terribly, terribly exciting. Next we went through the most beautiful Japanese garden of waterfalls and bridges toward the main house. There was a rumble of drums and the sounds of horns and of flutes and I was taken up two flights of stairs and into a room and at the back of the room was a huge red box. Then it was opened and guess what was inside? The two champion wrestlers of Japan! I called them "the pink babies"; they are national works of art; their skin was the most beautiful thing you have ever seen *in your life!* My grandson said, "I know you wanted to bite their stomachs—it was written all over your face!"

Another night I was asked to dine by a very charming man from the Chamber of Commerce and he would have some men friends there. So I went into this beautiful coffee-colored wood house—all of the old wooden houses are coffee-colored—through a beautiful garden with water flowing, and into the house . . . immaculate. I endorse this taking off of shoes. The interior becomes completely different; it has nothing to do with the exterior. It is so private when you come in, because everything is so clean.

So we took off our shoes, we were on tatami—tatami everywhere—beautiful halls—all of this golden straw; and then I came into a room with the table set on the middle of the floor and a forty-foot gold screen at one end. I was the only woman there except for my interpreter (Japan is Japanese; no one speaks English, unlike most other countries). Then, in came the geishas! They are the most *charming* women. They move so beautifully. From the age of about nine or ten they are trained to move, to dance, to sing, to entertain, to please—to please!

I asked them all sorts of questions such as what they wore in the mornings, and they told me they put on slacks and a sweater to take the children to school. (I didn't ask whose children.) I asked one what she put on under the white-lacquer paint on her face, because it would ruin your skin in six months; and she said olive oil. The makeup she used around her eyes turned out to be Estée Lauder and her extraordinarily gleaming lipstick was Revlon!

Every girl in the world should have geisha training. They look like lotus flowers. They're amusing—they're amused. They're amusing to men—I don't mean outrageously. There's nothing quickened about the way they move—it's all *very quiet*. One afternoon I went to see (they only do it twice a year) the geishas give a performance in all their kimonos—doing all their dances. . . . We don't know what fantasy is—that's all! At least I didn't—too beautiful for any words—just too beautiful.

I saw three wonderful performances at the Kabuki theater—which I happen to be crazy about (I went twelve nights when it was in New York). The new sensation of the Kabuki is a twenty-four-year-old boy, Tamasaburo, who always plays the part of a woman. I have never seen anything so exquisite in my life. If I had a daughter, I would send her to the Kabuki to learn to be a woman.

In Kyoto, I stayed at the very attractive and enormous hotel Miyako. I had European rooms with European bathrooms. But if you climb some stairs and go through a Japanese garden and then climb more stairs, there's a tatami quarter where you can sleep on the floor, wear no shoes, and take boiling baths in Japanese-style deep square tubs. (You scrub first, then get into the water to rinse and *relax.)*

Throughout Japan, everyone seems to be on the run—and the people who serve you are filled with a sense of joy and fun. There's no tipping—the hairdresser, taxi drivers, waiters—they *don't want it.*

One day, a very good friend, Sir Fred Warner, the British ambassador, took me out to lunch. And a great fashion in modern Japan is traditional food—always—which I absolutely adore. Of course, you take off your shoes at the restaurant door, walk in on a tatami; and you sit around a bar putting your feet down on a pad—which goes around the entire bar—of heat! which is too delightful! So that you relax at once—do you understand?

The most recherché thing in the country is the raw beef—the Kobe beef. The cattle are fed beer—it's very famous all over the world and they give you slivers thinner than your fingernail of this raw beef and it is marvelous. The food was all divine. People say: oh, you're eating a garden. I didn't feel that I was eating a garden at all. I felt I was eating awfully good substantial food. And frightfully fast service—the speed of everybody—that's why everything is so clean.

About an hour's drive from Kyoto lies Nara, Japan's first permanent capital, built under the influence of the Chinese. It's this scarlet-lacquer, orange-lacquer town—it's unbelievable! It was a day of such golden light. Everything is scarlet and you see temples, shrines, palaces all linked with porches like those in Heian paintings where the women's hair (Continued on page 145)

"On what ground could they meet? . . . the clarion dove from the Bronx—Bella Abzug—and the cooing hawk from the Garden State—Millicent Fenwick"

MILLICENT FENWICK

(Continued from page 121)

friendship is good.

When I am in the presence of a Republican, and especially when the Republican is an incumbent, my *nom de guerre* (and I use the term in its original military sense) is Miss Missouri and you gotta show me. But I believe Rep. Fenwick (R., N.J.) and I trust her. She said something to me that at first sounded as facile as something that might appear in the *Reader's Digest*, or it sounded as naïve as if it came from the lips of a silly debutante trying to make dinner conversation with a member of the Supreme Court. But then it sounded so radical that I hoped our chairs weren't bugged.

Mrs. Fenwick said, "The whole point of government is justice." A friend of hers and a friend of mine later on observed to me, "Millicent thinks; and she does more, she *ponders*." She had pondered the purpose of government and had come to the stern and incontrovertible conclusion that it was justice. Nothing on earth (and probably nothing in heaven above) is more intricate, more ramified and reticulated, more set about by peril and pitfalls than justice. The word and its antonym are used quadrillions of times a day. But the studious contemplation of its meaning is not widespread. And laboring to realize the principles it connotes is rare.

Mrs. Fenwick, née Hammond, owns a good deal of money and it is very old. John Stevens, from whom she is descended on the maternal side, sowed the seeds of the fortune in property around Hoboken which he bought from a Loyalist who was forced to say "Uncle" after the War of Independence. Stevens was an inventor and a pioneer in steamshipping, and Hoboken, on the Jersey shore of New York Bay, was the ideal place for him to work and thrive. Mrs. Fenwick lives in Bernardsville, in actual miles not far from Hoboken and Jersey City, in social custom and in income per capita as wide asunder as pole and pole. In her neighborhood, the landed gentry still course through lovely hills and fields and, in lovely houses, still sit down to hunt breakfasts in their smart pink coats and smart hard hats. For a few years, in the early 'thirties, Mrs. Fenwick rode to Archie Randolph's packs of hounds, but since then she has had neither the time nor the inclination to do so.

In 1915, two years before the United States entered World War I, when Millicent was five, her mother took ship to Europe to work as a volunteer; she booked passage on the *Lusitania* and she did not survive the sinking of it off the coast of Ireland, when it was torpedoed by a German submarine. Millicent was schooled for a while at Foxcroft in Virginia and left to spend some years in Madrid where her father was our Ambassador to Spain, appointed by Calvin Coolidge. They returned in 1929, deafened by the detonations of the Crash.

Millicent Hammond took some courses at Columbia University and she studied at the New School for Social Research with Bertrand Russell who became a friend and dined with her one evening each week after his lecture. Millicent began work as a fashion model for *Harper's Bazaar*, and she went on to join the feature staff of Vogue where she remained for fourteen years. During this time, she wrote *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* which was published in 1948; it is a stout manual and it remains a reliable crutch. She did not entirely enjoy the compilation of these rules for the placing of fish forks and knives and warnings against amazing gaucheries, such as: "Women (and men, too, of course) should not smoke while dancing." But what she did enjoy and enjoyed with all her heart was a barnstorming trip she took throughout the country, always by train, to promote the book, lecturing to women's clubs on the protocol in receiving lines after church weddings and the management of dinner parties with only one maid.

Having heretofore known only the Atlantic seaboard, Europe, England, and South America (she'd gone there to do a story for Vogue and such was her curiosity and such her painstaking diligence that she covered far more ground than she needed and investigated wildernesses and culs-de-sac that had nothing to do with her assignment), she was astounded by the versatility of the American landscape, the American mind, the boundless variety of the customs of the country. The excitement of the revelation has not worn out. I asked her if she had been to Iowa; she had, and together we applauded the black soil and the splendid hogs and the handsome barns and corncribs and farmhouses in Grant Wood's territory.

Mrs. Fenwick married young, had two children (she has eight grandchildren), divorced young, and has never remarried. In 1952, she quit work and went back home to Bernardsville. She told me—but she was spoofing—that she had thought to be a country gentlewoman, to garden and to render flowers and butterflies in needlepoint, and to read before the fire, perhaps to write. She had for years, all during the time she was on Vogue, been involved in local politics and on weekends when she could she went to the country where she was on committees concerned with, among other matters, prison reform, housing, and civil rights. Once back permanently in residence, she devoted a good part of her weekdays as well as weekends to county affairs. In the 'sixties, she left her parochial confines and began to work for the State of New Jersey to further civil rights, equal employment opportunity, to expand legal aid, and to study drug abuse. From 1969 until 1971, she served in the New Jersey Assembly; in 1972, she resigned from the legislature and for the next two years acted as director of the New Jersey Division of Consumer Affairs. And now she is in Washington in the thick of very thick things.

Millicent Fenwick gets to her office at 7:30 in the morning to go through as much of her pounds of mail as she can; she answers every letter and she replies to protests, answers hard questions, and gives thanks for congratulations and encouragement; and she does so specifically: her constituent knows she has read the letter. She did not simply tell me this, she showed me a huge batch of correspondence that represented one day's post.

Elective office excites Mrs. Fenwick: she was sent to Capitol Hill by her friends and neighbors and the local constabulary and her butcher and the check-out girls at the supermarkets. (Once, when she came back to Washington after a recess, she found that her office had been repainted and the furniture refurbished: she had made no request for the improvements and she was outraged at this frivolous use of taxpayers' money, (Continued on page 140)



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"It's evident that Millicent Fenwick finds the situation in Congress an unholy mess, damned poor housekeeping, and funny only as a spectacle"

MILLICENT FENWICK

(Continued from page 139)

of the money hard earned by the man who collects her trash and the crews who keep the roads in repair.)

Appointments begin at 8:30 or 9:00, committee meetings usually start at 10:00; the sessions in the House begin at noon, but generally there is only a scattering in the great hall. Mrs. Fenwick, however, is always there on time. The population seems to be in perpetual motion; and often when bells ring everywhere, summoning everyone, a good many members vote on an issue, the debate for or against which they have not heard but will read the following day in the *Congressional Record*. Mrs. Fenwick describes this mess with the light touch she has ("You haven't had lunch, so you wait for a lull between speeches and nip out to the cafeteria to get a toasted wienie on a flabby bun"), but it is quite evident that she thinks it's an *unholy* mess, damned poor housekeeping, and funny only as a spectacle.

Millicent Fenwick is burdened by a good many disadvantages. She represents, in a Democratic Congress, a district that has been rock-ribbed hidebound conservative Republican since the beginning of the two-party system; she is an aristocrat and wears the habiliments and has the manners and the carriage and the delivery of an aristocrat in an age when breeding and taste are suspect in public life and vulgarity is in the ascendancy. Moreover, she has visible and ample unearned means of support.

Mrs. Fenwick is also quick on the draw, and her riposte to a colleague when she was still in the New Jersey Assembly is now quoted whenever her name comes up: She had made a speech proposing an Equal Right's Amendment, "One of my colleagues rose and . . . said, 'I just don't like this amendment: I've always thought of women as kissable and cuddly and smelling good!' It was the kind of thing you really don't believe. The only answer, of course, was, 'That's the way I've always felt about men and I hope, for your sake, that you haven't been disappointed as often as I have.' " This kind of drawing-room charm may well prove to be a liability and used as a weapon against her by her enemies.

In general, hers would be a rather bleak outlook if it weren't for the fact that Millicent Fenwick is a tough campaigner, an adroit and seasoned politician, an embattled enemy of waste and exploitation, a responsible citizen.

In *The American Scene*, Henry James wrote, ". . . it takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition, and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste, and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquillity." He was sorrowfully pessimistic when he made this observation about his native land when he came back in the twentieth year of his expatriation, calling himself "the restless analyst." We are far less tasteful and vastly less tranquil than when his book was published in 1907 and it is conceivable that today he would not give any quarter to his compatriots—no, he would, and it would not be grudging, but it would be granted with many reservations.

Although our nation is international and polyglot through intermarriage with peoples from every land of the globe, Americans tend, in times of distress, to look for help among those whose forefathers were among the founding fathers. Perhaps we are childish in so doing and unrealistic, for the blood has thinned and the heart is wanting in its original purity. Nevertheless, we do not cease our search for continuity, for the anima in which were born the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. In our present frenetic confusion, in our grave and debilitating illness, we are most solaced by the promises of goodwill the settlers made to one another. Mrs. Fenwick is fortunate in the accident of her birth into tradition; and when she says, "The point of government is justice," she demonstrates that she is a democratic citizen of this Republic. ▽

"I worry . . . about the possible danger of the young people losing their initiative"

ROCKEFELLER

(Continued from page 115)

grand-scale formality and splendor with the warming over-notes of family residence. Upstairs, Happy Rockefeller shifted out furniture too fine for small children to climb on or fall off. Bright, sunny, comfortably overstuffed with the get-along of living, the sitting room has a casually propped frieze of photographs, mostly of young, smiling faces. A memo with a brief luncheon menu begins, "Hamburger on bun." A copy of Walt Whitman's "Miracles" lies on a sheet of needlework instructions. On the floor a box of clippings, with a dour photograph of Happy Rockefeller visible in one, looks as if it might well be a lounge for her Shihtzu Wang, floppy descendant of the temple dogs that, in stone, guard the front door of Kykuit. A dilapidated mobile of stuffed felt birds, made at an early age by her daughter Malinda, the youngest of her four children from her first marriage, hangs in a window framing one of America's great spectacles, the Hudson River Valley.

Of the Catskills she overlooks Washington Irving wrote in *Rip Van Winkle:* "Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains." That view, that river have a lot going for Happy Rockefeller: "I'm crazy about history and nature," she said. Nature in the sense of gardening, re-ordering it? "No, I like Einstein's saying that the mystery of nature lies in her grandeur, not in her cunning."

One portion of history she cherishes is that of this valley, and she rolls out who-was-where-when faster than a listener can reel it in. Her sons, especially Nelson, have started treasure-hunting the region for old bottles, some as common as yesterday, some rare (young Nelson, she says, is quickly learning their separate worths)—all part of the historical continum. A portion of the collection has a special case in their father's art gallery.

Washington Irving, one of Happy Rockefeller's heroes, she calls the "Thomas Jefferson of the North," quickly adding that he never became President because, although he was asked to, he never ran for any office (unlike his latter-day neighbor up the hill). Like Jefferson, Irving was a cultivated, gifted, well-traveled man who served his country abroad. Like Jefferson, he was the imaginer and contriver of his house, in this case, the enchanting, Sunnyside, begun in 1835 beside the Hudson. This house now, with Philipsburg Manor in North Tarrytown and Van Cortlandt Manor in Croton-on-Hudson, comprise the first three of the Sleepy Hollow Restorations. A trustee and member of the corporation of Sleepy Hollow Restorations, Inc., Happy Rockefeller has a warm, informed, informal relationship with the curators and the buildings. She strides through them, smiling, remembering details, making precise introductions with practiced political wifemanship, and carefully assigning credit to the staff she admires.

These three Sleepy Hollow houses—one seventeenth century, one eighteenth, one nineteenth—have unusual aliveness, lacking the cold breath of museums, but with the warm breath of amicable ghosts, and the chat of informed guides.

Someday, bringing the Restorations into the twentieth century, there will be the fourth house, Kykuit, with its gardens, and fountains, and bronze *torchères* lighting the front door with iridescent swirls of red-glass flame. Among them, all these buildings have housed a lot of American hopes and anguishes, and losings and prosperings, and the raising of families. . . .

"In the past, Americans had a terribly strong family structure," Happy Rockefeller said: "The son went out and worked with the father and the daughter helped the mother. Children were expected to pull their own oar—they were not allowed the luxury of idleness or overprotection.

"As a result they had a strong sense of accomplishing something on their own, and I think this is vital to the emotional and intellectual growth of the child. I worry about some of the so-called modern trends, and the possible danger of the young losing their initiative."

Last New Year's Eve, the Nelson Rockefellers watched 1975 in with the Henry Kissingers. As a surprise, young Nelson and Mark made New Year's resolutions to present at midnight. Mark's began with a wish that must be as old as the history of America and of its families "Evry body should have a bater time." ▽

"Wit is terribly important, but we all know people in social orders who are not the slightest bit witty. Who are, in fact, dumb"

CHARLOTTE CURTIS

(Continued from page 116)

go out in the news sections, they'd say, 'You're against us, because there should be a page devoted exclusively to feminist problems.' We are beyond that now; the mixture prevails.

"My field is American history; I had a combination major in college—the minor was sociology. But sociology, economics, cultural history—all this is part of American history. **We don't come full-blown into this world; we are rooted in tradition.** The only way we can define ourselves, to project what we will be, is by looking at what we were and then looking at us now. To ground everything in history in terms of reporting is absolutely essential.

"We define ourselves by everything we do. **Our clothes are our political statement.** The way we wear our hair is a political statement. We have chosen this way over another way because we think it makes us beautiful, because it makes us look like Marie Antoinette, because it's the way everybody's wearing her hair. There's a reason for it.

"Year in, year out, my hair gets short or long, but it's essentially the same way I've always worn it. Mostly because I know how to do it this way and I've been doing it myself my whole life. It says that I don't have much use for wasting time on hairdressing. Nobody does my nails, either. I just don't think those things are important.

"By the same token, there is a scale from zero to one hundred. Some people worry about their appearance twenty-four hours a day; some people don't worry at all and just slob around. Then there are all of us who are pretty much in between. I'm somewhere in between. I don't go around in blue jeans and my old work shirt; I don't wear stockings with runs. It's only a matter of degree.

"We may be defined by our accent, by college education, by street address, by taste in food as well as in clothes. And, obviously, **one of the ways in which we're defined is where our money comes from.** There's quite a difference between someone who never had to work for a dollar and someone who has. If you're going to write about people, you've got to take these things into cognizance, and say them. The problem in doing this is that if you aren't careful, you stereotype or oversimplify. **New money isn't necessarily gauche, any more than old money is necessarily well mannered.** It just doesn't work out that way.

"I think there is a true society here in this country. But we have to talk about it in American terms. It's a young society. In ways, society is perhaps that upper 25 percent economically. You have to have some money to be able to indulge in this game. You have to have some charm. You have to be interested enough in things like fashion, in food, entertaining, decorating houses. You have to care enough to be able to do this to be social.

"Society really has to do with leisure time—whom you spend it with and how you spend it. It divides also into the question of taste and what you do. But in the end, the essential ingredients are charm and money.

"Wit is terribly important, except that, of course, we all know plenty of people in social orders who are not the slightest bit witty. Who are, in fact, dumb. You also have to have good manners. But charm really has to do with good manners in some way.

"Society changes; new blood comes in, old blood drops out. People get tired of the rat race and are replaced by people who like the rat race. It's slightly more worldly now than it has been in previous generations.

"But then, of course, there are divisions. Bostonians are not too much concerned about what they wear or about houses. They have their houses. They are given to government service and to community responsibility, whereas other social orders are sometimes interested only in pleasure. And we have all degrees in between.

"The easiest society to break into is New York society; the hardest would be a place like Columbus, Baltimore, or Indianapolis. Los Angeles isn't hard to be part of, either. The most liberal two cities in this country are perhaps Los Angeles and New York. They are the easiest social orders because, among other things, they're big, so they're subdivided —into the arts group, the intellectual group, or whatever. There's a place for everyone. They welcome new blood, excitedly.

"Other societies, in smaller towns, don't like invasion by outsiders too well. **You could live in New England for fifty years and still be a foreigner.** That's not true in the Middle West; it doesn't take that long there.

"These questions seem to be laundry lists of trivia to people who don't understand how this all works psychologically. But many people can't define themselves except in terms of other people's definitions. They grab a label from this one, and a label from that one, and a label from the next. They can't define themselves, and they're so insecure they *won't* define themselves—it's easier to let whosits do it for them: his hat, his gloves, his intellectual opinions, dinner-table conversation.

"I think that the most important thing about the Women's Movement is that women themselves are learning what they are, their own value and their own merit. With this learning, plus affirmative action, and resort to the courts if necessary, certainly they are going to make advances. But the advances are very few in terms of the needs of the society. Far more women should be physicians, far more women should be editors, far more women should be educators. One of our priorities should be that we make our society as inclusive as possible. Far more Blacks should be physicians, far more Blacks should be educators, lawyers. I really wish that more women and Blacks would run for office. I feel very strongly about both of them. It's very difficult for me to sort out one from the other.

"It's a terrible time right now in this society, in this economic situation, with unemployment the way it is. We're not going to have any gains for Blacks or women now, not for a while. Blacks and women are going to be the last hired, first fired.

"In some ways, it's a good time for women. If there are important job openings, there's no question that there is now some pressure to put women in those executive jobs. But when you put that simultaneously with a recessed economy, the tendency will be to lock in with the people you've got. And there go women and Blacks again.

"It's also a time of transistion for women. It depends partly on your age, partly on where your head is in terms of the Women's Movement. On the one hand, women in the Movement are disappointed, very disappointed. On the other hand, older women—because the world is so much better in terms of their own lives —are delighted by the affirmative action. But it's a hard time because, among other things, **marriages aren't going to be the same, social relations aren't going to be the same.** The world is going to be very different.

"I must say that I never intended to marry anyone from Columbus, Ohio. And I actively did not plan to commute to my marriage. Although, as it turns out, it's ideal for us.

"My husband and I have weekends together, and vacations, and whenever one of us is in the other one's territory on business. His job comes first, my job comes first. Although we say that, we don't really mean it; because to each the other comes first and our jobs come second. But it's all interwoven. It's the only kind of arrangement, really, that would work for poeple like us. **My husband is not interested in having somebody worrying about groceries, sitting home and seeing that the magazines are all arranged and that the flowers are delivered.** He's interested in someone who's doing something. That's not for every man. And I'm interested in a husband that's doing something. By the same token, this kind of marriage is not for every woman.

"I know a great many women who are more talented than I am, who are more capable and have more energy. It is the art of accident that I'm here and they aren't. It has a great deal to do with luck. Yes, you have to be talented. Yes, you have to be capable; yes, you have to have energy; yes, as a woman, you have to work harder than the man in this society. But almost everybody that I know who is very successful also has had very good luck along the way. It's happenstance. If I'd been there at the right time, I might own the paper now.

"I don't aspire to any more editorial responsibilities; I aspire to fewer editorial responsibilities and more writing responsibilities. Writers write. I don't know about editors. I don't know *what* they do."

—REPORTED BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

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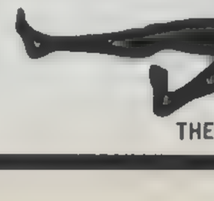
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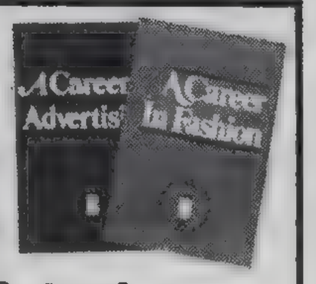
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"We're living much kinder lives. We're not here to hurt each other; we realize that other people get hurt, too"

BARBARA WALTERS

(Continued from page 118)

"I wanted her very much. It's overemotional to say it, but my life would be totally different without her. She just thrills me so.

"I'm much freer now. I was very shy; **it was hard for me to smile.** I would not be the one who approached first. I now would. I used to feel—the feeling that all shy people have—that maybe I won't be wanted. I'll be intruding. But now people say that to me, and I realize that it's important to put people at ease. I don't want them to feel that I'm formidable or that I've gotten much too big for myself. I feel this especially with my friends. You know, we are still so close. And I never want them to feel—oh, she's made it, she doesn't have time for us. If they don't call me, I call them.

"We've all gone through so much, whether we've gone through it politically in this country or personally—with the flower children, with 'do your own thing,' with questioning how we feel about ourselves emotionally and sexually and intellectually—that **people are kinder to each other now.** We're living kinder lives—less frenetic, less selfish. I know that it's not just what's happened in my own life. We're not here to hurt each other; we realize that other people get hurt, too.

"People are terribly afraid that America is on the brink of some kind of cataclysmic disaster. That their social system's going to fall apart—that there's no inner core to Americans anymore. I don't feel this.

"Economically and politically, we have very grave problems. We have to reassess both parts of our system and there are going to be great changes. We're living in a world that is more and more turning to socialism. What's happened in Portugal has profound implications that we haven't faced yet. It's going to be very difficult for us to realize that we have to make changes in our own country. But I think we will, and I trust the basic sanity of our people.

"I also find most women are being more encouraging to other women. People used to say to me, 'Do you find that women are not your supporters?' **Women are my greatest supporters.** The only ones who are not are women who are somehow threatened by another who is successful at her work. In part, it has been because of the Women's Movement—the idea that if you stayed at home, there must be something wrong with you. That's the only destructive part of the Women's Movement, and it was not something that they did deliberately. And it will change. Women will find confidence in themselves, in the home as well, if they want that.

"The young woman knows where she's at. There's no problem there. My generation is somewhat torn—not just the women, but the men. We know what we should feel intellectually; and yet, emotionally, we've been brought

HELEN FRANKENTHALER

(Continued from page 104)

critically inward. She understood, as certainly none of her contemporaries did, that Pollock's drip method was only the preamble to a reconsideration of the painting medium. Pollock's skeins of dripped and thrown paint, so free and yet so controlled, organized the pictorial surface without traditional composition. The trailing paint ungoverned by brushstrokes suggested that painting and drawing might inhabit a single gesture. The dense energy of Pollock's surfaces, the sense of pictorial space being at the same time expanded and consumed, announced that the painting might seem greater than the sum of its parts and the experience of it reach beyond the literal limits of the canvas.

Pollock's method was nevertheless intensely personal. No one could paint quite as he did without seeming a follower. It remained for Helen Frankenthaler to liberate the underlying insight from Pollock's webs of paint. She understood, perhaps instinctively at first, that the language of paint, its expressiveness as related to nonrepresentational art, was essentially its character as a fluid medium. Paint free of the loaded brush might be thinned and poured, might be moved by a variety of means, in varying densities, to echo the conditions of light, to echo shapes seen at varying distances and in varying atmospheres, to seem movement itself as drawing was scaled to the energetic gestures of a broad calligraphy.

When Helen Frankenthaler painted "Mountains and Sea" in 1952, she thinned her pigment and soaked it into unsized cotton duck. By seeming to bind the thinned layers to the weave of the canvas, she gained both light intensity and spatial tension that orchestrated the flow of shape and calligraphic incident across the canvas. This painting had, and has, a buoyancy and lightness that is almost dancelike, so vibrant is its atmosphere. But admiration for the painting was nothing to appreciation of its method. The soak-stain technique became an active verb in the grammar of contemporary art.

Helen simply went on from there. Her discovery was widely imitated and adapted; it has lent itself, seemingly, to infinite modification as a couple of generations of artists and some of the finest of our time have taken to thinned pigments and cotton duck for their own purposes.

For Helen, method led to a personal style. Her canvases are unmistakably hers, a rich amalgam where image is both force and feeling, whether the subject is literal landscape or seascape or some imagined extension of visual experience.

To begin with, color was not a salient ingredient in Helen's work. It was drawing rather than color that provided the pictorial architecture. But color has grown more complexly a part of her paintings, especially as these have come more to reflect a sense of landscape on the grand scale. There, color is the binding atmosphere, the iridescent ribbon that marks the distance.

A Frankenthaler painting is also apt to excite us by its rightness of scale. Whatever the format, whatever the size, the sense of the visual experience is likely to be a large one. With Helen, a big idea may be painted small, but a small one is unlikely to be painted at all. There's none of the visual inflation that makes so many contemporary paintings look like slices of cheese.

The personal energies of the artist are always at the heart of the work. Given that the artist does the work alone, its physical limits are his or her physical limits. With Helen (as with Isadora) the particular quality of the energy is all-important. A Frankenthaler painting is nothing more nor less than a record of the artist's involvement. In a sense, she is endlessly bending above her canvas as it lies on the floor. She is pushing the paint this way and that, brushing it, rolling it, with the reach of her arms and the heave of her shoulders making it do what she wishes it to do. Her gestures are like a dancer's gestures, for in the end they define all. ▽

up totally different. And it's very hard to live by both. Especially for men and women who find themselves, in their thirties or forties or even fifties, newly single and don't know which approach they should take.

"It's a wonderful time to be a woman if you have courage and something of your own; otherwise, it can be frightening. Either something you can do of your own, or some money of your own, or some husband of your own, or something that gives you a feeling of security. Otherwise, it's a turbulent time. But it is a time when a woman can have anything and everything if she has the courage and this other.

"A woman can be anything. She can be traditionally feminine, and that's all right; she can work, she can stay home; she can be aggressive, she can be passive; she can behave any way that she wants with a man. But whenever there are the kinds of choices that there are today, unless you have some solid base, life can be very frightening.

"For the middle-aged woman who doesn't have a husband, who has no money of her own particularly, who doesn't have a job, who feels she's old—don't tell me it's the best time for that woman, now. She was better off twenty years ago when she had a husband to take care of her. She would have known either that he would have to live with her or if she got divorced, by God, he would have to pay her that alimony. And all the women in the neighborhood would say, 'There, there, poor dear.' Now they'd say, 'Why doesn't she go out and get a job?'

"Young women today could have it made. On the other hand, it was much easier when there was somebody there to take care of you and all the decisions were made. I used to think sometimes that if I had to do it all over again, I'd be born a strict Catholic, beautiful, and stupid. None of which was I born.

"But for me, this is all such a really wonderful time now, such a wonderful life, now. I'm so lucky. I know how happy I am. I'm not going to look back one day and say, 'Why didn't I appreciate it?' I appreciate it."

—REPORTED BY
KATHLEEN MADDEN

JEANNE WINHAM

(Continued from page 24)

would pick me up and dash across the room, and Mr. Wilson would pick up another girl and dash madly at us. The word *rape* was taboo in those days and I never told my family about this.

Mr. Bishop and Mr. Wilson used to write notes to one another in Latin. I remember one note about "Illa Lesbia," which I didn't understand in the least.

Mr. Bishop and Mr. Wilson were both in love with Edna Millay. She came in to see Mr. Crowninshield. I thought she was adorable. She had the first pair of *pretty* galoshes I had ever seen—velvet ones with fur around the top—on tiny feet.

Edna Millay was going to Europe and needed money; and Mr. Crowninshield suggested that she might do some short, one-page stories for us. He was always outlining plots to would-be writers . . . claiming that there was a story in everything: "For instance—here's my secretary, Miss Ballot. She sees a young man in the subway on her way home to Brooklyn and then . . ." etc., etc.

Miss Millay went to Europe and she did send us a whole series of short short stories under the name Nancy Boyd (a pseudonym made up by Mr. Crowninshield because she, a poet, felt unsure about writing light prose). . . .

Mr. Crowninshield was always telling us stories about writers or artists he had known. He told us about Oliver Herford and his bon mots, and about Israel Zangwill and Andrew Lang who had a quarrel and how they made up when Israel wrote to Andrew: "If Lang will, Zangwill."

One of his close friends was Hugh Walpole, and many letters were exchanged between them—always beginning "Dear Boy." Whenever Walpole had a new book, which was often, he would send an autographed copy to Mr. Crowninshield who would then have a beautiful box made for it to go on his bookshelf. . . .

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bishop were writing a book, and I was elected to type up the pages as they came from their combined brains. It was called *The Undertaker's Garland*. For some reason—I think it was a custom left over from Mr. Benchley's time—*Vanity Fair* subscribed to an undertaker's magazine. I don't know whether that inspired Mr. W. and Mr. B. or not. . . .

F. Scott Fitzgerald used to come in—sometimes with Zelda—to see "Bunny" Wilson. I thought he was awfully conceited and stuck up, but he and his wife were a beautiful couple . . . blond, dashing. In the later years, when Zelda Fitzgerald was in a sanitarium, she corresponded with Mr. Crowninshield and she sent him some of her paintings. They were wild and colorful and mysterious and Mr. Crowninshield thought they were remarkable. ▽

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 71: Scarf, Natural Assets at Bloomingdale's. Bangles, by Lecour-Johnson. Belt, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein, at Bloomingdale's. Commodore bag. Sermoneta shoes.

Page 72: *Left:* Bangles: Inoui by Phillipe Boisson, Ophelie, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Lavender scarf, Yves Gonnet. Pink and blue scarf, Gudule at Henri Bendel. Scarf on floor, Pinto. . . . *Right:* Hat by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros., at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bangles, Lecour-Johnson. Natural Assets belt. Mickey Lyons umbrella. La Tienda bag. Sermoneta shoes.

Page 73: *Above:* Sermoneta shoes. . . . *Below:* Hat by Commodore Hats, at Altman's. Sashi Imports bangles. Omega belt. Levine shoes.

Page 74: *Center:* Hat by Commodore Hats. Sermoneta shoes. . . . *Center left:* Bangles by Lecour-Johnson. *Top left:* Bonnie Doon socks. Sermoneta shoes. . . . *Center right:* Ray Strauss scarf. . . . *Lower right:* Commodore hat.

Page 75: M&J Savitt flask, to order at Bloomingdale's; Hattie. Lugene sunglasses. Bonnie Doon socks.

Page 76: *Left:* Sermoneta hat. . . . *Right:* Sermoneta hat. Mespo umbrella. Bag, La Bagagerie. Saks Fifth Avenue sandals.

Page 79: *Top left:* Scarf by Carol Peretz. . . . *Center left:* Bangles by Diane Von Fürstenberg for H & S Originals. . . . *Bottom left:* Banana bag. . . . *Above:* Bangles, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein.

Page 80: Don Kline hat.

Page 81: *Left:* Art Asia bangle: Levine shoes. . . . *Lower right:* Bangles, Eva Graham at Ann Taylor. Tinka scarf.

Page 82: Hat: Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Azuma parasol. Head racket, at Feron. Sermoneta shoes.

Page 83: Veaumont cap. Elegant belt. La Tienda bag. Shoes, David Luis for Pankin International.

Page 84: *Top right:* Vera scarf. . . . *Top left:* Bangle, Red Cobra by Frank Giordano, La Crasia.

Page 85: Hat, Oh! Susannah. Natural Assets sash, at Bloomingdale's. Bangles, Diane Von Fürstenberg for H&S Originals, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 86: Sermoneta shoes.

Page 87: *Above right:* Bangles by Barry Kieselstein. Sermoneta shoes. . . . *Center:* Oomphies scuffs. . . . *Right:* Art Asia bangles.

Page 88: *Above:* Necklace by Sylvia Agostini for Findings. Les Bernard bangle. . . . *Below:* Gudule scarf, at Henri Bendel. Sermoneta shoes.

Page 90: *Far left:* Sarong by Mayme S. Sermoneta shoes. . . . *Top right:* Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Selva shoes. . . . *Bottom right:* Scarf by Calvin Klein. Selva shoes.

Page 91: 4. Selva shoes. 5. Bangles by Les Bernard. Azuma shoes. 6. Bangles by Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. 7. Scarf by Echo Scarfs. Fieldcrest towel. Selva shoes. 8. Belt, Natural Asset. Sermoneta shoes. 9. Veaumont beret. Sermoneta shoes.

Page 132: *Top right:* Sermoneta hats. Scarves by Yves Saint Laurent. Bangles: Lecour-Johnson, Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs. Banana shoes. . . . *Top left:* Fisba scarves. Bangles by Lecour-Johnson. Watches: Accutron by Bulova, Dynasty. Andrew Geller shoes.

Page 133: Pierre Deux scarves. Bangles: Lecour-Johnson. Sermoneta shoes.

Pages 136-137: 1. Belt by Omega Fashions. 2. Visor by Don Kline. 3. Sermoneta trunk. Wristcuffs, American Indian Arts Center. 4. Cap by Madcaps. Sermoneta sandals. La Tienda basket. Bangles, Lecour-Johnson. 5. Sermoneta hat. Bangles, Lecour-Johnson. 6. Cap: I. Goldberg & Co. 7. Don Kline cap. Belt: Omega Fashions. 8. La Tienda hat. Bangles: Lecour-Johnson. Banana slippers. 9. Moccasins from Stitching Horse Bootery. 12. La Tienda hat. Bangles: Lecour-Johnson. Banana slippers. 13. La Tienda hat. La Tienda basket. Bangles: Lecour-Johnson. 14. Beret by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. Wristcuffs, American Indian Arts Center. 15. Sermoneta hat. 16. La Tienda hat. Bangles: Lecour-Johnson. 17. Sunwear bathing cap. Wristcuffs, American Indian Arts Center. 18. Le Tienda hat. Belt by Morris Moskowitz.

Correction: The store listing for the Courrèges white maillot shown on page 127 of the May issue should have read: At all Courrèges Boutiques across America and in Canada.

JAPAN

(Continued from page 138)

goes through the porches and comes out in another part of the country . . . well, that's Nara.

If I could bring anything back from Japan, it would be a head of hair—I've never seen anything *so beautiful* in my life. The Japanese young people's hair is so thick and so black, and it never leaves them . . . all their lives they have this wonderful hair. Then they get sunburned and their cheeks get sort of Dubonnet red, and God they're goodlooking scooting around the city on their motorbikes in their Saint Laurent shirts. . . .

And the *children*. I never saw a child that didn't look like a flower that had just had a bath. You've never seen such children. They are so divine—I mean you could eat them! I just was so riveted I couldn't believe it. And when they put their eyes down—they are just adorable.

I felt very close to the Japanese. Even though everything in Japan has remained very stylized, beneath their style is this total understanding of wit and good nature and fun.

It's interesting that the great gambling game of Japan is Pachinko. There are Pachinko parlors all over town, and you go in and play—but you don't win any money. Instead you win fountain pens, cigarettes, chewing gum. It's just a game and it *stays* just a game. ▽

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Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by Drs. Agnes Savill and Clara Warren of Great Britain.

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Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

HAIR GROWS SEVEN TIMES FASTER THAN BODY CELLS.

In her study, Columbia's Dr. Clara Taylor reported that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same kind of specific dietary attention you'd give your body in general.

And according to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

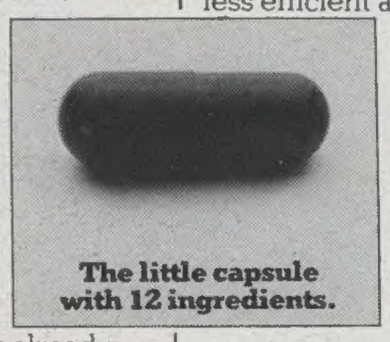


What you need is a regular program to insure that your hair and scalp are healthy.

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Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

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In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help balding men. According to her, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.*

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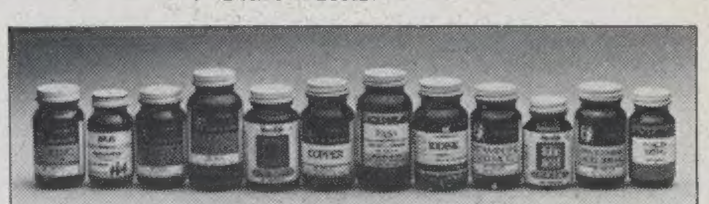
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D. *Bridled Titmouse with Bracket Fungus, 10½" x 5", $375.*

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